Saturday Review

June 17, 1967 35¢

EDUCATION

FORDHAM: RENAISSANCE IN THE BRONX

BY JAMES CASS

Learning through the lens on New York's Lower East Side (See Education)

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If any group reminds me that the teen-agers and I belong to separate generations, it is not their musicians, for whom I am developing a sneaky affection, even if they do persist in calling themselves Mamas and Papas and Lovin' Spoonsful; it is their bell-ringing, screaming, yammering disc jockeys. If any group persuades me that teen-agers and I are not totally estranged forever, it is the books found listed in a new publication, *Books and the Teen-Age Reader.*

The hardcover edition is published by Harper & Row, the paperbound by Bantam Books. Both editions are sponsored by the National Book Committee, with the professional endorsement of the American Library Association, the International Reading Association, and the National Council of Teachers of English. Despite these awesome credentials, even teen-agers will like the book, although the sub-title—"A Guide for Teachers, Librarians, and Parents"—excludes them.

Two teens I know, dropouts from everything except the dinner table, instantly fastened on one feature of the book that got to me: the wonderful bibliographies—appetizing lists of novels, classics, poetry, biography, etc.

The author, G. Robert Carlsen, has written a clear, sane text that offers useful advice but no lectures. He is not automatically against "subliterature," for instance—comic books, horror stories, sexy magazines and books. Instead of registering official shock, what Mr. Carlsen does is to point out their weaknesses and in some cases meretriciousness but even more valuably, their *appeal*—and he suggests how the teen-level reader (whatever his age) can find what he is looking for, only better, in literature itself.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

This column is sponsored by Doubleday & Co., Inc. Any reader who wishes to order a copy of *Books and the Teen-Age Reader* should check his book or department store, his library, or nearest rack of paperbacks. If he has difficulty finding the book, orders may be sent to Harper & Row, 49 E. 33rd, New York, N. Y., $3.95, or to Bantam Books, 414 E. Golf Rd., Des Plains, Ill., 75¢.

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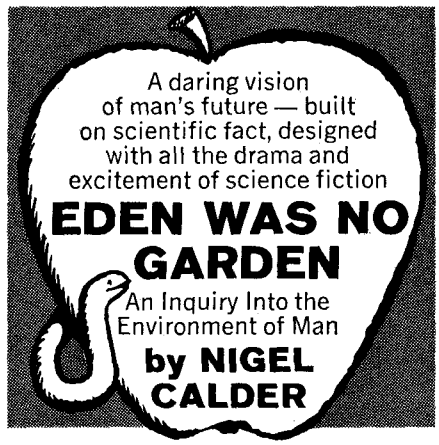
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High-Strung

My Dog Has Fleas

MY MUSICAL CAREER had its beginning many years ago when the parcel post truck stopped in front of our house in Flemington, New Jersey. The driver removed from the truck what looked like a gourd with a handle on it. There was a tag on the handle.

"This is for you, kid," the driver said, and handed it to me. I carried the thing in the house. My parents told me it was my uncle's old mandolin. I stood around with my mouth open for a while. "It's a musical instrument," said my mother. I hit the gourd a couple of times with my Boy Scout knife but it sounded terrible. Not like a drum at all.

"It needs strings," said my father. He showed me where the strings went. I went out in the garage, cut pieces of twine the right length, and fastened them on. But it didn't sound right. A couple of weeks later a friend told me that there should be wire strings on the mandolin. His brother played a guitar, and he knew. We went down to Mr. Stryker's store and bought strings. They came coiled in flat red envelopes. When we took them out of the envelopes, they went "Boing!" and flailed about. We found an "E-Z Mandolin Method" instruction book. It said that the instrument needed two E Strings, two A Strings, two D Strings, and two G Strings. We snickered and rolled our eyes for days.

Putting the strings on the mandolin was a nervous affair. I found that each string must be tightened up to a point where it produced a certain high note. This point is almost exactly the same as the string's breaking point. Sometimes it's a little higher, sometimes lower. You never know. I have since learned that only people putting strings on instruments and men dismantling bombs have that peculiar, set, squinty-eyed expression on their faces.

We got all the strings on and more or less tightened. But the first chord in the book sounded awful. I put the mandolin in the attic.

During the mandolin's attic period, I took up the harmonica. The "E-Z Harmonica Method" book explained that playing the instrument was simplicity itself—all you had to do was put your mouth over four holes, and your tongue over the three holes to the left, and then blow to get the note on the right while at the same time you flapped your tongue on and off the other holes to get a "chording" effect. After a few minutes of this damp procedure, the wood on the mouthpiece swelled out and cut my lip. But I kept at it, and managed to learn "You Are My Sunshine" and a few other nice songs.

The difficulty in playing the harmonica is that some notes are blown, others inhaled. The order, and frequency, of each activity depends on the tune. The "Marine's Hymn" requires nine successive puffs at the start, for example. Kids who tackled this number sometimes fainted.

I played the harmonica until I got into college, when alcohol forced me to shift to the banjo. A small band had been organized for the purpose of playing for free beer at the local drive-in beer-and-barbecue palace. We would sit outside on empty beer cases there in the Deep South and play and drink beer and pass around a mason jar full of clear liquid manufactured by the guitar player's uncle. After no more than fifteen minutes of this, I would commence hiccupping into the harmonica, producing unusual musical effects. I was informed that these sudden loud noises were ruining tender ballads like "Please Mommy Please, Stay Home with Me," and "Married by the Bible, Divorced by the Law."

The alternatives were to leave the band or take up a stringed instrument, which didn't require erratic breathing. I got hold of a banjo, learned "You Are My Sunshine," and was on my way.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

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"Speak the Speech, I Pray You . . ."

WE WERE an ambitious and poverty-stricken theatrical stock company playing in Fresno, California, in 1912. The first weeks' grosses had been barely enough, equally divided, to pay for our hotel rooms, our laundry, and getting us enough to eat. All we needed, we kept telling each other, was to "catch on." And in the meantime we were happily busy acting. What has kept the theater alive all these centuries is the elemental fact that actors like to act.

We had assembled on the stage this Tuesday morning for a rehearsal of the next week's play. The director had chosen a script entitled "The Mountaineer's Daughter," but he had overlooked something—the play demanded one more actor than we had in our company. There was the part of a sheriff. It was in

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Before he decides to be a pilot like his daddy, he should know all the risks.

Obsolescence is one of them.

If we can soft-land a spacecraft on moon, it's not too difficult to imagine ners someday being piloted by com- rs instead of by on-board crews.

It's a dramatic example of how ging ideas, techniques, and discoveries reshape, eliminate, and create new jobs.

One challenge that we face is training le now to fill the yet-to-be-written job riptions of tomorrow.

The answer, as always, lies in pro- g children with a sound educational ; one that enables them to grasp fun- ental concepts so they can be applied chniques and skills needed for tomor- s jobs.

ingenuity of concerned people in education, government, and private industry much is being done.

At McGraw-Hill, for example, there's an experiment-based science program that provides junior high school students with firsthand observational experiences in chemistry, astronomy, geology and physics. Each student becomes an investigator and discoverer of basic concepts. Each is better prepared to deal with the science he will meet in the future.

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These are two examples of what are doing. There are more, and they hav common denominator. They reflect a v ingness to explore scientific and technol cal advances in order to improve educati and training. And a readiness to introdu new ideas if they promise to be better th the old ones.

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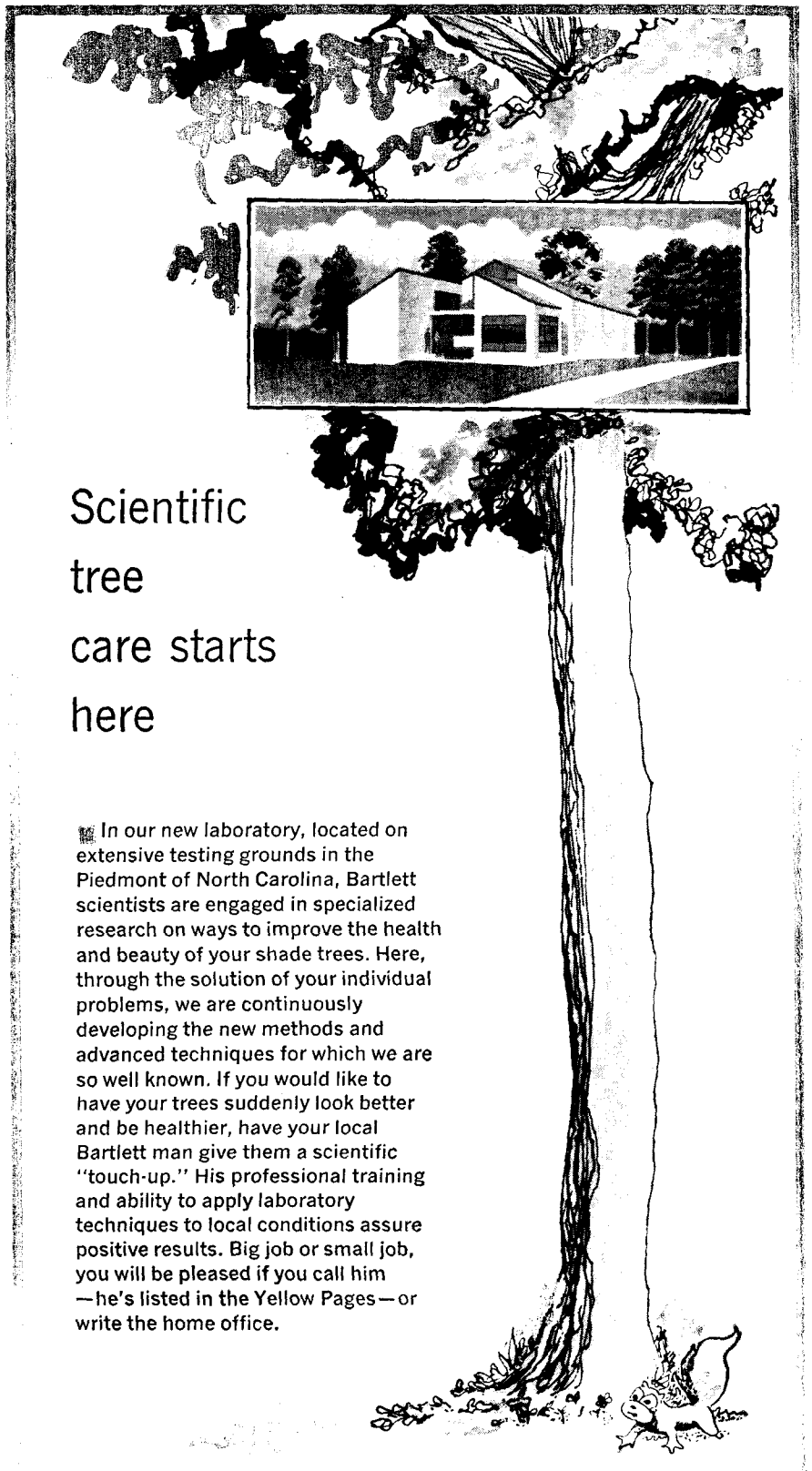
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the second act only, but someone had to play the sheriff. The quandary was easily and immediately solved. A young man, known to us only as Charlie, swept out the theater each morning, and there he was out front sweeping.

The director called to him, "Charlie, would you like to play a part in next week's play? We'll pay you $5." Charlie volunteered instantly. He had been watching us and it seemed to him that acting demanded only that a person could talk and move around, and these talents, Charlie felt, were included in his list of accomplishments.

It turned out that Charlie not only was not very good, he was deplorable. He couldn't raise his voice. No one out front could hear his lines. We cut his part and kept on cutting it until he had only two lines left. But if he could say those two lines and be heard, we could play the rest of the play. He was to enter, put his hand on my shoulder, and say, "Young man, you are my prisoner." "Prisoner?" I cried, "Of what am I accused?" "Murder!" he replied. "Your knife was found beside the murdered man."

To make Charlie speak up I had to get him angry—angry at me personally. So, when he would say in just above a whisper, "Young man, you are my prisoner," I would slap his face and say, "Say it again." He would. Then I would kick him in the shins. His voice would be slightly louder. Then I would really hit him. Finally, I could get him angry enough at me to shout, "Young man, you are my prisoner!" I would give the cue, "Prisoner? Of what am I accused?" and hit him before he had a chance to speak, and then he would say, very loudly, "Murder! Your knife was found beside the murdered man."

We knew on the opening night that our fortunes were at stake and we were desperate. If we didn't catch on this week, we were stranded in Fresno. This was before the days of the Actors Equity Association. Offstage with Charlie, before our entrance in Act II, I did what I could to rouse his ire. I couldn't slap him because that might dislodge the gray moustache and goatee we had pasted on him, but I could kick him in the shins and I could push his head against the brick wall.

The second act was laid in the home of my parents. It opened with my father, mother, and sister discussing what a fine boy I was and how much they all loved me. I made my entrance—gay and affectionate. We were a happy family. And then Charlie came in. He came in fast and determined. He slapped his hand down on my shoulder and spoke up loud and clear, "Young man, you are my murderer!"

It was no fun being stranded in Fresno. —HOWARD LINDSAY.

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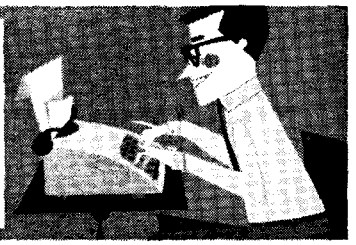
Top of My Head



Handsome Is as Handsome Does

THE STORY is local, but applicable to other megalopolises across the country. It's the story of how our handsome mayor of New York City, John V. Lindsay, has solved, is solving, and hopes to solve the tangled traffic problem.

Where once the city was held to a standstill by a tangle of trucks, buses, taxis, and bicycles, New York is now on the move! Except in a few awkward places. Like the streets.

To obtain this Utopia in traffic takes imagination and courage. Our handsome Mr. Lindsay imagined courageously that traffic would move more quickly if bicycles were ridden in Central Park. To make room for the bicycles he added that no cars should be driven in Central Park. This somehow or other could solve that little problem.

For those who came in late, Central Park, as its name implies, is centrally located in New York City. It's an area about seventy city blocks long and three country blocks wide. Of course it's understandable that there are cities which don't have a Central Park to keep cars out of. But such a park can easily be planted with grass and trees and maybe a few dandelions and would be well worth the experiment.

To ban cars from Central Park is not a popular gambit with the local citizenry. But our handsome Mr. Lindsay has often said he is not out to win a popularity contest. He wants to see New York City move ahead. He moved so quickly on this Central Park plan that he forgot to inform his traffic commissioner, Mr. Henry Barnes, about it. Mr. Barnes either read it in the newspaper or found out on his way to work when he tried to drive through Central Park.

Mr. Barnes was a little unhappy about being bypassed on these traffic decisions. But one can't blame the amateur traffic specialists in City Hall for bypassing Mr. Barnes because he is the only one anybody *can* bypass on the streets of New York.

Traffic problems have many facets. Among these are the faucets of the Sanitation Department trucks which nightly wash down the city streets and keep them clean. The sanitation trucks have been hindered in their work by cars being parked along the curbs. So our handsome Mr. Lindsay decrees that night parking on certain unwashed streets will be banned. Because a sanitation truck has to sprinkle along the curb. Everything that sprinkles has to be curbed. We all know that, don't we?

Trucks seem to be a city's insurmountable traffic problem. But not to our handsome Mr. Lindsay. A typical truck which passes through New York's streets may be described as an admirably constructed vehicle which lits snugly from corner to corner of a busy intersection, caught between the change of green light to red.

ONE such mammoth truck bears the name, "The 7 Santini Brothers." What these trucks haul I don't know—probably houses or planes or another city looking for a less populated area. If you're ever caught in traffic behind a 7 Santini Brothers truck you may as well settle down and register and vote there. The obvious solution should have been to pass a law that the 7 Santini Brothers' trucks should be cut down to seven small trucks; one for each brother.

But our handsome mayor courageously decreed that truck drivers must anticipate a light change before they cross and block an intersection. Traffic violation tickets were to be handed to any driver who didn't anticipate. It works. Truck drivers are obeying this law slowly but surly. They can be as surly as they like. Our handsome mayor is not out to win any popularity contest.

These traffic laws are herewith passed along to other cities' mayors, who may not be as handsome as our Mr. Lindsay, but who have traffic problems nevertheless. They will not be too easily acceptable to the voters. But if you're not out to win a popularity contest you will have the courage and imagination to pass and implement similar fiats. If they work as well for you as for Mr. Lindsay, who is not out to win a popularity contest, good luck to you.

However, WARNING: One hardly informed political source in this town sees it another way. "It's obvious," he snidely remarked when the Central Park affair came up, "that John Lindsay has decided to run for a second term. His campaign slogan will be 'Two cars in every garage.' But he won't promise he'll let you drive them out of there!"

—GOODMAN ACE.

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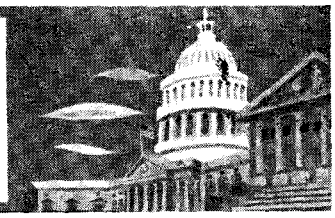
State of Affairs



Mrs. McNamara's Crusade

WASHINGTON.

IT SEEMED at first like a solemn occasion as the children filed into the small library room at Bundy school in one of Washington's Negro neighborhoods. But as soon as they clustered around the tables and leafed through the books on display they behaved like kids in a candy store. Which one was likely to "taste" the best? It's never easy to make a choice, especially since this was not a chance that occurred every day. And so the children sampled each book carefully. They did not seem to go by the lure of the title or the cover, as grown-ups sometimes do when thumbing through the paperback rack in a drug store; they carefully scanned the tables for what interested them most, what would be the best "buy." It wasn't really a "buy" because they did not have to pay for the two books they were allowed to select.

Judging by the eagerness and care with which choices were made, it obviously was an opportunity that meant something to the children. One or two said they missed the comic books and Batman, which had been included in the first distribution, but the idea is to get them away from the comic books to reading something more worthwhile. All of them seem to have enjoyed their books. One thirteen-year-old said he had selected a history of the Negro people, which clearly had caught his interest. Another had read his two choices, books about the White House and the Capitol, three times. A third boy I asked had chosen a biography of John F. Kennedy, which he had read twice and given to his older sister to read. A class of girls which the school principal said consisted of "recalcitrants"—at twelve and thirteen they are regarded as too "socially mature" because they smoke and go out to beerhalls in the evening—not only concentrated on books about cooking and sewing but three, I noticed, carefully chose one Cherry Ames book each so that they could exchange them later.

This program, which was launched in November 1966, is the idea of Mrs. Robert McNamara, the wife of the Secretary of Defense. When she asked a class what books they wanted most, books about science—especially about space—were the overwhelming choice, but humor, animal stories, puzzles, and "draw with dots" were not far behind. What seemed to give this occasion its special meaning was that each child was able to make his own choice. It wasn't the teacher who asked him to take this or that; it was his own decision. "This is something *I* want to read," one of the boys said with emphasis; it was a book about water buffaloes. Once each child had made his choice, he was given a book marker and a nice label to stick into each book, to stimulate his pride in owning a book. Once a class had made their choices the tables on which the books were displayed looked as if a swarm of locusts had descended, but there were enough books available to replenish the tabletop "shop window."

This was the third distribution by the Reading-Is-Fun-damental Committee in Washington, D.C. The philosophy behind it, Mrs. McNamara said, is to give children in these underprivileged areas a new outlook on reading and on books, to make them feel that reading can be fun, that this is not like school again and under the tutelage of the teacher. Implicit in the program also is an attempt to reach the family through the child. The hope is that brothers and sisters—perhaps even the parents—will read the books, and that this will start a discourse within the family. One of the great handicaps these children grow up under is that they apparently are rarely spoken to by the family, which accounts for their frequent inability to express themselves. Some rarely hear more than the command to "shut up and get out." Some come to school with a vocabulary of fewer than forty words.

Children who grow up in poverty, as experience has shown, are not necessarily interested in the same kind of books as are those who are better off. As the phrase goes, "they relate to different books." Thus a book like *The Wind in the Willows* is not on the list for this campaign. Books are chosen by a committee which scans the catalogues of fifteen different publishers. By now there is a carefully considered list of 500 titles from which books are ordered. Several publishers, meanwhile, prodded by the committee, have agreed to issue as paperbacks certain books which up to now have been available only in hardcovers. This has reduced the price of some books from $3.50 to 50 cents; all

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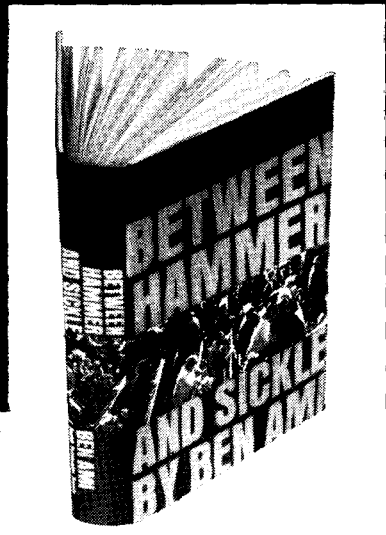
Why have you forgotten us?



Jews visiting the Soviet Union hear this anguished question again and again from their Soviet coreligionists.

BETWEEN HAMMER AND SICKLE tells why. It tells why Stalin turned savagely against Soviet Jewry after World War II. Why the State of Israel is vital to Soviet diplomacy. Why devout Jews are persecuted and at the same time secular Jews are not allowed to assimilate. The author, an Israeli born in Russia, has traveled extensively there and obtained his story firsthand. He offers a specific and sensible plan to help alleviate one of the tragedies of our time—the slow dying of Soviet Jewry. A best seller in Israel, BETWEEN HAMMER AND SICKLE is available at your bookseller or

The Jewish Publication Society of America, 222 N. Fifteenth St., Phila., Pa. 19102. Price, $6.00

are sold to the Committee at a 25 per cent discount.

The Ford Foundation helped to launch the idea with a $100,000 contribution; generous support from local business, labor, civic, fraternal, and religious groups supplemented it. Without the help of such organizations as the District News Service, which distributes paperbacks locally, the project could not have succeeded, Mrs. McNamara says. This firm helped with the ordering, storing, and delivering of 200,000 paperbacks to sixty schools—a job that otherwise would have been virtually impossible for a small staff to cope with. At scheduled intervals throughout the school year these books are distributed at sixty of the 128 public elementary schools.

Sooner rather than later, however, the financial subsidies are bound to decline. But the need for promoting books and making them available will continue. For this reason, Mrs. McNamara says, the Committee plans to introduce token payments—maybe 25 cents—for each book. This will complicate the operation, because there must be arrangements for collection of the money and for bookkeeping, but in a way it will also be a test of the extent to which books can become more important to the children than chewing gum, for which they seem to have the money.

Obviously, this is not a project that will show success overnight. And it will be difficult to evaluate scientifically the progress made. Still, by next August 60,000 youngsters will have received five books each, and, hopefully, the books will be well read. Also, under the agreement with the Ford Foundation, the Committee will produce a report on its first year of operation which could become a blueprint for introducing similar projects in other cities. There is no doubt about the need elsewhere.

Mr. McNamara once said that "the 32,000,000 Americans who are poor were not born without intellectual potential; they were not brain-poor at birth, but only privilege-poor, advantage-poor, opportunity-poor." I don't know whether this thoughtful sentence was his own or whether it was inspired by his wife, but both feel very deeply about this problem. Mr. McNamara when emotion got the better of him during a Congressional testimony, I remember, burst out with a complaint about how many schools in Washington, D.C. lacked libraries. But that quotation was deleted from the printed testimony, and there is no record of it at the Pentagon. With her husband's style thus "cramped," I am not surprised that Mrs McNamara works twice as hard at her project. She is determined to see that the poor get at least an equal chance "to make books part of their way of life."

—HENRY BRANDON.

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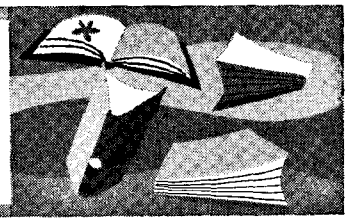
Trade Winds



"Dear Grace and Herb," the note says—or used to say in the days when we received one—"Fred and I would love to have the two of you spend a weekend with us up here. . . ."

In time, as I grew older and more knowledgeable, I submitted a questionnaire to my prospective host and hostess. Richard L. Tobin, the understanding managing editor of this journal, heard about that questionnaire and suggested that I overcome my usual reticence about personal matters and share it with *SR*'s readers. Here it is:

1) Please describe accommodations available to me, with particular reference to private bathroom.

2) How many children in the family? How old are they?

3) Will there be other guests? If so, who?

4) Do you have ample and adequate domestic help? Have they been advised of the invitation?

5) I will appreciate a list of the menus scheduled. (I do not eat fish, poultry, lamb, puddings, sculptured carrots, cheese, or cold soups. I do not drink imitation coffee, all of which may be classified as hot Moxie. I like roast beef and steak. Medium. Tea with milk, *never* cream.)

6) Will there be activities planned, or may I spend time alone, reading?

7) Do you have any pets—dogs, cats, parrots, chipmunks, snakes, etc.—and are all of them properly confined?

8) Is anybody in the family writing a short story or a novel? If so, has your invitation anything to do with same?

9) Is any junior member of the family about to be graduated from college and likely to be looking for a job—in publishing? Yes or no, and no equivocation.

10) In the rare event I should choose to step outdoors, is there guaranteed mosquito control?

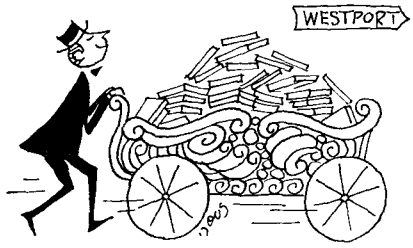
11) Will any neighbors be dropping in? Who? For how long? Why?

12) Do you have a pool? Tennis court? Live near a golf course? Thanks, but I do not swim, don't play tennis or golf. I *sit*.

13) Do you belong to a country club? That's nice, enjoy it. I don't want to go, not even for the special Sunday buffet.

14) On my departure, what gift will I receive? If strictly personal, no initials, please.

15) If there is an emergency call from New York, demanding my immediate return to the city, will somebody be sure to give me the message?



Translated from the French, there is a Pierre Norden biography of Conan Doyle due soon (Holt, Rinehart, $7.95), and, having read it over the Memorial Day weekend in New York, far from the dizzying country crowd, I think anybody will enjoy it who was as fond as I was of the Sherlock Holmes stories. Why is a Frenchman writing about Doyle? I can only guess. It seems that the Doyle family name originated in France, descending from D'Ouilly, D'Oyle, and D'Ole. For the July 4th weekend, if you are trapped and must go away, I recommend a re-reading of *The Sign of the Four, The White Company, The Hound of the Baskervilles*—in fact, any collection of the *short* stories. How are you going to get all the books to your holiday retreat? You convey them, naturally, in a D'Oyly Carte.

The regular concert season is some weeks over, so now is as good a time as any to air a particular grievance.

You go to Philharmonic Hall. The orchestra has just finished with Tchaikovsky's *Pathetique*. It was well played, as it has been a thousand times before. You applaud generously. The conductor turns, bows graciously, leaves the stage. The audience continues to applaud. Or part of it does, so you do, too. The conductor returns, bows again. Suddenly—God only knows why—the applause increases. The conductor beckons to his men, they rise—a couple of them reluctantly, first because they know the performance has been only fair, secondly because intermission is next and they'd like to get the hell out of there and grab a smoke.

The conductor leaves the stage, the men plop back in their chairs, waiting for the signal that will release them. More applause. By now your hands are

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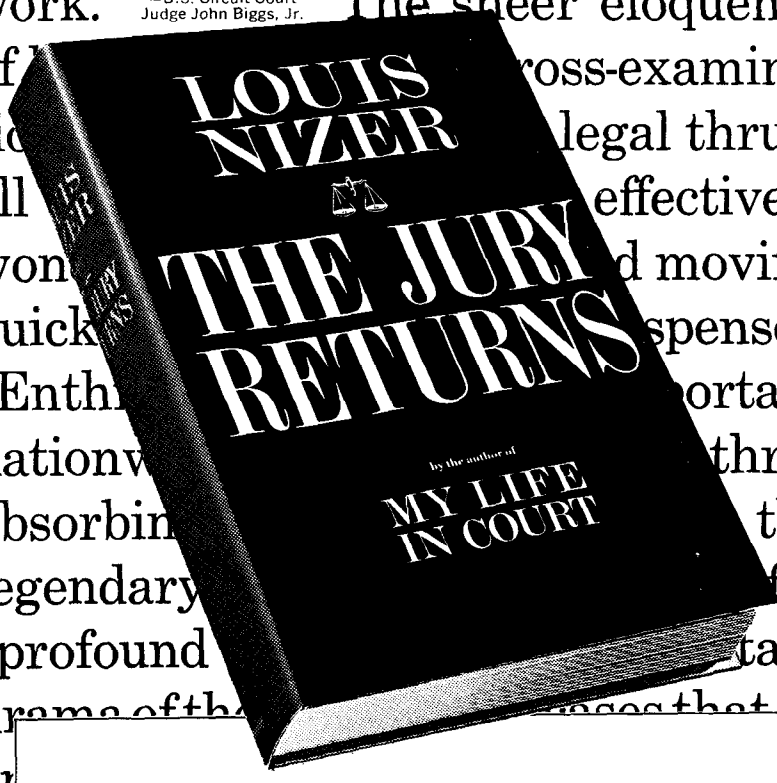

To get in all the raves, we'd need an ad six months long.

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DOUBLEDAY

*including Literary Guild

a little sore, so you relax. For no good reason, part of the audience suddenly *stands* and applauds. *You* don't stand. The woman on your left looks at you with disgust; don't you know good music when you *hear* it? The man on your right, who doesn't know a piccolo from a pickle, glares at your inert hands. Just to show what a dope you are, he screams "bravo!" A third of the audience is now walking out, for a smoke. The other two-thirds refuses to give up, smacks palms together harder than ever, glances pityingly and disdainfully at the departees.

The conductor returns once more, his smile a little more forced—he's no amateur; he, too, heard those two sour notes. Also, he wants to change his shirt. He beckons, the men stand again, he leaves, the men squat—and, with only thirty-seven of the audience remaining (including two brats, one four and one five, who have been brought all the way down from Scarsdale to see the Maestro), the half is over.

Irving Kolodin, my old friend back there in the music department, please communicate—soon.

Bob Bernstein over at Random House has announced that Babar is going on television. I'm delighted. Delighted also that I no longer have to say to my daughters, "I'm only a poor mermaid."

The announcement mentions that *Babar Comes to America* has already been published. How come? Four years ago I had the snappy idea for that book and commissioned Laurent de Brunhoff to write it for *McCall's*. It never came. And Random hasn't even sent me a copy. Well, that's gratitude. (But thanks for the Dictionary!)

Prediction I've uncovered, made by Lord Rothmere in 1928: "There can be no doubt as to the verdict of future generations of his achievement. He is the greatest figure of our age. Mussolini will probably dominate the twentieth century as Napoleon dominated the early nineteenth."

That's that.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1731)

John Hopkins:

THE ATTEMPT

We tied up at a narrow shore cluttered with fishermen's shacks. The men sitting on logs before cookfires had small Mongolian bodies. I noticed that several lacked fingers and even hands, and pointed this out to Juan*.

"Piranha," he said. At the word, the men grinned and held up their stumps.

* Given name substituted, to get the J.

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthropology

GODS AND RITUALS: Readings in Religious Beliefs and Practices. Edited by John Middleton. Natural History Press/Doubleday. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.50.

MAGIC, WITCHCRAFT, AND CURING. Edited by John Middleton. Natural History Press/Doubleday. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.50.

MYTH AND COSMOS: Readings in Mythology and Symbolism. Edited by John Middleton. Natural History Press/Doubleday. Hardbound, $6.50. Paperback, $2.50.

Art

LOST HERITAGE OF ALASKA: The Adventure and Art of the Alaskan Coastal Indians. By Polly and Leon Gordon Miller. World. $15.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY: Selected Drawings. With an introduction by John Russell. Grove. $10.

Crime, Suspense

ASSASSINS. By Nicholas Mosley. Coward-McCann. $4.95.

Current Affairs

CONVERSATIONS IN JAPAN: Modernization, Politics and Culture. By David Riesman and Evelyn Thompson Riesman. Basic Books. $7.50.

MOMENT IN THE SUN: A Report on the Deteriorating Quality of the American Environment. By Robert Rienow and Leona Train Rienow. Dial. $6.

Early Civilization

ANCIENT MEN OF THE ARCTIC. By J. Louis Giddings. Knopf. $10.

THE STONE AGE HUNTERS. By Grahame Clark. McGraw-Hill. $5.50.

Essays

AS WE SAW THE THIRTIES: Essays on Social and Political Movements of a Decade. Edited by Rita James Simon. Illinois Univ. Press. $6.50.

MODERN CULTURE AND THE ARTS. By James B. Hall and Barry Ulanov. McGraw-Hill. $5.95.

Fiction

THE CONVERTS: A Historical Novel. By Rex Warner. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $5.95.

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN. By Nathan M. Adams. Random House. $4.95.

THE FRENCH GIRLS OF KILLINI. By Arturo Vivante. Little, Brown. $5.95.

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. By Joyce Carol Oates. Vanguard. $4.95.

THE GLORY TENT. By William E. Barrett. Doubleday. $2.95.

THE KING. By Morton Cooper. Bernard Geis/New American Library. $5.95.

THE KING OF THE CASTLE. By Victoria Holt. Doubleday. $4.95.

INISH. By Bernard Share. Knopf. $3.95.

MY BROTHER TOM. By James Aldridge. Little, Brown. $4.95.

NIGHT PILLOW. By Hugh C. Rae. Viking. $4.95.

NORTH TO YESTERDAY. By Robert Flynn. Knopf. $5.95.

THE PRACTICE. By Stanley Winchester. Putnam. $5.95.

THE TOUCHING HAND AND SIX SHORT STORIES. By Sallie Bingham. Houghton Mifflin. $4.50.

THE WALKING STICK. By Winston Graham. Doubleday. $4.95.

WATCHERS ON THE SHORE. By Stan Barstow. Doubleday. $4.95.

History

EISENHOWER AND BERLIN, 1945. By Stephen E. Ambrose. Norton. $4.

A HISTORY OF WAR AND PEACE, 1939-1965. By Wilfred F. Knapp. Oxford Univ. Press. $10.

THE IMPERIAL ORDER. By Robert G. Wesson. Univ. of California Press. $10.

SET EUROPE AFLAZE. By E. H. Cookridge. Crowell. $7.95.

Literary Criticism

THE RECOGNITION OF HERMAN MELVILLE: Selected Criticism Since 1846. Edited by Hershel Parker. Univ. of Michigan Press. $7.50.

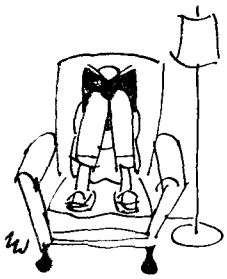
Miscellany

ALICE IN WOMANLAND OR THE FEMININE MISTAKE. By Margaret Bennett. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

A CARNIVAL OF MODERN HUMOR. Edited by P. G. Wodehouse and Scott Meredith. Delacorte. $4.95.

EAT YOURSELF FULL. By Ruth Tyndall. McKay. $6.95.

HELLHOLE: The Shocking Story of the Inmates and Life in the New York City House of Detention for Women. By Sara Harris. Dutton. $5.95.



HORSE TRADIN'. By Ben K. Green. Knopf. $5.95.

IN SEARCH OF LIGHT: The Broadcasts of Edward R. Murrow 1938-1961. Edited by Edward Bliss, Jr. Knopf. $6.95.

MEGAMURDER. By Lieutenant-General E. L. M. Burns. Pantheon. $6.95.

THE NEW GENETICS. By Leonard Engel. Doubleday. $5.95.

THE NEW YORK SPY. Edited by Alan Rinzler. David White. $6.

Personal History

THE DIFFICULT ART OF GIVING: The Epic of Alan Gregg. By Wilder Penfield. Little, Brown. $7.95.

THE FIRST MASOCHIST: A Biography of Leopold von Sacher-Masoch. By James Cleugh. Stein & Day. $6.95.

THE GOODBYE LAND. By José Yglesias. Pantheon. $4.95.

GOOD LIVES. By George R. Stewart. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON. By Senator Daniel K. Inouye with Lawrence Elliott. Prentice-Hall. $5.95.

THE LIFE THAT LATE HE LED: A Biography of Cole Porter. By George Eells. Putnam. $6.95.

OUR CROWD: The Great Jewish Families of New York. By Stephen Birmingham. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Planning

ENVIRONMENT FOR MAN: The Next Fifty Years. Edited by William R. Ewald, Jr. Indiana Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6.95. Harper & Row. $6.95.

Poetry

SIX METAPHYSICAL POETS: A Reader's Guide. By George Williamson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.50.

VARIETY PHOTOPLAYS. By Edward Field. Grove. Paperback, $1.95.

Political Science

INSIDE THE F.B.I. By Norman Ollestad. Lyle Stuart. $5.95.

THE NEGRO IN FEDERAL EMPLOYMENT: The Quest for Equal Opportunity. By Samuel Krislov. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.

THE ORIGINS OF POLITICAL STABILITY: England 1675-1725. By J. H. Plumb. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

Psychology, Sociology

CRIME IN THE SUBURBS. By David Loth. Morrow. $4.95.

DILEMMAS OF SOCIAL REFORM: Poverty and Community Action in the United States. By Peter Marris and Martin Rein. Atherton. $6.95.

THE NATURE OF HUMAN NATURE. By Alex Comfort. Harper & Row. $5.

THE SAVAGE AND BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY. By Alan McGlashan. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Religion, Philosophy

A CHRISTIAN CRITIQUE OF AMERICAN CULTURE. By Julian N. Hartt. Harper & Row. $8.50.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE ROMAN EMPIRE. By Harold Mattingly. Norton. $4.50.

THE DHAMMAPADA. Translated from the Pali by P. Lal. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

THE SEGREGATED COVENANT: Race Relations and American Catholics. By William Osborne. Herder & Herder. $5.95.

THE STORY OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY. By Francis H. Parker. Indiana Univ. Press. Hardbound, $6.75. Paperback, $4.75.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

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Saturday Review
June 17, 1967

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—XIII

How to Live with a Chair You Hate

The resident sage of Charlotte, North Carolina, offers a wry distillation of wisdom about youth, writing, marriage, eggplant, and other elements of the furniture of life.

By HARRY GOLDEN

HAVING recently undergone a serious gall bladder operation coupled with a respiratory failure, I know what I *should* have learned: Keep your weight down and your medical insurance up. The gall bladder, at least, puts me in distinguished political company. And the recuperation gives me plenty of time to mull over anything else I may have learned.

I am glad *SR* wrote me when it did. For ordinarily, I would be quick to leap to my typewriter and divest myself to interested readers of the sum of my learning. I think this is true of all journalists. Used to daily writing, most of us come to feel no topic is hard, or intractable, or delicate. One who constantly editorializes deals with the world practically, and with every event therein as a self-completed unit. He lives in the world at its basic linear and chronological levels; or, as I once expressed it more metaphorically, writing a story one day and another the next makes it difficult sometimes to realize we are all on the same ball of yarn.

Let us take an example. In North Carolina, the State Supreme Court ruled that brown-bagging was illegal. Brown-bagging is the genteel disguise adopted by a patron to furnish his own liquor when he dines at the local restaurant. In all the years I've lived in Charlotte I never saw the bare whiskey bottle exposed anywhere. Liquor was always sheathed in an obvious if opaque brown bag, as though there were some minister on the CIA payroll eating nearby. The Court ruled this practice was illegal: that the law specifically allowed a man could drink in North Carolina, but he could drink only at home.

Every newspaperman in the state rejoiced. Not because any of us are prohibitionists. Indeed, the contrary is probably true. We rejoiced because we had a ready-made story not only for today and tomorrow but for weeks and months to come: for as long as the state legislature—once divided into Republicans and Democrats, now into "wets" and "drys"—haggled about what the Bible said about drinking and what the constituency wanted.

In my columns I was able to point out the terrible damage the Carolina Supreme Court had done the average digestive system. Many a pal of mine by-lined a story about the economic deprivation Charlotte was sure to suffer as the conventions cancelled.

The Court ruling came just before the state election. We Tarheels listened to candidates haranguing the public pro and con. In one of our eastern counties, always dry, on election day the church-bells rang every hour on the hour just to remind the folks, in the words of the local editor, "there was a candidate amongst us who would change the law like the Supreme Court was doing, distressing our way of life." One brown-bagger down the drain.

DESPITE the gallons of ink devoted to the subject, despite the forests reduced to pulp for newsprint, despite the sermons, I doubt anyone *learned* anything. No one who read my stuff learned anything about the nature of alcoholic addiction or about the nature of the judicial and legislative process. All anyone learned really was that there was a new excitement throughout the state and the excitement was there because, literally, people feel one way or another about liquor. That's human interest. Human interest is hardly learning. A man can spend money without the least knowledge of economic principles.

In practical terms, I know that readers will follow a story about whiskey because they know whiskey induces drunkenness. I've learned that people will read about anything that relates to the body—heat, cold, sex, health, beauty, ugliness. The body is an object, an idea, easy to relate to. As I say, however, this knowledge is practical, so basically practical that any cub reporter who doesn't learn it on his first story had better turn in

—Tom Walters.

The author: Harry Golden, author of the thirteenth in *SR*'s "What I Have Learned" series, has had one of the most unusual careers of any best-selling contemporary American author. He was born in 1902 on New York's Lower East Side, one of five children of Austro-Hungarian Jewish immigrants. He attended New York City public schools and the City College of New York, but left before completing work for his degree. He held various jobs—among them, teacher, hotel clerk, blocker of women's hats, and reporter for several newspapers—before starting the witty, erudite monthly, *The Carolina Israelite*, in Charlotte, North Carolina, in 1941. His many books include *Only in America*, *For 2¢ Plain*, *Carl Sandburg*, *You're Entitle'*, *Mr. Kennedy and the Negroes*, *The Spirit of the Ghetto*, *A Little Girl Is Dead*, and *Ess*, *Ess*, *Mein Kindt*.

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his Smith-Corona and his press card. When a fire wipes out a family, you write about tears, not antiquated fire laws.

As a man gets older, he tends to confuse what he has learned with what he has experienced. I have in my time been a son, a husband, and a father. For the life of me I cannot discourse on any of the three. But I tried. I asked my oldest son, "Was I a good father?"

"Sure," he said.

"You didn't waste any time thinking. Just because I'm in the hospital doesn't mean you have to be nice. What makes you so positive?"

He shrugged. "Hell," he said, "I'm forty years old. What difference does it make now?"

"You don't get my meaning," I persevered. "Did I teach you anything? Anything besides chess, that is?"

"Sure," he said.

"What? Precisely what?"

This time he thought. "I guess you taught me what it's like to be the son of a celebrity."

I think of my own father, who wore a Prince Albert coat and a high silk hat, and before we walked out of the house he automatically put his foot up on a chair, and my mother ran with a cloth to polish his shoes. As my mother polished, my father always said, "*Oy, de krizshes*" ("Oh, my aching back"). She was polishing and his back hurt.

I learned early that my father was a failure. I even memorialized his failure in an essay years ago which I called "The Status Wanderer." We have had stories of the Horatio Alger immigrant who went from cloaks operator to peddler to manufacturer and retail merchant. We know, too, the story of the immigrant involved in the class war, the fellow who worked all his life in a sweatshop, contracted tuberculosis, and died, or was killed on a picket line. But only I told the story of the immigrant who failed because he refused to enter the American milieu on its terms—to start accruing status on the basis of money. My father was this status wanderer. He went down with the ship, or, I should say, he went down with his high silk hat.

My father came to America in 1900 from the Galician town of Mikulince in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. He was an immigrant when there were Jews who, though poor, still had status. My father was a learned man, and this made him something of a snob. He could never understand how it was that the son of a coal dealer or the son of a tailor could go to City College as an equal with me. He felt that no matter how much money those other fellows made, they did not dare wear a high silk hat. If the peddler made a million dollars he would still wear a cap, or at best he might toy with the idea of a fedora and a derby.

OUT of these two experiences, mine and my son's, I find I can distill one element common to both. I think that element is that the people who are not expendable are fathers and mothers and sons and brothers. It is incorrect to say life goes on without them. It is not a substantive statement. It is much too thin. When fathers and mothers die the world is qualitatively a different world, just as it is a different world because they are in it. It's an old truth. For my money, it's learning; learning is that which it takes the generations to discover.

One wishes it didn't take the generations. One wishes wisdom or learning were ready-made, immediate.

Communicating this has little practical value. Any writer can tell you of the letters which come across his desk from time to time, the letters pleading for advice. I have come to the conclusion that the Advice to the Lovelorn is not journalistic invention but a deep-rooted emotional institution.

The editors of *SR* are not the only people who have asked me what I've learned. Perfect strangers ask me because they think what I've learned will help them. Some of these questions I have no objection to but rather a delight in answering. The young people, the college boys and girls, write to ask, "How can I become a writer?" I think they should ask and I think writers should answer because it is only by questions that these young people begin to see there is an answer they might find.

I am aware that many writers turn a

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VOL. 3—NO. 2 Charlotte, North Carolina April-May, 1967 PRICE $4.00 PER YEAR

Israel is Nineteen

This issue celebrates Israel's nineteenth anniversary. I'd like to make two comments about this vigorous new country.

Twenty years ago it was impossible to imagine a Middle East with a Jewish state; today it is impossible to imagine what the Middle East would be like without Israel.

By far the best compliment I ever heard addressed to Israel came from a State Department man who worked for the Bureau of African Affairs. He said that the Israelis who went to Africa to help out were the only ones who surpassed our Peace Corpsmen. I asked him why, and he said, "Coming from the kibbutz they understand the needs of an African village far more than the Antioch graduate who comes from a suburb. Also the sabras don't need as many comforts, and I suppose they are good because they all have that Jewish sympathy."

To say nothing of the effect of Israel on the Jews of the Diaspora — especially the Jews in the West. The sense of belonging has removed an age-old enigma which has plagued the Jews for centuries. I remember years ago a newspaper colleague of mine would always say with each drink, "Someday I'm going to Ireland to kiss the Blarney Stone." I envied him. We Jews can now say, "I'm going to Jerusalem to see Rachael's tomb."

My Recuperation

TRISTAN TZARA IS NOT DEAD

Welcome Home Thoreau

Harry Golden's *Carolina Israelite*—In lieu of advice to people who ask it, he frequently sends a sample copy "in the hopes the pleaders may get a laugh or two out of some of the editorials."

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deaf ear to these naïve pleas. There is an apocryphal story about Mozart, of whom a young man asked, "Shall I become a musical prodigy?", to which Mozart replied, "No."

"But you were a prodigy!" the young fellow returned.

"But I didn't ask anyone," Mozart replied.

This is not my way, principally because I'm too old to be clever at youth's expense. I advise everyone who asks about the career of writing to get himself all the books he can carry before he buys a typewriter. Library cards are more important than pencils. Read everything, I say. Good books, bad books, hard books, easy books, underground books, popular books, square books, hip books—never stop reading and you will become *a fortiori* a writer.

Sometimes these kids balk. "Writers are supposed to live! To live with a vengeance! To tell the world about their living!"

Nonsense. Nonsense. Writing is a sedentary and lonely profession, hardly adventurous in any physical sense. And journalism is worse because journalists are writers who have no education and disdain looking up words in dictionaries or subjects in encyclopedias, relying on their memories. Certainly none of it is romantic. If it were, policemen and nurses and cab drivers would compose all the novels. A writer is supposed to read and write. I remind the would-be writers that Pascal said every man carries around his own precipice, and Melville believed no one had to sail in whaleboats to find sharks.

But what advice can I offer the woman who writes of her fear that her children want to institutionalize her? What advice can I offer the young girl who asks, "Shall I marry out of my religion?"; the young boy who wants to change his name? What advice can I give to the retired teacher who wants to know how to live with a terminal cancer?

By nature, I am physically and emotionally unable to succumb to the temptations which lure on the would-be and the real saints. But sainthood is perennially one of the underpopulated professions.

WHAT shocks me is why I receive the questions at all. I don't deny these are pleas for help but why should the afflicted suspect that a celebrity can offer better answers than someone else, especially a celebrity who is totally unknowing of the situation and its prospects?

I suspect that a celebrity, even if only a modest celebrity, who makes his living as a journalist, is associated with money, and money is associated with wisdom; anyone with money is supposed to have vanquished the frenzy of modern life. But celebrities have their own problem, which is keeping up their image, refurbishing it daily. I rather doubt that the powerful receive these pleas—the Lyndon Johnsons, the Robert Kennedys, the George Romneys, but I will bet that on occasion the Norman Mailers and Norman Podhoretzes get them.

Do not think I spend my morning in profound depression. I do not. I send these petitioners a sample copy of my newspaper, the *Carolina Israelite*, and I send it not in the hopes they will become subscribers, nor in the hopes the paper will provide the way and the light, as we say down heah, but in the hopes the pleaders may get a laugh or two out of some of the editorials.

It is much easier to answer the hate mail, which continues unabated, lo! these twenty-five years. Some of it is anonymous, in which case it goes straight into the wastebasket. Curiously, a lot of the folks sign their willfully malicious missiles.

Our station in life, our education, our religion, our upbringing often proves insufficient in subduing our basic arrogance. People vent their spleen on me, feeling perfectly justified in their violence because I am a "Jew nigger-lover."

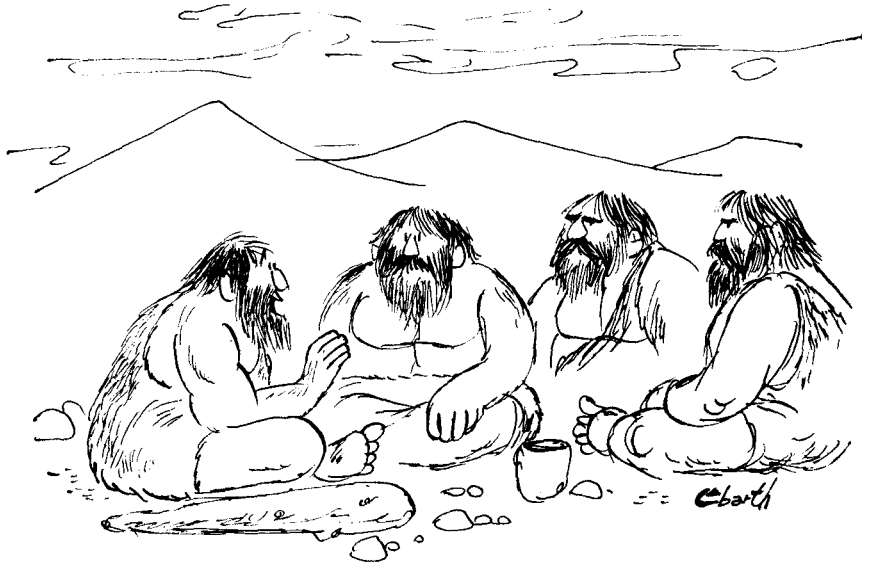
I used to answer these with the simple statement, "Your last letter has been referred to the postal authorities." After a while I felt the postal authorities had all they could do to deliver first-class mail for a nickel, so now I write, "Thank you for your last letter which we have referred to our hate file." Or sometimes I say, "Thank you for your hate letter." No sample copies of the *Carolina Israelite*, either.

The calls at night are something different. They come in spasms. If a Civil Rights Bill is signed into law you can bet that every liberal editor who urged its passage is beset evenings, at midnight, and at dawn with sibilant whispers over the phone. I tried every gambit which came to mind, from explaining my position to stating unequivocally, "Every word you say is being monitored by the FBI and will be used against you." You'd be surprised how little either logic or the FBI frightens most people.

What proved most successful was suffering the inconvenience of turning the telephone off at night. Simple sacrifice to the rescue. I comfort myself with the idea of sacrifice. After all, I haven't suffered the pillory of many of the civil rights workers; nor the contempt suffered by noble Christian men and women like Martin Luther King, Norman Thomas, Roy Wilkins, or Lillian Smith, nor the despair of embattled social workers in Harlem and Watts. Still, I hate giving up the telephone when I can pay the bill on the tenth of the month.

What I like best are the letters of disagreement. The most successful column I ever wrote was a virulent attack on the eggplant, which, I noted, was invariably the main course of the bad cook. I also said the only use I could see for this clumsy vegetable was that it was a handy weapon to throw at Neapolitan tenors who sang flat. I had some other nasty observations to make, like preferring an oleomargarine sandwich on stale white bread to rat-a-tat-touey. I say the eggplant column was successful because the day it saw syndication was the very day John Glenn became the first American to complete an orbit in space.

We have put billions of dollars into the space program, little into the eggplant subsidy. Yet I was inundated by mail. Folks pushed on me recipes for eggplant pizzas, for eggplant foo yong,



"So, gentlemen, these words we have agreed upon will be known hereafter as cuss words."

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for baked eggplant, for fried eggplant, for boiled eggplant. Complaints of every size and measure roared from envelopes. Eggplant and Shakespeare were all a man needed to survive on a deserted island; what was I trying to do to the Eggplant Club of downtown Pensacola? One lady said she had tried blintzes, why couldn't I give eggplant a fair shake? My secretary had to establish a separate eggplant file and we had to compose a special eggplant letter. It said, "Don't worry dear, he'll still love you if you can't boil eggs."

Were I not true to my principles, which include a detestation of eggplant, I could publish the Harry Golden Eggplant Cookbook. But I did serve my purpose: haven't had to eat eggplant since. Someone even suggested I grow eggplant in the half-acre lot behind my house. As a matter of fact, I was glad for the suggestion. I thought eggplant just happened, not that it was cultivated.

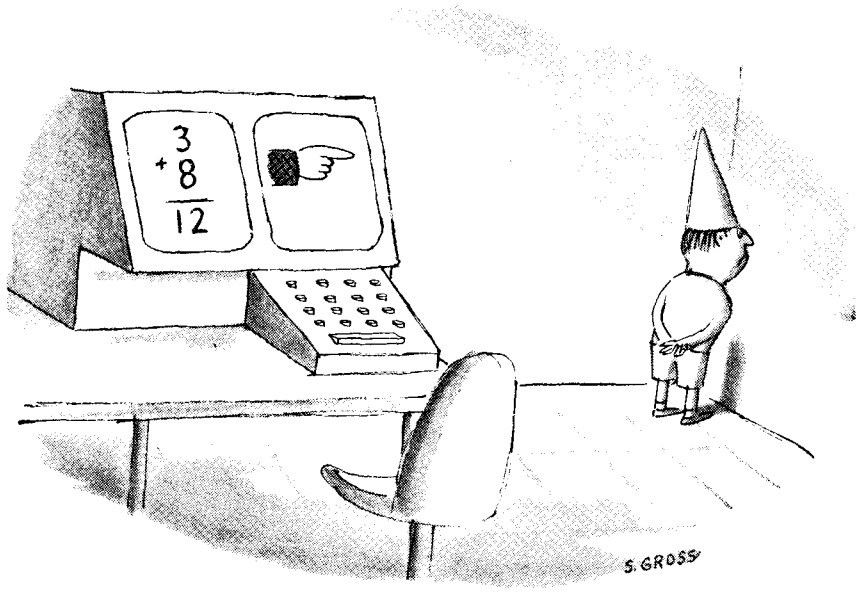
Which returns us to the subject proper: What have I learned? You see, I have no intention of leaving unsettled what learning is that is the property, sole and unmortgaged, of one Harry Golden, editor, publisher, son, father, and celebrity.

Ask me directly, and I shall reply that I have learned the things we were told when we were children are really true. First among which is the maxim that there is really only one woman in the world who will do.

BY no means do I insist that that woman will make you happy. She may make you unhappy. But it is also true subsequent women make you no more comfortable. If you can't get along with the first one, you're not going to get along much with her successors—unless at heart you're a compromiser—and you're going to pay a lot of alimony to discover this. No one has yet formulated any substitute for monogamy for the raising of a family. If we all lived in Plato's Republic and the state collected all of the newborn and shuffled them off to a work farm—and we all accepted this as part of the natural order of things—then I think we should all marry one woman when we're twenty, another when we're thirty, still a third at forty, and another at each turn of the decades. Fathers and mothers so far have proved bound and determined that they and not the state will raise their offspring.

It is true that many men and women feel divorce is not so much a selfish as a sanitary matter, that without divorce they will lose their equilibrium. I feel sorry for them. My heart has always welled with pity for Tommy Manville. Tommy never understands the furniture of life.

I remember an easy chair I hated. It was new and it had usurped an older, more comfortable chair. I learned to live around that chair. I never sat in it, I never commented about how ugly I thought it, how it wrenched my back to read the front page while I was seated there, how it partially blocked passage from the living room to the kitchen and hall. That chair was there! I imagine personal unhappiness much in the shape and substance of that chair: You must learn to live around it, not to sit in it, nor declaim its hideous features; not to notice it. Unhappiness is a cobra which will not strike unless you startle it.



God, insists the Talmud, is a maker of marriages. For every abrasive personality, there's a matching personality. I thought early on I would let Him figure it out and He has. And if I hadn't let Him, I would have wound up just as unhappy as poor Thorstein Veblen, the American thinker who made the singular contribution to economics by outlining the theory of conspicuous consumption. Veblen wound up teaching at a California college with a wife at one end of the campus and a girl friend at the other.

"I'm not happy with your marital situation," the school's president told him.

"Neither am I," sighed poor Veblen.

Truth No. 2 is that hard work and only hard work pays off. Hard work, in fact, is the only thing that *does* pay off.

The social revolution of the American Negro would never have come about had the Negro left it to humanitarian whites. Humanitarian whites had succeeded in abolishing slavery, but then they ran out of gas. When the Negro, sadly reviewing his long empirical history of failure, decided he himself would undertake hard work, that was when he began to make headway. And the revolution is by no means complete. And it will not be complete until more hard work and sweat have been invested.

Those of us who are, for want of a better word, co-revolutionists see now that the road toward absolute equality is longer and more treacherous than we thought. We cannot traverse it with song and enthusiasm; we have to hack our way through prejudice, distortion, ignorance, and plain intransigence. Hard work and patience are the only blades we have. Millennia are not something which we see happen: They are something we usually just passed.

Sometimes I hear disturbing rumors about youth, that the young folks today cannot bring themselves to terms with this society and with its values; that kids grow long hair and wear beards and dirty clothes as a sign of their revolt. But then, I think there are several boys now contending over which one will be the valedictorian at the Franconia College graduating exercises. One of them will win. And he will probably be the first boy on his block to buy a washer-dryer and a new refrigerator.

Let the long-haired unwashed giggle. That washer-dryer, that new refrigerator is what every Congolese has been contending for by murdering missionaries, nuns, and fellow tribesmen.

Someone has always been smart enough to figure out that hard work pays off. Someone is clever enough to see that there is not all that much luck in the world and most of what there is is bad. No one will dispute me when I say that the only thing which overcomes hard luck is hard work. There's always someone clever enough to understand that the wise guy is the sucker every time. The wise guy is the sucker because there ain't no free lunches anymore.

And the last of my knowledge consists of the admonition: Never eat in a restaurant not bright enough to enable you to read your paper. The darkened lounge or salon will never pay off in food, service, or comfort.

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A VIEW OF H.H.H.

By ELMO ROPER

SINCE THIS article just might be construed by some as an attack on "liberals"—or at least self-proclaimed liberals—perhaps it would be an act of discretion on my part to present my credentials:

I have been favorable to labor unions since my college days and have several highly esteemed friends—such as Jack Potofsky—in the movement still. I was the first national fund-raiser for the Urban League, was on its board for many years, and have been a member of the NAACP since the days of my Redding friend and neighbor, Walter White. For eighteen years I served as a member of the Connecticut Commission on Civil Rights, and for a time was its chairman. I voted for Al Smith, Norman Thomas, Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and Adlai Stevenson, in that order. Add to that, current membership on the board of the Fund for the Republic, Freedom House, and the Population Crisis Committee, and decide for yourself whether that adds up to a generally liberal or a generally conservative position.

I have gone to the trouble of listing this information because I am very unhappy today with a large segment of people who vigorously proclaim themselves liberals and yet scream when some other liberal disagrees with them on *anything*. It seems to me that the ability to tolerate dissent without abusing the dissenter is—or ought to be—the cornerstone of any liberal philosophy.

And yet today a good many of my friends who insist they are liberals are heaping abuse on Hubert Humphrey because he happens to disagree with them on the virtues and vices of the war in Vietnam. I believe everyone has a perfect right in this country to a viewpoint on Vietnam; all I am insisting is that Hubert Humphrey has that right, too—and that includes the right not to be regarded as "an ex-liberal" or a "traitor to the cause of liberalism" by those who disagree with his viewpoint—however right they may be in opposing that viewpoint.

For twenty-five years Hubert Humphrey has acted as the spearhead of liberal causes and has probably done more to push the liberal cause forward than all of his current detractors put together. But since so many of the self-proclaimed liberals seem to have short memories, let's list here—as a reminder—some things for which Hubert Humphrey was, in large part, responsible:

Human Rights: Mr. Humphrey's record in human rights hardly needs recounting. Under his leadership as mayor, Minneapolis adopted the first municipal Fair Employment Practice ordinance in the nation in 1947. At the 1948 Democratic National Convention his work in drafting a strong civil rights plank and his subsequent speech before the convention brought him to national prominence. Once elected to the Senate, Mr. Humphrey began to introduce bills to protect and strengthen the rights of all Americans. In March 1949 he sponsored an anti-lynching bill. In April he introduced a bill to establish a Commission on Civil Rights. In June 1951 he introduced a federal Fair Employment Practices bill to prohibit discrimination in employment because of race, color, religion, or national origin; a bill to outlaw the poll tax in national elections; a bill to provide equal access to and use of public interstate transportation; a bill to protect existing rights guaranteed under the Constitution or federal law; and a bill to protect the right of political participation.

Virtually all of these Humphrey human rights proposals, so "extreme" and "impractical" in the early 1950s, have since been written into law. The passage of the historic Civil Rights Act of 1964 climaxed Hubert Humphrey's sixteen years as chief civil rights spokesman in the Senate.

Food For Peace: Mr. Humphrey's concern with utilizing American food stocks to aid hungry people dates back to his earliest Senate days. In 1950 he introduced a bill to send wheat to India and Pakistan. His Food for Peace proposal, which authorizes the use of foreign currencies obtained from sales of surplus U.S. food for promoting local economic development was introduced on February 25, 1954. All subsequent Food for Peace and Food for Freedom programs have been based on Mr. Humphrey's 1954 bill. Senator George McGovern has said "Humphrey was the

—*Wide World.*

Senators Humphrey and Dirksen with victory smiles for the Civil Rights Act—"Virtually all of [the] Humphrey human rights proposals . . . have been written into law."

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Congressional father of the Food for Peace program."

Medicare: In 1949 one of Mr. Humphrey's first proposals was to establish a program of health insurance for the elderly, financed through social security. Congress, however, refused to act on it. Mr. Humphrey reintroduced the bill himself in the 82nd and 83rd Congresses, then asked Senator Anderson to sponsor it in 1955 and in subsequent years. The King-Anderson Medicare Bill passed in 1965, sixteen years after Hubert Humphrey first introduced his original measure.

Aid to Education: Hubert Humphrey was an early and constant supporter of federal aid to education. In 1949, his first year in the Senate, he introduced legislation authorizing federal assistance for the construction of elementary and secondary schools. In 1952 he co-sponsored with Senator Murray a bill to establish a federal scholarship program for college students. In January 1957 he introduced three measures providing for 40,000 federal scholarships coupled with grants to colleges for facilities, loans to college students, income tax credit for college tuition payments, and federal assistance to states for school construction. These bills were virtually ignored until the Soviet Sputnik of October 1957 prompted President Eisenhower and Congress to seriously consider the need for federal contributions to general education. Mr. Humphrey pushed vigorously for the inclusion of scholarships in the National Defense Education Act of 1958, although the final bill authorized student aid only in the form of loans and graduate fellowships.

Arms Control and Disarmament: Although Hubert Humphrey had voiced the need for disarmament in Senate speeches beginning in 1950, his substantive accomplishments date mainly from the work of the Disarmament Subcommittee of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. In April 1955 he sponsored the resolution to establish the subcommittee which was approved in January 1956. Mr. Humphrey was made subcommittee chairman.

Nuclear Test Ban: The groundwork for the nuclear test ban of 1963 also was laid in the Senate Disarmament Subcommittee (Hubert Humphrey, chairman) during the late 1950s. In October 1956, Mr. Humphrey's subcommittee released a report on the technical aspects of nuclear weapons testing and urged that the United States pursue the negotiation of a test ban among the nuclear powers. By 1958 Hubert Humphrey was speaking frequently on the floor of the Senate for a test ban and was receiving strong support in Congress and from the public for his efforts. In 1959 he introduced a Senate resolution to "support the efforts of the United States to continue to negotiate for an international agreement for the suspension of nuclear weapons tests. . . ."

A "limited" nuclear test ban treaty was signed by the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union on July 25, 1963. Mr. Humphrey then led the Senate to ratify it on September 24, culminating more than seven years of personal effort for a ban on nuclear weapons tests.

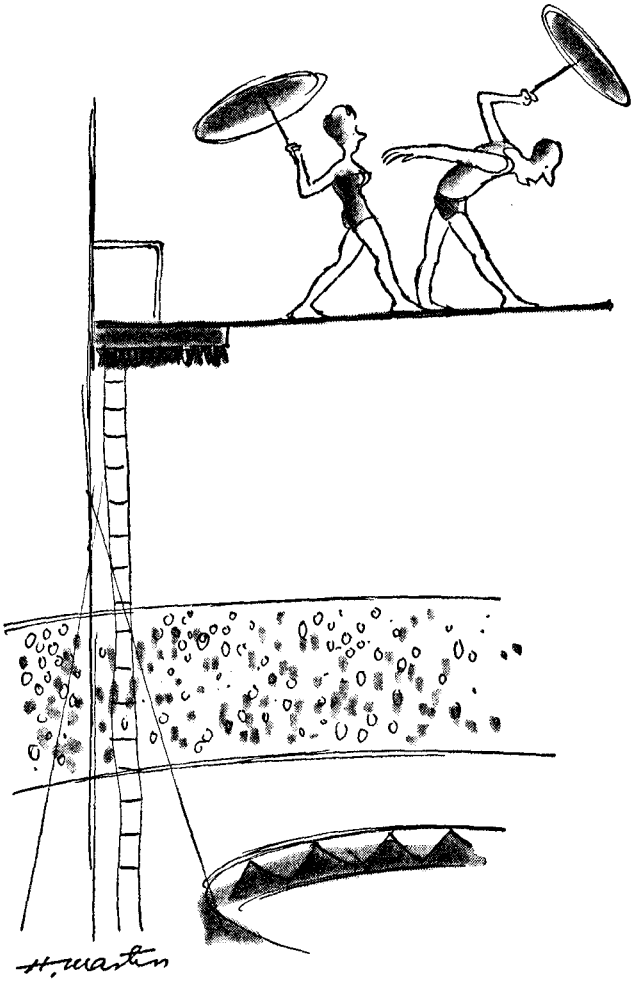
Peace Corps: On June 15, 1960, Mr. Humphrey introduced the first bill to establish a program to send young American volunteers overseas for teaching and economic development programs. This was four months before Senator John Kennedy espoused the idea in his Ann Arbor campaign speech. After John Kennedy was elected, Mr. Humphrey introduced the Administration Peace Corps bill which became law in 1961.

To disagree with Hubert Humphrey's stand on the Vietnam war is one thing; but to heap the opprobrium, to hurl the invectives that many "liberals" are loosing today is quite another. Too many times in the past forty years have I seen the effectiveness of good liberals destroyed by the carping criticism of other so-called liberals who seem to insist on conformity to their viewpoint.

Many years ago my good friend Estes Kefauver asked me how I reconciled being a frequent critic of some of his methods and yet was one of his three or four best campaign fund-raisers. I gave him an answer that I still wouldn't change much today:

"Roper's Law for judging U.S. Senators goes like this: If a Senator votes as I would have voted had I been a Senator 40 per cent of the time, I'm disappointed in him. If he votes as I would have voted 60 per cent of the time, I'm pleased with him. But if he votes as I would have voted 80 per cent of the time, I begin to worry because he probably can't be re-elected."

I suggest that philosophy is worth the consideration of those self-proclaimed liberals who argue loudly for the "right to dissent" and then show by their actions that what they mean is *their* right to dissent—not the right to dissent *from them*.



"Annette, I believe we've come to the end of our rope."

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Saturday Review

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U.N., Front and Center

THIS IS WRITTEN minutes away from *SR*'s scheduled press time, just after the first news flashes from the Middle East on the eruption of full-scale war. It is possible, therefore, that none of what follows will have any currency by the time this issue reaches its readers. Even so, it is impossible for a magazine that for a quarter-century has made the search for peace its main purpose not to react spontaneously to the shattering news, regardless of the possibility that events will invalidate our comment.

There is no mystery about what needs to be done if an unspeakable tragedy is to be averted. The first need is for the United Nations to *order* — not request —a cease-fire. The order should not be ambiguous or open-ended. It should fix a specific date and time for cease-fire. It should back the order by the immediate departure for the war zone of a special United Nations cease-fire mission headed by Secretary General U Thant and representatives of at least a dozen nations. Notice should be served that the special U.N. Commission will enter the actual theater of combat at the time designated by the U.N. for the cease-fire. The warring parties should be put on notice that any military action against the U.N. cease-fire Commission will be regarded as a grave offense against the United Nations itself. The warring parties should be asked for immediate assurance of their intention to comply with the U.N. order.

An attempt should be made immediately to reconstitute the peace-keeping forces of the U.N., fully equipped and in substantial numbers, for such use in the Middle East as may be indicated by the response to the U.N. order for cease-fire.

The attempt by the U.N. to order and enforce a cease-fire should be part of a total effort to prevent the conflict from erupting into world war. Direct, secret communications are needed at once between President Johnson and the Soviet leaders. The Soviet Union's position vis-à-vis Communist China inside the Communist world has been heavily affected by the bombing of North Vietnam. The Soviet Union is no less apprehensive than the United States about the possible penetration of Communist China into Southeast Asia, but the Soviet Union's ability to keep Asian nations from turning to China ideologically, politically, and economically is tied to the ability of the Soviet Union to protect them against *all* outsiders, and not solely China.

World nuclear war can be averted, even at this late date, if the United States and the Soviet Union come to terms on the particulars of a broad detente. There is a direct connection between Vietnam and the Middle East. The Soviet Union's stand on the Middle East is alterable only in relationship to the wide variety of factors that affect its foreign policy posture. The Soviet Union was ready, two months ago, to apply all its pressure on Hanoi to enter into negotiations if the United States would discontinue the bombing. Every attempt should now be made on the highest level to get the Soviet Union to revalidate its offer.

Direct discussion between President Johnson and Prime Minister Kosygin will have an effective bearing on the Middle East crisis only as it addresses itself to all the principal issues involved in an American-Soviet detente — the kind of detente that both President Eisenhower and President Kennedy sought to pursue, that President Johnson endorsed, but that events in Vietnam derailed. A detente involves not just joint action to support a U.N. cease-fire in the Middle East, or adoption of policies required to bring about an end to the war in Vietnam through negotiations, but agreements on the need to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons, and on an understanding with respect to Germany that can give the nations of Central Europe and Russia a greater confidence in Germany than the historical record alone now provides.

Finally and perhaps most important of all, both the United States and the Soviet Union must recognize that nothing is more in their mutual interest than a fully functioning United Nations. Neither country can afford an unlimited arms race or the eventual mass terror it will inevitably produce. Neither country can afford to be vibrated endlessly by flare-ups and crises that threaten to explode into world-wide war. It is not within the means of either nation to guarantee the peace that both need. The United Nations must therefore be strengthened to whatever extent necessary to underwrite the safety and meaningful sovereignty of all nations, large and small.

None of this is easy. But much of the difficulty lies in hardened attitudes rather than in what is reasonably attainable. All things are possible once enough men realize that the whole of the human future is at stake. —N.C.

Meditation on Abstract Nouns

By Chad Walsh

I think I never saw a hope,
And never mingled with a scope.
Neither is like a piece of rope.

I have not seen but I have taken
Love. I heard a soul awaken.
It was the taker who was shaken.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nature and Peacemaking

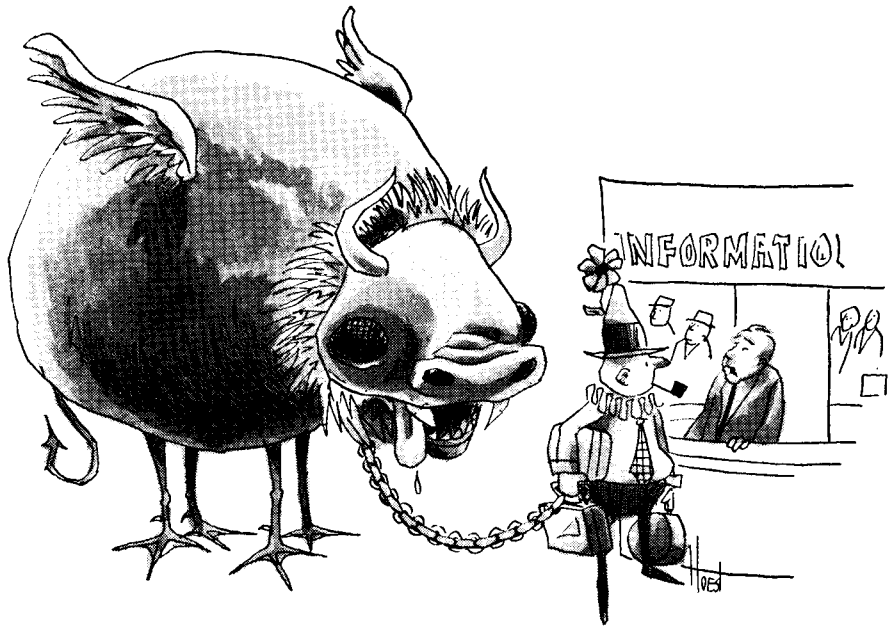
IN HIS ARTICLE "What Nature Reveals about Peacemaking" [*SR*, May 27], John F. Wharton points out that Wilfred Trotter (author of *The Instinct of the Herd in Peace and War*) believed that religion is a characteristic inherent in the structure of the human mind. I am sure that it is, but I think that the reason it is not more effective is because we mistake its real purpose.

The word comes from the Latin root *religare*, which means to tie back or restrain. I think this means that its purpose is to tie back man's natural selfish instincts in order that he may serve the larger purpose of nature—which is the survival of the species.

All religions no doubt present the same answers for survival. We already know, then, that truths must be accepted and followed. It is not leaders we need but individuals recognizing and exercising that power within them and in them alone which Epictetus called "the fragment of God" . . . which alone has the power to achieve the "absolute good."

MARY P. ABEEL.

Berkeley, Calif.



"And now, sir, I have a question for you!"

Unions and Responsibility

I AGREE with Herbert R. Mayes's comments on the death of the *World Journal Tribune* and the irresponsible leadership of union president Bertram Powers [TRADE WINDS, May 27].

Unionism is an integral part of American freedom, but it will remain a positive force only as long as its rights remain in balance with others. As Mr. Mayes points out, a responsibility written arbitration law can protect unions, employers, and society.

A. PETER HOLLIS.

Wilson, N.C.

THE EVIDENCE won't support Herbert R. Mayes's emotional indictment of Typographical Union Leader Bertram A. Powers for quadruple newspaper murder.

Mr. Powers didn't make it "impossible for the New York *Mirror* to stay in business." The *Mirror*, a poor imitation of the New York *Daily News*, folded because it lost the competitive struggle for advertising to that stronger, sprightlier fellow tabloid. The *Mirror* and the three other late lamented dailies also lost readers and advertisers to TV and suburban newspapers.

And it wasn't Mr. Powers who shut down the merged *World Journal Tribune* for more than four months last year. That was the Newspaper Guild, one of the nine other unions with which New York newspapers must deal. The typographers respected the Guild picket lines, as did all unions, but came to terms in three weeks.

Nor was it Mr. Powers who did in the *World Journal Tribune*. Low advertising volume, antiquated production facilities, and an editorial product deficient in personality and excitement were the main causes of death.

A. KENT MACDOUGALL.

New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS on Herbert R. Mayes's honest and forthright approach to the problem of the labor union, particularly in the newspaper field. This is the first time I can recall reading such a frank appraisal.

JACQUELINE ANGELONE.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Latin American Denuclearization

IN THESE DAYS of dismal reports from Vietnam, Korea, Israel and Syria, it is heartening to get good news. I speak of Hallowell Bowser's editorial, "Denuclearization in Latin America" [*SR*, May 20], reporting on the acceptance of a treaty for the prohibition of nuclear weapons in Latin America.

As Mr. Bowser says, it "may well be a beacon lighting the way for others."

HOWARD K. HAYS.

Ambler, Pa.

Noise Pollution

I WAS DELIGHTED to read Millicent Brower's article, "Noise Pollution: A Growing Menace" [*SR*, May 27].

I have been invited to join a group which is organizing a program to: 1) make people conscious of the menace of unwanted sound; 2) take action to combat the sources of it. In organizing an active group, one is faced with opposition resulting from ignorance as well as the unwillingness of most commercial enterprises to invest time or money to study the situation and act upon it. The first step, therefore, is to *educate* everyone to the dangers of noise. Articles like Miss Brower's are the major means.

MARGOT TELEKI,
N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.

Philadelphia, Pa.

MILLICENT BROWER'S article is excellent, but the box listing decibel readings for various sounds neglected the most hazardous of noise levels—the radio and television commercials that blast out at an enormous increase in sound over the basic program.

ANTHONY LAWRENCE.

Alexandria, Va.

Mill Reconsidered

WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN'S fine appreciation of John Stuart Mill, "John Stuart Mill: Independent Radical" [*SR*, May 20], recalls a charter of liberalism whose later history proved to be a curious paradox.

Mill ably voiced the best thought of his age. . . . And yet . . . he failed to see incipient changes in social thought, to recognize an inner contradiction between Utilitarianism and the basic principles of tolerance and liberty. Utilitarianism is a lantern rather than a beacon in searching for basic principles of right and truth. Perhaps as a result, in part at least, liberalism has ceased to produce true liberals.

The essay *On Liberty* puts freedom of thought . . . on a basis of social utility rather than on what Locke would have put it—the inner ethical nature of man as a rational being. Here is the doctrine of natural right of which Mill says little. It was Locke who said the keeping of truth and faith "belong to man as man and not as a member of society." Here is a more valid charter of liberalism.

BERNHARD MOLLENHAUER.

San Diego, Calif.

No Voice for Conservation?

WALLACE STEGNER, in his article "Last Chance for the Everglades" [*SR*, May 6], spotlights the deplorable situation in that "wonder of the world." Out here they are concerned about the future of the Grand Canyon and the Mesa Verde cliff dwellings. Denver just voted thunderously for urban

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Submarines at Work: A report from General Dynamics

For sale: Choice 400-acre plot west of Bermuda. Lat. 32° 06′N., long. 64° 04′ W. 250 fathoms *down*. Ideal for algae farming, fish grazing. Includes all water rights to surface and bottom mineral rights.

A *farm* at the bottom of the ocean?

Before this century is over, man will undoubtedly be farming, mining and manufacturing under the sea. With the world population growing and our natural resources shrinking, we will *have* to exploit the oceans for necessary food supplies and raw materials.

But before it happens, we must learn how to live and work in the strange and hostile marine environment.

Blue collar submarines:

A new breed of fish—the research submarine—has already begun the job of exploring and working in the depths of the ocean.

Unlike World War II submarines, which could dive to only a few hundred feet, research submarines will have to descend *thousands* of feet. And unlike bathyscaphs, which are essentially underwater elevators, research submarines move and maneuver under their own power and can perform a variety of jobs. In fact, "research" is a misnomer; they are really *working* submarines.

General Dynamics, which delivered the first submarine to the United States Navy in 1900, has already built five operational research submarines and is currently building three more. One of them, *Aluminaut*, an aluminum-hulled submarine built for Reynolds International, went mineral prospecting in 1966.

The boat searched for deposits of ore along the Blake Plateau, a section of the Continental Shelf stretching from Virginia to Florida. As *Aluminaut* travelled along the bottom, it scooped up samples of sediment and brought them up to the surface escort ship.

Doing the impossible:

Last year, two other research submarines built by General Dynamics—*Star II* and *Asherah*—performed jobs that had not been possible before. They inspected underwater cables, diving to depths and carrying photographic equipment that puts the job well beyond the capabilities of skin divers.

A cable does not always lie undisturbed on the bottom once it has been laid. It can be dragged by fishing nets and tidal currents; abraded and strained by rocks or sunken wreckage; and corroded by salt water and chewed on by sea life.

Star II, diving to depths of 1,050 feet, inspected and took more than 3,000 still photographs of 42 miles of underwater cable.

Asherah's assignment was to inspect a six-inch power cable that ran for seven miles along the bottom of Rosario Strait in the state of Washington. Before throwing the switch that would send electricity through the cable, officials of the Bonneville Power Administration wanted to know how the cable was oriented on the bottom.

Fitted with externally mounted strobe lights and floodlights, a 35mm. still camera and a television camera, *Asherah* followed the seven miles of cable, making a complete record of it on video tape and in still photographs.

Hunting the aku:

The aku, or skipjack tuna, is one of the mainstays of Hawaii's fishing industry. The annual catch of tuna in Hawaiian waters averages 5,000 tons—largely from netting fish near the surface. Some experts believe the yield could be as high as 200,000 tons a year if a key question could be answered: how deep do schools of tuna live?

In 1965, the research submarine *Asherah*, on loan to the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, found the answer. In the course of diving to depths of 600 feet off Oahu, *Asherah's* observers discovered tuna much further down than anyone had expected. On the basis of this evidence, the Bureau outfitted a surface ship with sonar to locate and track deep-swimming schools of tuna. A General Dynamics study showed the feasibility of a research submarine fast enough and with sufficient endurance to follow oceanic fish and to discover their migratory habits and spawning and feeding grounds.

Fish talk:

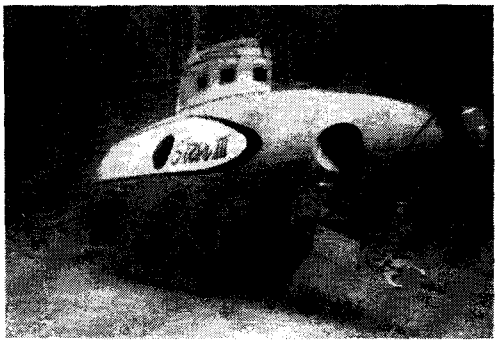
Research submarines have already extended our knowledge of rock and coral formations, the marine phenomenon known as plankton, and the habits—even the conversation—of fish.

Far from being silent, fish talk a great deal. During its dives off Hawaii, *Asherah* was able to record fish conversing in their cave homes. Fish talk has an immediate application to underwater telephone communication; the "chattering" of fish can be picked up, and distort human conversation.

In the summer of 1966, General Dynamics' *Star III*, diving off Bermuda, investigated an ocean phenomenon that sometimes plays havoc with sonar listening results: the deep scattering layer. This is a layer of plankton—organic and plant particles that small fish feed on.

Research submarines have also inspected the understructures and footings of offshore oil wells. There is a

STAR III can carry its two-man crew and 1,500-pound payload, including scientific equipment, to depths of 2,000 feet for up to 12 hours. Its manipulator can perform a variety of jobs.



ASHERAH was designed and built by General Dynamics for the use of the University of Pennsylvania Museum.

ALUMINAUT, built by General Dynamics for Reynolds International, has first all-aluminum hull and is the deepest diving submarine.

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large market for submersibles capable of this kind of work.

And in 1964, *Asherah*, diving in the Aegean Sea off the coast of Turkey, photographed the hull and cargo of a sunken 5th century Byzantine galley on the sea floor. The submarine accomplished in one hour what would have taken skin divers weeks to do.

Ambidexterity:

Many first-generation research submarines have a single external manipulator, or "arm," enabling them to scoop up sediment or pick up objects from the ocean floor.

Second-generation submarines now under construction at General Dynamics will have considerably greater work and repair capacities.

These new submarines will have two manipulators, rather than one—each analogous to the human arm. That is, it has shoulder, elbow and wrist joints (see illustration at right). Fully extended, the manipulators have an 82-inch reach; when not in use they can be folded back against the hull of the submarine to improve its hydrodynamic motion through the water.

Interchangeable claw "hands" will allow new submarines to pick up objects as heavy as 100 pounds—or as delicate as an egg. Clamshell scoops enable them to collect mineral and marine specimens.

But their greatest advance over present manipulators is their power tool capacity. Detachable snap-on tools will enable them to cut cables, drill holes, install or remove nuts on equipment—and do a variety of other deep-sea construction and repair work.

Manipulators may be operated independently of each other or together, depending on the nature of the job.

With manipulators that approach the human arm in dexterity and control—and exceed it in reach, strength and versatility—the ability of research submarines to perform meaningful work will be dramatically advanced.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communications systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

Reprints of this series are available.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Tippett's "Priam," the Royal Ballet's Aldous

LONDON.

JUST WHERE Michael Tippett's *King Priam* stands among contemporary operas depends, in more than a manner of speaking, on where the listener sits. In Covent Garden, where it has just been revived after a lapse since 1964, the aisle-sitter might come to the conclusion that it merits a position of some prominence. In the British Museum, the desk-sitter contemplating a catalogue reading "Modern Music (from 1800 onward)" might conclude that, well, after all, it doesn't rate with such other modern fellows as Cherubini, Mèhul, and Lortzing, not to mention such a member of the avant-garde as Meyerbeer.

For my taste, the most impressive moments of *King Priam* occurred immediately before the curtain rose, when Tippett, a bold man with a percussion section, raised an orchestral clamor suitable for all the manner of Greek tragedy that followed. This began with the prophecy that Paris will cause "as by an inexorable fate, his father's death," and ended, several mortalities and three acts later, with the fulfillment of the prediction. Unhappily —especially for the singers—the clamor does not subside when the curtain rises. It goes on and on, quite without any regard for the audibility, not to say either the comfort or the convenience, of his vocalists.

Some might say that this has been going on for some time; that Strauss was accused of drowning out his cast in *Salome* and *Elektra;* that Puccini raised a fair din for his *Turandot* to surmount; and *Wozzeck* is scarcely a *bel canto* score. In each of these instances, however, there are certain subtle matters of balance involved. When the Salome, Elektra, or Turandot is Birgit Nilsson (she hasn't gotten around to Marie in *Wozzeck* yet) and the conductor is one with Karl Böhm's sense of proportion, it becomes apparent that both Strauss and Puccini (likewise Berg) wrote some fairly worthwhile music for their principal characters to sing. With Tippett, though, the impression persists that, in the best of circumstances, his vocal line would remain skips and intervals, more suitable for declaiming than proclaiming.

In other words, though producer Sam Wanamaker, in conjunction with conductor John Pritchard, has assembled an uncommonly able group of singers for the principal roles, they have, alas, all too little meaningful music to sing. The question that arises in listening to the struggle that ensued is: Why should a composer bother to write notes and time values when the contest is destined to be such an uneven one? Why not merely let the performers fill in their own?

A fine physical likeness of a Priam, Forbes Robinson, experienced as he is in the contemporary operatic literature, could probably do as well unaided. In the case of Richard Lewis (Achilles), who has run the gamut from Britten to Walton, the "probably" can probably be deleted. The careful casting of Yvonne Minton as Helen, of Patricia Johnson as Andromache, and of Anna Green as Hecuba made the dilemma confronting Paris (John Wakefield) in awarding the fateful apple greater than the script called for. All were imposing in presence and vocally strong, with Miss Minton especially to be commended for her treatment of Helen's big scene in Act III.

The scenery and costumes by Sean Kenny take in such familiar elements of recent operatic stagecraft as a central circular platform slanted downward toward the audience, splotchy shapes (a carnation? a splash of blood?) projected on the rear cyclorama, silhouetted figures set off by back-lighting, etc. Further to the end of his own particular purpose, Tippett writes his own text, of which very little could be understood. This was in no way the fault of the excellent personnel, or of conductor John Pritchard, who saw his duty and did it well. The secondary status of the sung sound was inherent in the layout of Tippett's score, and his concept of the operatic equation.

IN the alternating pattern of dance activity carried on in Covent Garden by what is locally described as the "touring section" of the Royal Ballet, while the "London company" is touring North America, the priority happening was the appearance of Lucette Aldous as Odette/Odile in *Swan Lake* and Swanilda in *Coppélia,* both with David Wall as her partner.

Miss Aldous is a special instance of the young ballerinas whom the Ashton administration has been developing against the inevitable D (Depletion) Day of older talent, expressing that Commonwealth endeavor at its most inclusive. A native of New Zealand, she had early training in Australia before qualifying for the Royal Ballet School in London—which, to update an earlier reference [MUSIC TO MY EARS, May 20], is now directed by Michael Wood, since the retirement of the long-admired Arnold Haskell. She thereafter danced leading roles with the Ballet Rambert and The Festival Ballet, rather than making her way from the corps of the Royal Ballet to a place as minor principal and then ballerina.

Whether this has anything to do with her size—at a quarter of an inch less than five feet, Miss Aldous is, again, a special case—is hard to say. But she has developed a power of projection that enables her to concentrate attention on her compact figure rather than dispersing effect. That is, what she has been well taught to do, technically, is more than enough to satisfy basic requirements. It is what she does that cannot be taught that sets Miss Aldous apart from her contemporaries.

In a comparative assessment of the two performances, it was the more difficult Odette/Odile that stood out. Her Odette is uncommonly supple, expressive, and birdlike. Her figure, being as well formed as it is compact, makes for lines that are as suitable to the part as they are unusual. Moreover, she is naturally airborne, and, when supported by such a youthfully vigorous partner as Wall, capable of more than just the suggestion of soaring flight. Her Odile is, as yet, not as strongly differentiated as it might be, which is in the nature of the problem. But with so successful a start on the dual challenge she has basis of contrast not given to many.

Miss Aldous also danced a bright outgoing Swanilda a few nights later, but some of the detail was ragged in comparison with her beautifully controlled Odette. Capable Swanilda however, come in several sizes as well as various nationalities. It is her strong effort in *Swan Lake* that marks Miss Aldous as outstanding. Wall's effort in both suggested something like a Tom Perkins of the ballet stage—tallish, likable, and not quite fully formed. By top Royal Ballet standards, this "touring section" is more than a little sub-par, but the London audience loves it dearly.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

A Bad Little Good Girl

THE TITLE of Philip Roth's second novel, *When She Was Good* (Random House, $5.95), is intentionally misleading, for the thesis of the book is that when she—*i.e.*, Lucy Nelson—was good, she was horrid.

In the Literary Guild *Preview* Roth gives an admirable summary of the story and a suggestive statement of his intentions. After saying that he had rewritten the manuscript eight times in the course of four years, he continues:

> And yet the story I had set out to tell was the story with which I finished: a Middlewestern girl, disappointed in her long-suffering mother, infuriated with her alcoholic father, is impregnated by a boyish ex-GI, just home from his two-year confinement in the Army; rather against his will, she persuades him "to do his duty by her" and as a consequence of this decision (which had seemed to her the only one that was "moral"), she discovers herself imprisoned once again in a family situation no more loving or dignified than the one from which she had just escaped. As I remember it, what most intrigued me at the outset was the utter victimization of this girl, whose misfortune it was to have been born into a world to which she believed herself morally superior. What it took me nearly four years to discover and articulate was not only the exact price, in pain and deprivation, that the girl whom I called Lucy Nelson would have to pay for the circumstances of her youth, but the price that she would make others pay in turn.

Roth works his way into the story slowly, beginning with an account of Lucy's grandfather, Willard Carroll, who established the family in Liberty Center. He married and had one child, Myra, who became Lucy's mother. Although Roth was born in Newark, New Jersey, he does well with the Midwestern small-town background.

The key to Lucy's character, as Roth's summary suggests, is her father, Duane Nelson, commonly known as Whitey. An irresponsible fellow, he never keeps a job long, and finds consolation in liquor. From early childhood Lucy hates him, not only because he is a bad husband and father but also because he is always whining and making excuses for himself. And she scorns her mother for her weakness in forgiving him time after time. She is determined to hold herself up to the highest moral standards and to apply such standards to all with whom she is associated. When she is only fifteen, seeing her father mistreat her mother, she calls the police and has him taken to jail.

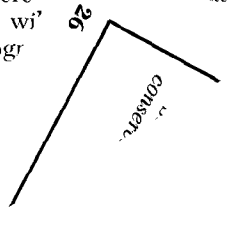
Because Lucy is ashamed of her family, she has few friends, and it is her self-imposed loneliness that makes her receptive to the attentions of Roy Bassart. Roy is a nicely drawn character—a pretty ordinary sort of American kid, weak, unsure of himself, with no particular talents, the kind that may shape up as he grows older or may not. At twenty the one thing he is certain he wants is sexual experience. Lucy has few illusions about him, and the reader knows from the outset that there is no hope for the marriage.

There is nothing unfamiliar about such a situation to one who lives in a small town and can tick off the number of shotgun marriages that have taken place this past winter. The only unusual factor is Lucy's self-righteousness, and this is unusual only in the extreme form it takes.

So far as technique is concerned, Roth leaves little room for complaint. The characters are real, and their talk once more shows what a good ear Roth has. Periodically he takes us inside Lucy's mind and lets us feel the power of her aberration:

> Eventually, must not the truth prevail? Oh, it had not been in vain then that she had sacrificed and struggled! Oh, yes, of course! If you know you are in the right, if you do not weaken or falter, if despite everything thrown up against you, despite every hardship, every pain, you oppose what you know in your heart is wrong; if you harden yourself against the opinion of others, if you are willing to endure the loneliness of pursuing what is good in a world indifferent to good; if you struggle with every fiber of your body, even as others scorn you, hate you and fear you; if you push on and on and on, no matter how great the agony, how terrible the strain— then one day the truth will finally be known—

Roth presents the disaster with great force, so that the last thirty or forty pages of the book are exciting in a way that earlier pages are not. Nevertheless the reader is likely to ask, "So what?" Roth, in the statement quoted earlier, tells us what. He does not maintain, he says, that Lucy is a t·ical American, but he thinks that i· haracter and behavior there hat American readers wi' ordinary and recogr always seemed to are, to be sure, ' Nelsons, there inclination to Lucy Nelson-



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the complexities and mysteries of living to the most simple-minded and childish issues of right and wrong. How deeply this perverse moralistic bent has become embedded in our national character and affected our national life is, I realize, a matter for debate; that it is even 'perverse' is not a judgment with which everyone will readily agree. What destroys Lucy (some readers may hold) has nothing whatsoever to do with the rest of us. I am of a different opinion."

Roth speaks as if he had made a great discovery, but surely the major novelists and dramatists have always known that self-righteousness and moral indignation often grow out of some serious defect of character, and in this post-Freudian era the idea is part of the "wisdom" of syndicated newspaper columns. Of course there are still persons like Lucy, and of course some other persons are taken in by them; but this does not mean that what Roth has to say about Lucy is a startling revelation.

In an article he wrote for *Commentary* some years ago Roth stated that he saw American life as terrifying and tragic. I did not find this vision expressed in *Letting Go*, which seemed to me a rather dull chronicle of commonplace marital difficulties, nor do I find it in *When She Was Good*. In my review of the earlier novel (*SR*, June 16, 1962) I said: "What the book seems to demonstrate is not that contemporary civilization is a disaster, but that many people manage to mess up their lives—which isn't news." It still isn't. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1245

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1245 will be found in the next issue.

CXA CG DRA FVPFXDFMAY CG

LAWXM VWYCTVATNE WY DRFD

CXA WY QCXYDFXDNE SFHWXM

AZQWDWXM VWYQCPATWAY.

—F. F. SWNXA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1244

Some fellows get credit for being creative when they are only stupid.
—KIN HUBBARD.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Properties of A-Bomb Priority

IN A REVIEW of *Manhattan Project* [*SR*, June 3], the following appears: "Since two Communist countries and two Western countries not typically American have now developed and manufactured atomic weapons, the feat of the Manhattan Project for good or bad can obviously be performed in different political and economic settings." Evidently this was written as a personal comment by Betty Goetz Lall as a rebuff to the statement of General Leslie R. Groves, who had said: "Success was only made possible by a maximum use of the capabilities and strength of the American way of life."

If Betty Lall really believes what she intimates, I wonder why the enemies of the United States of America didn't learn to manufacture, to control, and to use the atomic bomb before we did? We were at war—"all-out" war (since there seem to be "degrees" of war these days!). Secrecy was a matter of relativity, but it was necessary to exert tremendous efforts to maintain it. The use of the total energy of the Allies was mandatory. Even with these and other activities of such a demanding nature facing us on a twenty-four-hour basis, the bomb was produced. What other country has done this under such circumstances?

EDWARD A. EADDY.

Georgetown, S.C.

No Trace of "Complicity"

ALEXANDER DONAT rendered a real service by comparing the American edition of Jean-François Steiner's *Treblinka* [*SR*, May 13] with the original French text, which caused such a tempest both in France and Israel.

I wish to add to the record a fact I just uncovered: On page 395 of the American edition, Steiner professes to quote directly from the pamphlet written by Yankel Wiernik, a member of the Treblinka Resistance Committee who helped lead the revolt and lived to tell the story in this pamphlet, published in Poland and then in New York in 1944 in English and Yiddish. Steiner makes Wiernik say, in this alleged quotation, "I knew that this day [of the uprising] would determine the justification or condemnation of our long agony, our terrible *complicity*."

That word "complicity" stopped and made me check the original, which is available at the New York Public Library. For Steiner is bedeviled by the idea that the Jews were what he repeatedly called "accomplices" of the Nazis in their extermination of the Jews. I found no trace of that sentence on page 57 of the Yiddish or page 43 of the English edition, where the remainder of Steiner's quotation is to be found. Nor did I find that sentence, nor the idea in it, anywhere else in the pamphlet. In fact, comparing the two-page quotation from Wiernik that Steiner gives on pages 395-396, I was astounded to find that about nine-tenths of the sentences in Steiner's quotation were added by Steiner to the skeleton of Wiernik's text. I must conclude, therefore, that Steiner fabricated the sentence about the "terrible complicity" in order to bolster his case. No wonder the survivors of the Treblinka uprising that Steiner interviewed in Israel have repudiated the book and compelled him to change their names in the text of the American edition.

What confidence can we have in a documentary book in which the one document he quotes directly is so misquoted?

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

New York, N.Y.

MR. DONAT, NOT M. STEINER, is the somewhat "ill-informed author." One need not be "inexperienced" to be an "inauthentic" Jew. One need merely be born of a non-Jewish mother (Tractate *Kidushin*, the Oral Law of the Torah).

Jean-François Steiner is, therefore, not Jewish—unless he has undergone conversion. So, why accuse him of "self-hatred" or "profound ignorance of Jewish life and tradition"?

D. NAYOWITZ.

New York, N.Y.

TR Walked Up San Juan Hill

SORRY TO SEE that in *SR* May 6 your art staff has fallen for a bit of political propaganda. The illustration on page 33 is captioned "Roosevelt and the Rough Riders at San Juan Hill, July 1, 1898. . . ." and shows the troops dashingly mounted on dramatically plunging horses. In point of fact, The Rough Riders (who were commanded by Leonard Wood, not Theodore Roosevelt) had to leave their horses back on the beach in Florida as there was barely enough room in the ships of transport for the invasion army, let alone all of their equipment and livestock. TR and friends walked—and cautiously, at that—up the slopes of San Juan Hill. But imaginative newspaper coverage of the event (that is, coverage springing largely from the imagination of the reporters), prompting such additional mementos as the above-mentioned chromolithograph, helped to launch Roosevelt on his rapid climb in the world of politics.

BRAYTON HARRIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Thought-Provoking

I GREATLY ENJOYED reading Louis W. Koenig's review on *RFK: The Man Who Would Be President* [*SR*, May 27]. It is rare that one experiences such an objective and thought-provoking criticism. I would like to congratulate Mr. Koenig and *SR*.

LAURA R. SIMPSON.

Upper Darby, Pa.

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Memories of England's Finest Hour

Harold Nicolson: The War Years 1939-1945. Vol. II of Diaries and Letters, *edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum. 511 pp. $8.50), comprises journals by a statesman, writer, and esthete who knew everyone from Dylan Thomas to de Gaulle. John Lukacs wrote "The Decline and Rise of Europe" and "A History of the Cold War."*

By JOHN LUKACS

INSTEAD of memoirs Harold Nicolson wrote diaries. Perhaps this is a pity, since he has so often demonstrated the talent of a twentieth-century super-Greville. He chose, rather, to submit himself to the discipline of writing a relatively superficial record every day. "Superficial," in this case, is not a pejorative adjective. It reflects Nicolson's intent.

"One should write one's diary for one's great-grandson," he once remarked. "The purely private diary becomes too self-centered and morbid. One should have a remote but not too remote audience." I think that he was right in not keeping a more introspective journal, since this diary reveals a very English shyness and diffidence in his character, together with symptoms of a mildly irritating skittishness and a surprising sensitivity to the opinions of certain people. (It appears, for example, that he gave much thought to the heavy-handed criticism of his books by Edmund Wilson which appeared in 1944 in *The New Yorker.*)

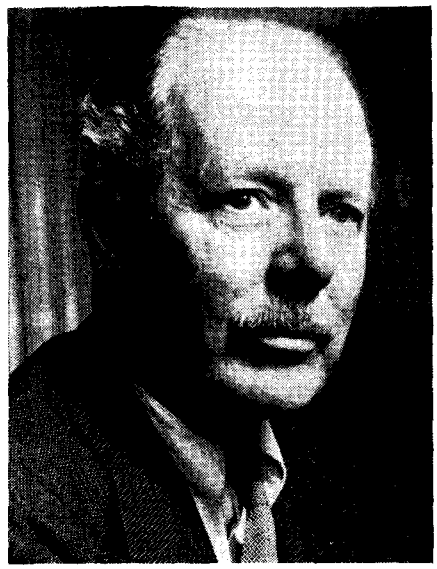
Nicolson's published Diaries amount to only about one-twentieth of the manuscripts, but they are admirably edited by his son and very much worth reading. Even these published parts contain useful nuggets of information for the historian of World War II. The entry of 22 July 1940 begins: "Philip Lothian telephones wildly from Washington in the evening begging Halifax not to say anything in his broadcast tonight which might close the door to peace. Lothian claims that he knows the German peace terms and that they are most satisfactory." Diplomatic historians have known for some time about the German peace-feelers and about the contacts between diplomatic agents of the Third Reich, American intermediaries, and the British Embassy in Washington during those crucial days—but this is the first indication that Lord Lothian (who had been one of the appeasers in the Thirties) was taking them seriously. Enlightening, too, are those parts of the Diary that show the pessimism a few knowledgeable Englishmen such as Nicolson had in the beginning of the war.

"I believe," he wrote on 9 December 1939, "that it looks as if we were going to be beaten, and all the vultures and all the crows will gather to peck at our corpse." Then came the dazzling summer of 1940, when, like many Englishmen, Nicolson discovered within himself untapped resources of strength and patriotism. By mid-September 1940 there were signs of panic and disturbance in the East End (but only the East End) of London. And, against the contingency of their conquest by the Germans, Nicolson got his physician to give him and his wife—Victoria Sackville-West—a lethal pill, which, in a curiously non-Nicolsonian vein, he referred to as "the bare bodkin."

SIR HAROLD revered Winston Churchill, who asked him to join the government as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Information in 1940; as early as September 1939 Nicolson wrote, "Churchill may be our Clemenceau or our Gambetta." It is interesting to learn that the Prime Minister's greatest and most important address (the "finest hour" speech) came over poorly on the radio:

> How I wish Winston would not talk on the wireless unless he is feeling in good form. He hates the microphone, and when we bullied him into speaking last night, he just sulked and read his House of Commons speech over again. Now, as delivered in the House of Commons, that speech was magnificent, especially the concluding sentences. But it sounded ghastly on the wireless. All the great vigor he put into it seemed to evaporate.

Nicolson—two of whose best books, *The Desire to Please* and *The Congress of Vienna,* were completed during the war—has been one of the great masters of the English language in this century. Although he did not consciously practice fine writing in his Diaries, the entries in his journals are vivid. In November 1939 Dominion representatives "had come expecting to find the Mother of Parliaments armed like Britannia.



Harold Nicolson—"untapped resources of strength and patience."

They merely saw an old lady dozing over her knitting, while her husband read the evening paper aloud." On 1 June 1940, the time of the Dunkirk evacuation: "Our train is 1½ hours late, because trains are pouring up and down the line transporting remnants of the B.E.F. We pass twelve trains packed with tired, dirty but cheering troops. I only see one man who is shell-shocked, and he sits staring in front of him with drooping eyelids, as if drugged. The others might have been returning from a two-days' route march." The bombing of London is recorded through true Nicolsonian snippets, such as this from the entry for 12 September 1940:

> Dine with Guy Burgess at the Reform and have the best-cooked grouse that I have ever eaten. The bombardment begins again at 9:15. I have to walk back to the Ministry through a deserted London. I have no tin hat and do not enjoy it. When things get very hot, I crouch in a doorway. In one of them I find a prostitute. "I have been drinking," she says: "I am frightened. Please take care of me." Poor little trull.

He wrote, after a night of fire-watching in the House of Commons in July 1941, "I get up at 5 A.M. and walk down to the Temple. It is a beautiful morning. The river is swollen high and heaves slightly under a pink satin skin. The balloons are going up slowly all over London—at first clumsy tadpoles, and then, as they reach the upper air, little minnows flashing silver in the sun." During another night of fire-watching, as MP for West Leicester, he wanders into the dark House of Lords. "I am tired and sit on the Woolsack with my tin hat on and my torch giving the sole illumination while the guns thunder outside." In July 1943 Nicolson, who had become a Governor of the BBC in

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1941, praises Churchill for his excellent and balanced speech upon the fall of Mussolini. "His only unfortunate phrase is, 'Let Italy stew in her own juice.' Apart from the vulgarity of this, it is untranslatable into Italian. I tell our BBC people to be careful not to use words that could be twisted to mean, 'Italy must boil in her own oil.' I suggest *'L'Italia farà il suo proprio minestrone.'"* This is very good.

Because of their esthetic and literary interests it is natural that the Nicolsons —who knew everyone, from de Gaulle to Dylan Thomas—should have had intellectual friends (though it is instructive to note that they berated themselves for having remained "too Edwardian," and not having been aware of the existence of Bloomsbury as late as 1916). Thus all kinds of interesting and funny things are recorded about an assortment of people, not always to their advantage. Nicolson, however, was not a malicious diarist, and it is inadvertently that some of his entries reflect stupidity on the part of many English intellectuals.

Like many a cultured man of an age that is now sliding away, Nicolson, throughout his life, cultivated his likes and his dislikes. He was an ardent Francophile, and an Americanophobe. In Algiers, 24 April 1944, he wrote, "I do my usual stunt of sticking up for the Yanks. But it is evident that the French here really hate them, and dread their ignorant and amateurish interference in French affairs."

Nevertheless, he admired Roosevelt (from a distance); and there is an inimitable Nicolsonian description, worthy of some of the best pages of *Some People*, of leading a tour of GIs through the Houses of Parliament. Although Nicolson was a Member of National Labour and stood in 1945 as a Conservative, he was really, as he once said himself, an Asquithian Liberal. Perhaps this explains, on the one hand, his sporting sense (he refused to cheer when the *Bismarck* went down) and, on the other, his often astonishing liking for such opportunist Leftist politicians as Negrin and Maisky.

Except for weekends Nicolson lived in London. Since his wife hardly moved from their castle of Sissinghurst and its gardens, they exchanged many letters, which, like those Nicolson wrote to his sons at war, are almost un-English in their profound expressions of affection, tenderness, attention, and care. Both Harold Nicolson and Vita Sackville-West believed that modern civilization—and not only because of the war —was hopelessly vulgar and inevitably destructive. They were probably right, though they were overly pessimistic in the short run. It is pleasant to record that notwithstanding the postwar austerity, the decline of Britain, and the vast metallic growth of industrial mass democracy, they could resume their exquisitely balanced way of life after 1945, including many of their avocations and preferences.

Whether this endurance of continuity over change surprised Nicolson or not will appear in the next (and last) volume of the published Diaries. Despite the prevalence of their beloved country and their personal triumphs of fortitude, a melancholy sense lingers through these pages. Reading them, I have often thought of the Quirites, of those last elegant and pagan patricians of the fifth century, before the fall of Rome. *Les Scythes ont conquis le monde,* Harold Nicolson was fond of quoting. But at least he has been spared the certainty of it. And we, in turn, must be grateful to this esthete and intellectual Englishman, then in his middle age, for letting us know, indeed more convincingly than the young Wordsworth in 1789, that, in a strange but revealing way, it was bliss to be alive in June 1940 in England.

Notes on a Spiritual Odyssey

The Difficulty of Being, *by Jean Cocteau, translated from the French by Elizabeth Sprigge (Coward-McCann. 160 pp. $5), reveals the enfant terrible of the 1920s in the role of a serious moralist. Wallace Fowlie, author of "Jean Cocteau: The History of a Poet's Age," teaches French literature at Duke University.*

By WALLACE FOWLIE

IN THE four years since Jean Cocteau died the critics have already begun to re-evaluate his style, to reassess and re-examine his contribution to art and letters, and to discover a unity in his life and work. During his last fifteen years Cocteau gave so much help to those who were writing about him that a panegyric note almost inevitably crept into their studies. From now on it will be easier to assign him the place he deserves in contemporary French literature. A vast amount of documentation—particularly letters and an important unpublished manuscript, *Le Passé défini*—await the biographers, and the drama of Cocteau's personal life will be explored in due time.

—*Jane Brown.*

Jean Cocteau—"a bizarre angel."

The present book of essays, *La Difficulté d'être,* which appears for the first time in English in its entirety, is one of the richest revelations of Cocteau's thinking on some of the gravest matters. Along with a few other essays, some of the poems, and one or two of the plays, it will endure longer than most of his works. The French text has been carefully translated by Elizabeth Sprigge, and is introduced with a personal memoir by the American composer Ned Rorem.

First of all, the book reveals the asceticism that Cocteau freely chose and which he showed to very few. His fecundity, his astounding vitality, his versatility, his public histrionics — all these will one day seem less significant than the sense of inner freedom this asceticism gave him. The extraordinary variety of the work has often been noted; now it is time to see and to follow the unity behind that work, the "difficulty of being" which characterized Jean Cocteau. Asceticism turned him against "art" in the classical sense and encouraged him to cultivate his soul (as he called the center of his being), and he allowed art to stay where it belongs, on the margin of life.

While Cocteau's name is famous throughout the world, his works are not familiar. Legends quickly buried the facts of his existence and made him into a prestidigitator, a bizarre angel. The truth, as revealed in some of these essays, is quite the opposite.

First published in France in 1947, *The Difficulty of Being* is a form of spiritual journal, and yet no one term is adequate

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to describe these pieces written on so many different moral and esthetic themes. Some passages are confessions, in which Cocteau speaks directly and intimately to his reader. Portraits of friends and celebrities show how carefully and sympathetically he had observed them, while the reminiscences of events and encounters add to our knowledge of an age. Reflections on moral issues, more numerous than in other volumes of Cocteau, give an unusual gravity to this book. It is the analysis of a man's thought carried out at a moment when he wanted to share the best of it with his friends.

The title comes from Fontenelle, the eighteenth-century French philosopher and nephew of Corneille, who, almost 100 years old and close to death, replied to his physician's query: "I feel well, but I do experience some difficulty in being." (*"Bien. J'éprouve seulement une certaine difficulté d'être."*) All Cocteau's favorite themes are found in this collection, but articulated more aphoristically, more abstractly than in his other books. He reviews his activities, his friendships, his obsessions, and many of his unsolvable problems, which he considers here almost as if they were exceptional privileges.

The portraits are emendations and enlargements of some included in earlier books, such as those of Raymond Radiguet, Diaghilev, and Nijinsky. Several of the essays are brief treatises on esthetics: "On Beauty," "On the Theater," "On Words," "On Reading." Others are more familiar pieces about himself and about places where he has lived. Memories are often reduced to aphoristic interpretations, and events are used to illustrate esthetic principles. Circumstantial reporting is invariably converted into impersonally phrased intuition concerning the ways a man lives and thinks and works.

THE most valuable parts of the book are those in which Cocteau writes as a moralist. In these his thought is both more serious and more original. Here in particular the portraits and landscapes and anecdotes are utilized not to dazzle or amuse but to set down what should be preserved of a man's ideas and memories, to put into some kind of order the difficulties of life. Cocteau wrote these pages with the conviction that such difficulties can be expressed in words, although he knew that the difficulty of being is something else and infinitely harder to articulate.

He Tamed An Irish Audience

***Thomas Sheridan of Smock-Alley,** by Esther K. Sheldon (Princeton University Press. 530 pp. $12.50), details the career of an Irish actor-manager who fought to gain for stage performers the respect he believed they deserved. Philip Burton is president and director of the American Musical and Dramatic Academy.*

By PHILIP BURTON

ENGLISH literature and the English theater would have been impoverished beyond measure if English had not become the language of Ireland; and the fact that it was an Irishman who produced the first English pronouncing dictionary is not without irony.

This "presumptuous Irishman," as he was described in a London newspaper, was Thomas Sheridan. He was the father of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and the godson of Jonathan Swift, about whom he wrote a biography. Thomas's own father had been a schoolmaster, and he himself spent much of his later years in promoting, by writing and lecturing, a scheme for the betterment of education, based on "a Revival of the Art of Speaking, and the Study of our own Language."

But Sheridan was primarily an actor, and his performances seem to have borne testimony to the respect for the spoken word which his godfather had been at great pains to teach him, and which he in turn passed on to his illustrious son, Richard, some of whose speeches in the House of Commons are among the glories of English Parliamentary eloquence. The eighteenth century in Britain was remarkable for great acting and great oratory, and Thomas Sheridan was pre-eminent in both. (I'm not quite certain what kind of voice he had. Was it squeaky or deep-toned? The present book seems to provide conflicting evidence.)

Esther K. Sheldon restricts herself, with great discipline, to Sheridan the actor-manager, and eschews all but passing references to Sheridan the lexicographer and educational reformer. However, in spite of a meticulously detailed account of his theatrical activities, no clear picture of the man or even the actor emerges.

On the stage Thomas Sheridan was so successful that he actually challenged David Garrick, in London as well as Dublin. But it was as a theater manager that his labors bestowed lasting benefits, though his efforts met with such opposition as to provoke riots. He was forthright and determined enough to make ruthless enemies, and talented and generous enough to make loyal friends; among the latter, the author of the present book is certainly to be counted.

It was Thomas Sheridan who permanently tamed an audience, and an Irish one at that, so that actors and musicians might be safe from stones, eggs, vegetables, fruit, and bottles thrown from the gallery. It was he who finally banished spectators from seats on the stage during a performance. (Professor Sheldon charmingly points out that even his final exit was uncluttered by spectators, for he left instructions for a burial "as private and cheap as may be.") It was Thomas Sheridan who insisted that an actor could be a gentleman and, what needed still more proof, that an actress could be a lady—though this did not prevent him from objecting strenuously when his own son, Richard, eloped with a singer. It was Thomas Sheridan, too, who first established a fund for the benefit of old and incapacitated actors.

Thomas Sheridan of Smock-Alley is the scholarly product of industrious research. Some 160 pages of it are taken up by two appendices providing details of all the plays, with their casts, given at Dublin's Smock-Alley Theater during the eleven seasons of Thomas Sheridan's management, together with the "audience baits" that accompanied them. (I was particularly amused by an attraction offered with a performance of *The Tempest* on Monday, January 7, 1754: "Mr. Stuart will balance an Egg on the small End of a Tobacco Pipe, on his Nose.") We are even told which performances were lit by wax candles and which by tallow. There are 127 footnotes with the first chapter and even more with the subsequent ones.

Inevitably the book will be described as indispensable to students of the British theater in the eighteenth century. But it is much too lively an account to be thus mummified, even though Professor Sheldon does occasionally assume more knowledge of the period than should be expected from the general reader, who will find it annoying to be left with casual references like "Many remember Johnson's cutting remark on this event." The book is so well and pleasantly written that such occasional lapses as "smashing success" are almost ingratiating. It is, in short, a scholarly work of more than specialized interest.

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Courage Beyond the Call of Duty

The Buffalo Soldiers: A Narrative of the Negro Cavalry in the West, *by William H. Leckie (University of Oklahoma Press. 290 pp. $5.95), and* ***Negro Medal of Honor Men,*** *by Irvin H. Lee (Dodd, Mead, 139 pp. $4), recount the heroism of black Americans in the service of their country. William Loren Katz is the author of "Eyewitness: The Negro in American History" and "A Teacher's Guide to American Negro History Materials," both forthcoming.*

By WILLIAM LOREN KATZ

ALTHOUGH until recently our school texts, Western novels, and Hollywood movies have pictured the blue-coated cavalryman who tamed the West as a John Wayne or Gabby Hayes, the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry Regiments of the United States Army, constituting one-fifth of the cavalry assigned to the Western frontier after the Civil War, were Negroes. Their white scouts included Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, and Wild Bill Hickock, while their enemies included Geronimo, Sitting Bull, and Billy the Kid. These black troopers patrolled from the Rio Grande to the Canadian border, from St. Louis to the Rockies, and were commanded by white officers who considered their assignment a professional honor. Long before he became Commander in Chief of American Forces in World War I, John J. Pershing received the nickname "Black Jack" (originally "Nigger Jack") for leading a company of the Tenth against bandits and Indians in Montana, against Spaniards in the historic charge at San Juan Hill, and against Pancho Villa in Mexico.

These black troopers won the respectful recognition of every military friend or foe they encountered. Their Indian adversaries, comparing them to an animal they considered sacred, called them "Buffalo Soldiers." Drawing on the Post returns and military reports found in the National Archives, military historian William H. Leckie, a student of the West, has reconstructed the exciting story of these Negro regiments. Although his study of this neglected saga of Western Americana is scholarly, it crackles with pointed anecdote and wit. For readers likely to become lost among the host of unfamiliar place names and forts the author provides four useful maps.

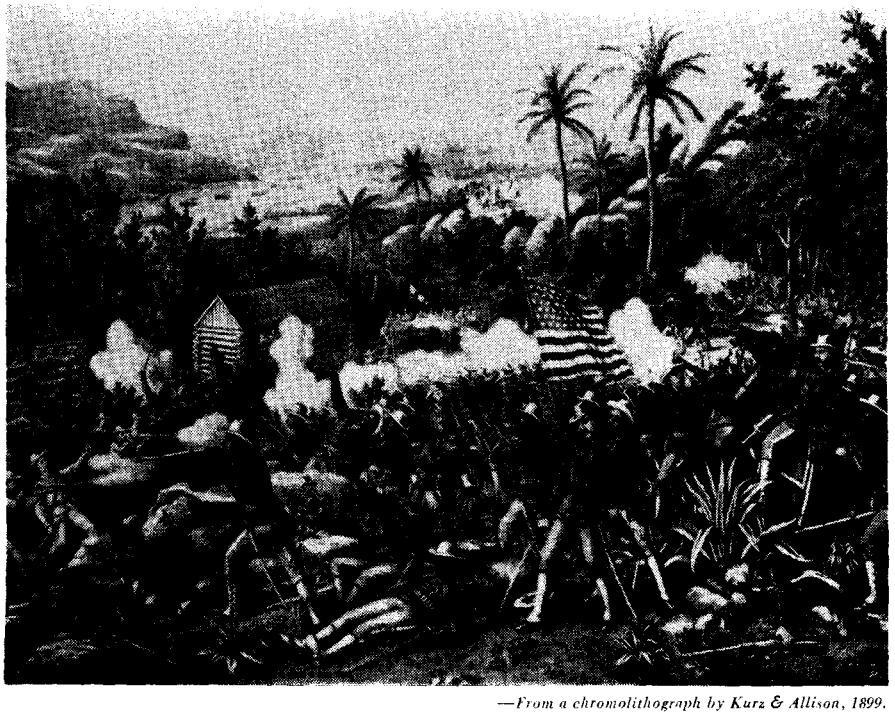
Leckie depicts the courage of the black troopers and their white officers, often against the backdrop of racial prejudice. The relationships between enlisted men and officers in these units were among the best in the Army, the morale was high, and the desertion rate a fraction of that of white units. Colonel Benjamin Grierson, commander of the Tenth, successfully organized a band from his recruits, and his wife, who wrote letters home for the soldiers, also served as an informal "volunteer lawyer" for the men in trouble with their superiors.

But the attitude of "higher headquarters" was revealed in the poor food and equipment at posts used by the Buffalo Soldiers. "There were none of the staples common at other posts—molasses, canned tomatoes, dried apples, dried peaches, sauerkraut, potatoes, or onions. The butter was made of suet, and there was only enough flour for the officers." Louis H. Carpenter, one of four white officers to earn the Congressional Medal of Honor leading the Buffalo Soldiers, complained that "this regiment has received nothing but broken-down horses and repaired equipment," usually cast-offs from the white Seventh Cavalry. Even the Tenth's regimental banner was home-made, faded, and worn—unlike the silk-embroidered standard supplied by headquarters to white regiments.

Bigotry was also present in the frontier towns that the Negro troopers defended. Jacksboro, Texas, had twenty-seven saloons for a population of 200, mostly criminals and prostitutes, who enjoyed taunting or fighting the Buffalo Soldiers. One Texas citizen murdered a Negro soldier and then killed two black cavalrymen who came to arrest him, but was found not guilty by a jury of his white peers.

Leckie is at his best describing the complicated racial situation that developed during the Boomer invasions of Oklahoma in the 1880s. The Buffalo Soldiers were assigned the task of preventing these thousands of white settlers from seizing the Indians' lands. With a restraint remarkable for any military unit, they repeatedly and bloodlessly ejected the intruders. Nevertheless, under defiant leadership, the Boomer invasions swelled in numbers and truculence. Finally one April afternoon a harried white officer ordered his Negro troopers to fire on a seething crowd of Boomers. They refused—and the officer regained his composure. This single act of nonviolence may have had an enormous effect on Western development. It is certainly the only recorded instance of the Buffalo Soldiers failing to carry out orders.

In clear journalistic prose Master Sergeant Irvin H. Lee's *Negro Medal of Honor Men* narrates the dramatic stories of the forty-four Negroes who earned this nation's highest military decoration.



—From a chromolithograph by Kurz & Allison, 1899.

The 9th and 10th Cavalry at the Battle of Quasimas near Santiago, June 24, 1898—"their white scouts included Kit Carson."

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Like *The Buffalo Soldiers, Negro Medal of Honor Men* acknowledges its great debt to Sara D. Jackson of the National Archives (War Records Office), whose help over a quarter-century has been invaluable to researchers in this field. Unlike Leckie, Sergeant Lee has chosen to bring his Negro heroes to life through the use of battlefield conversation that I, for one, never found in these same sources. However, since Lee sticks to the facts and his conversations are plausible, they serve to make the volume especially attractive for younger readers.

Sergeant Lee has wisely chosen to provide glimpses of the prejudice Negroes faced as they gallantly served their country. Black cavalrymen were transported to Cuba during the Spanish-American War in the holds of stuffy, crowded vessels and "were not permitted to mingle on deck with the white soldiers." Nevertheless, five of these Negro soldiers soon earned the Medal of Honor.

During World Wars I and II no American Negro was awarded the coveted medal, though Lee's stories demonstrate that this was not due to any decrease in Negro heroism. He recounts the story of Dorie Miller, the messmate aboard the *West Virginia* (incorrectly called the *Arizona*) who was collecting laundry when the Japanese attacked the fleet at Pearl Harbor. Miller ran to his wounded captain, dragged him to safety, and began manning a navy gun, for which he as a Negro had received no training. Miller claimed to have destroyed six enemy planes; the Navy credited him with four. He was responsible for the United States's only military victory on that "day that will live in infamy." Six months later Fleet Admiral Nimitz pinned the Navy cross on Miller, but Representative Dingell's bill (HR 6800) to grant him a Medal of Honor was buried in the House Committee on Naval Affairs. In 1944 Miller, still a messmate, went down with the *Liscome Bay*. Congress can and should, even at this late day, rectify this glaring omission by awarding Dorie Miller his Medal of Honor.

Perhaps a creative Hollywood or TV producer will be inspired to film the story of the Buffalo Soldiers or of Dorie Miller. I could see Sammy Davis, Jr., as Emanuel Stance, the diminutive sergeant whose six heroic encounters with hostile Indians made him the first of his race to earn the Medal of Honor on the frontier; or Ossie Davis as Dorie Miller, the hulking, sad-faced Texas share-cropper who became boxing champion of the *West Virginia* and then America's first military hero of the Second World War.

Shortly after Sergeant Lee completed his book and left for service in Vietnam, James C. Evans, counselor to the Assistant Secretary of Defense and Lee's information source in the Pentagon, discovered that Pompey Factor, who had been awarded the Medal of Honor in 1875 while an Indian scout for the Twenty-fourth Infantry, was a Seminole Negro. It is evident from this footnote to Sergeant Lee's labors that the Medal of Honor rolls may yet reveal other Negro recipients.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

OPERATIC

Works by the authors at the left inspired operas by the composers at the right. Peggy M. Kelbley of Zanesville, Ohio, directs you to fill in the opera titles that will result in *just one for each author* as you harmonize the two columns. The prompter's box is on page 74.

Beaumarchais ( )	1. Berlioz: _____
Bulwer-Lytton ( )	2. Bizet: _____
Dumas *fils* ( )	3. Boïto: _____
Euripides ( )	4. Debussy: _____
Goethe ( )	5. Gluck: _____
Maeterlinck ( )	6. Mascagni: _____
Mérimée ( )	7. Mozart: _____
Scott ( )	8. Purcell: _____
Shakespeare ( )	9. Rossini: _____
Verga ( )	10. Strauss: _____
Vergil ( )	11. Verdi: _____
Wilde ( )	12. Wagner: _____

Redman's Ruin

Fort Laramie and the Sioux Indians, *by Remi Nadeau (Prentice-Hall. 335 pp. $7.95), traces the declining fortunes of the Sioux from the founding of Fort Laramie in 1834 until its abandonment in 1890. Meredith M. Brown has worked as a member of the Bureau of Indian Affairs with the Sioux and Assiniboin at the Fort Peck Agency in Montana.*

By MEREDITH M. BROWN

IN HIS introduction to this volume Remi Nadeau states that he plans to describe "the impact of Fort Laramie, as a spearhead of the American frontier, on the high Plains Indians." The proposal offers great wealth: the color, violence, and tragedy of a contact between two peoples that could lead only to economic destruction, military defeat, and cultural disintegration for the Indian. Alas, Mr. Nadeau carries out his promise to the reader no better than the growing United States carried out its promises to the former rulers of the Plains.

One would expect a book about the impact of the American frontier on the Plains Indians to tell something about Indian life before and after the encounter. Yet Nadeau limits his description of the transformation to an account of how the Sioux hunted buffalo, how they fought, and how they took to drink and prostitution as a result of trade with the whites.

Who were the Sioux? How were they related in language and culture to their neighbors, the Cheyenne and the Arapaho? How closely linked were the different groups of Western Sioux themselves —the Brulé, Yankton, Yanktonai, Hunkpapa, Oglala, Miniconjou, and Sans-Arcs? How did they dress, pray, dance, sing, fight, trade, intermarry, before demand from the East for beaver hats sent mountain men up into the High Plains in the 1830s? What was left of Plains Indian culture after the frozen corpses of the Sioux slaughtered at Wounded Knee were stripped and pushed into a mass grave on New Year's Day, 1891? One will have to look elsewhere for the answers to these questions.

One would also expect *Fort Laramie and the Sioux Indians* to describe the fort and the people inside it. At this Nadeau does somewhat better. His text and his photographs give a good idea of the changing appearance of the fort, and he introduces its successive occupants: the giants among the early traders, men like Jim Bridger and Thomas A. Fitzpatrick, who turned

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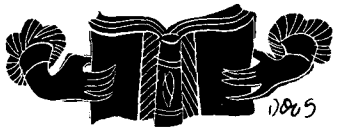
from the beaver trade in the wide-open days of the 1830s to bartering with the Indians from settled posts, and then to guiding emigrants over the mountains to Oregon, California, or Utah; the army officers, from Harney to Crook, who ruled the fort after its sale by the American Fur Company in 1849; the corrupt Indian agents; the pious treaty negotiators.

But Nadeau merely presents these men, leaving their deeds to overcome the flatness of his portrayal. Samples: the employees of the American Fur Company were "hard-bitten as any pirate crew"; "handsome in appearance and courtly in bearing, young Frémont was every inch the French chevalier." One longs for the touch of a Parkman, and senses its absence most acutely in Nadeau's deadened retelling of incidents first recounted by Parkman. We share the life of the fort only when Nadeau allows its men to speak for themselves, as when one soldier notes in his diary, "Feel lonesome, and almost have the 'blues.' Will read over some old letters as there are no new ones."

Underlying the contact between the two cultures at Fort Laramie were broad economic and political developments: the trade in beaver skins and buffalo robes, the emigration to California and Oregon, the Mormom treks to Utah, the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, and a series of gold rushes—to California in 1849, to Pikes Peak in 1859, to Montana in the 1860s, and to the Sioux's sacred Black Hills in 1874-76. These great developments Nadeau sketches rather than paints, and his treatment is made even more inadequate by the dearth of maps.

The only aspect of the contact between white and red cultures that Nadeau goes into at length is the most obvious and best known: the military encounters. Once again, he proves himself an anti-Midas, turning gold into lead. This is not to say that he is uninteresting when he narrates the Grattan, Sand Creek, Fetterman, Custer, and Wounded Knee massacres. It is only when his accounts are placed against fuller and more ably written versions that we realize how much better the stories can be told.

I am moved by the fate of the Plains Indian. I appreciate Nadeau's retelling of it, and the diligent research that went into his book. I confess, however, that the greatest pleasure it gave me was the memories it awakened of better written works covering essentially the same ground.



Where the Sun Never Set

***The Triumphant Empire,** by Lawrence Henry Gipson (Knopf. 454 pp. $10), examines the state of the British colonies on the eve of the American Revolution. Richard B. Morris teaches American history at Columbia University.*

By RICHARD B. MORRIS

WITH this volume, the thirteenth, Lawrence Gipson brings to a close his magisterial study "The British Empire Before the American Revolution," launched in 1936 after a dozen years of historical sleuthing. There remains only a bibliographical supplement.

Like other imperial historians, Dr. Gipson has devoted considerable attention to that large segment of the empire that lay outside the North American mainland. This was the old empire, where honor and prestige vied with trade and revenue in determining policy-making. How else can one explain Britain's tenacity in holding onto Gilbraltar, a rock of trivial value in the eighteenth century but destined to loom large in her imperial destinies? Gipson makes clear the issues raised by Gilbraltar (upon which the peace negotiations following the American Revolution nearly foundered), as well as the administrative changes that took place in the vast subcontinent of India, where the most important figure was Warren Hastings. Dr. Gipson portrays him rather sympathetically, in accordance with recent revisionist scholarship.

Slavery hovered over much of the empire on the eve of the Revolution. Dr. Gipson deals sympathetically with the early antislavery movement, which was sparked by the evils of the slave trade in West Africa, and was led by men like Adam Smith and Granville Sharp in England and Anthony Benezet and Arthur Lee in America. Jefferson was historically accurate when he imputed to the Crown responsibility for the continuation of the slave trade, despite the wishes of the various British colonies. When Jamaica in 1774 placed heavy restrictions on the commerce, the Earl of Dartmouth, secretary of state for the colonies, declared: "We cannot allow the colonies to check or discourage, in any degree, a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

On the fringe of the storm lay the British West Indies, Bermuda and the Bahamas, the Floridas, and, to the northeast, Nova Scotia. Why did not these colonies join the thirteen revolutionary provinces? Not for lack of sympathy, Dr. Gipson points out. The Patriots' constitutional stand evoked a number of manifestations of support, particularly in the West Indies; but geographical isolation and British naval power kept these areas neutral. The West Indies, which had long depended upon the North American colonists for a crucial portion of its food supply, suffered grievously from the war. Bermuda worked out a deal whereby the gunpowder stored in the King's powderhouse at St. George's was made available to a raiding party, while in return the Continental Congress lifted the ban on the exportation of foodstuffs to them.

For those who have carelessly labeled Lawrence Gipson a Tory historian, the concluding volume of this series should serve as a necessary corrective. If the reader, after being richly instructed in the details of the administration and the internal problems posed by each of the diverse colonies, closes this book with a better understanding of the complex issues facing British rulers by the year 1776, the author himself seems to broaden his own horizons as he pushes forward with his research. True, he regrets the schism between the English-speaking peoples; but he does not apologize for the shortcomings of British statesmen, nor does he take away from George III that blame which Whig historians have traditionally, and quite rightly, placed at his door. There was no place under the eighteenth-century British constitution for the kind of autonomous position within the empire that the Americans demanded. This is the author's considered judgment.

Dr. Gipson may still feel repelled by the tone of the "muscular radicals," the term used by his old mentor, Charles M. Andrews, to describe Patriots like James Otis and Patrick Henry, but he recognizes that the political philosophy of the Great Declaration represented a culmination of Enlightenment thought. To Dr. Gipson the coming of the Revolution reflects the growing strength of American nationalism and the growing awareness on the part of the colonials of the importance of common action. He might have pointed out that the American Patriots created the first great federal system of government, and also the first great common market. And it is a tribute to their vision that both have endured.

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Revolution in the Cossack World

One Man's Destiny and Other Stories, Articles, and Sketches, *by Mikhail Sholokhov, translated from the Russian by H. C. Stevens (Knopf. 271 pp. $4.95), completes the publication in English of all the Nobel Prize-winner's writings from 1923 to 1963 that the translator considers significant. Irwin Weil's book on Gorky and Soviet literature was published by Random House last fall. He is now working on a study of Tolstoy.*

By IRWIN WEIL

AT THE time local editors of Soviet journals were still debating the value of publishing anything concerning their traditional foes, the Cossacks, the young Mikhail Sholokhov wrote a series of early stories and sketches about them while groping his way toward the construction of the Nobel Prize-winning novel, *The Silent Don.* Whereas Sholokhov never elsewhere equaled the artistic level of his major novel, with its tragic balance between the sweep of history and the struggle of a man, the stories do have many deeply moving moments. Among them are his descriptions of men hurt by gunfire and fighting: ". . . unbuttoning his shirt collar, he pressed his lips to his wound; he sucked the warm, salty blood for some time, then chewed some gritty earth. . . ."

Like the novel, the stories deal with such problems as famine, ideological pressures, and revolutionary feminism—all arising out of the effects of war and revolution on the Cossack world, which the Tsarist régime had favored. A frequent theme is the deep masculine fear about the strength and passion of women, as exemplified by the female-induced tragedy in "The Crooked Path"; but the author also dwells on the often comic situation of the bold, ex-Red Army fighter who cannot cope with the force of the women on his own doorstep.

> In the past she'd been afraid of me, and hadn't dared blink. But now, for no reason whatever, she tugged at my beard and called me all sorts of foreign words. And in front of the children, too! . . . My wife was quite strong, and she could easily scratch me: and how! She made the fur fly, and I crawled away from her like a snake down a hole.

Two decades, during which he witnessed Stalin's rise and World War II, separate the author of the early tales, who was trying to deal directly with his experience, from the Sholokhov of the last thirteen years. As one might expect, he hoped to describe in another large novel, to be called "They Fought for Their Native Land," the horrible suffering under Nazi brutality, and the truly courageous Russian response. The title story of this collection is supposed to be an excerpt from the as-yet unpublished novel. All the familiar strong points are present: the accurate description of a soldier under fire, the hopes of an uneducated but disciplined man for his wife and family, the outrage at wanton cruelty. Sholokhov, moreover, has successfully portrayed the reaction of a child to a loving, fatherly act. When the veteran, who has lost his own family and escaped from a bestial Nazi prison camp, sees a helplessly disoriented war orphan, he spontaneously adopts him, pretending to be the real father. The boy says:

> "My darling Daddy! I knew it! I knew you'd find me. All the same, you'd find me. I waited so long for you to find me." He huddled against me, and his body was trembling all over, like grass under the wind.

However, in spite of the genuine emotion of the tale as a whole, it is not hard for the reader to sense a writer in difficulty of a sort that has weakened Sholokhov's prose in the past two decades. There are obviously false touches. The adopting father is no novice at child-raising—yet he instructs the boy to play by floodwaters, without supervision, but not to get his feet wet. With but one exception, all the Russian prisoners of the Nazis act and talk with excessive, unnatural heroism. When the escaping protagonist, in a German uniform, unexpectedly crosses back into Russian lines, he is immediately accepted, without any suspicion, by the Russian front-line soldiers and officers. There is something preventing Sholokhov from capturing the whole, unvarnished experience.

—*C. Bernard.*

Mikhail Sholokhov— "a partial artistic paralysis."

The same holds true for his political statements. The reader is obliged to the original Soviet editor who eliminated Sholokhov's most slavish and fatuous speeches, but even the ones included in this volume embarrass the writer's admirers: the texts are full of half-baked arguments and wobbly exhortations. Nevertheless there is published evidence that he tried to stand up against Stalin himself in the worst days of forced collectivization. And, as his most severe Soviet detractors admit, his works do not lack sympathy for individuals trapped on the losing side.

It seems to me that there is a very deep part of Sholokhov the writer which craves the confidence and authority of a homogeneous national entity, similar to that which he felt was destroyed in the land of the Don Cossacks. On their favored agricultural pre-revolutionary settlements, they led lives remarkably harmonious with the cycles of an abundant and generous nature. Now the land is Soviet, and Sholokhov, like many other people brought up in Russia, would like to see it united as organically as the Cossack world seems in retrospect. Twentieth-century complexity and dislocation are sources of deep and tragic discomfort to the artist oriented toward literary forms of the Russian nineteenth century. Tolstoy's deeply hostile, yet slyly ironic, reactions to urban life were in some ways analogous.

That Sholokhov has suffered at least partial artistic paralysis is hardly surprising. One can legitimately react with distaste both for his actions that have hurt already defenseless people and for the obvious falseness in some of his propaganda writings. One must, however, admire his extraordinary ability to evoke the reality of the Cossack land and the uneducated Russian, and sympathize with his and Russia's pain during horribly difficult times. Certainly, in spite of the stiffness of H. C. Stevens's translations, thanks are due him for making available in English these materials which reveal so much about a major Soviet prose writer.

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Hysteria Is Just a Step Away

Green: Eight Stories and a Novella, *by Norma Rosen (Harcourt, Brace & World. 264 pp. $4.95), is mainly concerned with the effects of family life, particularly on women at the edge of chaos. Joan Joffe Hall teaches English at the University of Connecticut.*

By JOAN JOFFE HALL

THE HEROINE of Norma Rosen's excellent novella "Green" keeps faith with the question, How shall we live our lives? but comes up hard against a smaller yet more difficult one, How shall we weigh everything?

Muriel is an extremist, an idealist; to her the second question smacks of compromise, of choosing "among choices that were neither beautiful, nor desirable, nor good"—the sell-out. She believes that she and her artist husband can live their lives as hold-outs, "with love, and no other desires"; that they can be scornful of the plush advertising job Herb is offered, and of Muriel's sister's marriage to a rich man and flight to the suburbs; and that they will not suffer guilt, or be tempted by what they sacrifice or damaged by their alienation. Muriel is innocent—"green." And she is also "green" in the sense of ignorant—a greenhorn, for she does feel guilty and she is tempted. She dreams of elegant shops and houses; green is the color of dollars, too. A woman of principle, Muriel is not strengthened by sticking to her principles but becomes dependent upon them, and dependent upon Herb to maintain them. She is so troubled when he seems tempted by the job—when will he paint?—that she tries to persuade the prospective employer, an old friend, to withdraw the offer. She devoutly believes in Herb's talent, but the friend doesn't, and says it's as if she has contracted with her husband that he should be Michelangelo. And no wonder, for she also believes he is God.

That the characters are Jewish, children of immigrants, plays an important part in their psychology. Muriel may have given up the greenhorn dream of making good, but that's because she feels especially chosen. She is the typical alienated, tortured intellectual. Even her speech and Mrs. Rosen's narrative rhythm echo her heritage and her sense of being on the edge of chaos. Muriel is not an attractive woman, but she is thoroughly sympathetic.

The eight stories are markedly inferior to the novella. They are at their best when they poise a character—generally a woman—on the brink of the unknown and the threatening, where hysteria is just a step away. In three related stories each of three new mothers reaches awareness through a confrontation with a Jamaican nurse. The lives of the nurses, women of experience, enlarge the lives of the heroines just as motherhood does. In the best of the trio, "What Must I Say to You?," it's the religious intensity of the husband and the nurse that threaten; they prove stronger, but the wife's understanding of what has happened reconciles her to her life.

There are witty scenes in all the stories: Muriel and Herb try to keep from hysterical laughter by saying scare words like CIA and FBI. But when Mrs. Rosen tries her hand at broader comedy, in "The Open Window" and "George Wag in New York," the result is strained, as it is in "Pack My Bag," where dentistry and mountain-climbing too patly provide symbols for life.

Nearly all these stories are essentially concerned with the intensity of family life, the ways it both debilitates and strengthens its members. Mrs. Rosen is a comic writer in the widest sense; her protagonists are reconciled and matured by what they come to understand about their families and themselves. Their greenness, their innocence, is both a weakness and a blessing, but the author sees in them always the possibility of maturation.

With Emphasis on the Individual: For William L. Grossman, who has selected and translated *Modern Brazilian Short Stories* (University of California Press, $4.95), the term "modern" encompasses the past four decades. Approximately half of the stories included in this new anthology date from the Forties, and the remainder falls into two nearly equal groups of stories written before and after that time.

The period indicated has been an extremely vital and interesting one in the history of Brazilian letters, including as it does virtually the entire span of modernism, a national literary movement of renovation that was initiated in 1922 and passed through at least four discernible stages of development within thirty years. This indeed has been Brazil's modern period.

But, alas, none of the seventeen stories here included is specifically related to this or to any artistic movement, save through the provision of the translator's general observation that all but one of the pieces "manifest in varying degree the nationalistic tendency of modernism." Actually, the impression one receives is that some sort of *a priori* table of contents was handed the translator, around which he then fashioned his introductory comments and singled out certain common thematic features (*i.e.*, death, irony, children, religion, *saudade*, humor, etc.). Thus, with one of the two principal attractions of any anthology—its over-all controlled form and character—notably diminished, the reader is left mainly with a group of short stories.

On this count the collection fares much better. Most of the stories are effective, quite straightforward narratives or sketches in which personalities dominate rather than ideas. The concrete appears to offer a much more comfortable environment to the Brazilian writer than the conceptual. There are, nonetheless, three pieces that could be termed "stylized" with respect to their form of expression and in which man is viewed as something of an abstraction.

However, in the majority of these pieces the emphasis is firmly placed on the individual, frequently within the context of family, and on his discoveries about life and people. This confirms Professor Grossman's observation that "many Brazilian authors are uncompromisingly insistent on revealing the naked spiritual reality of their characters and of the society in which those characters move." It should be noted that in several stories the nature of the final revelation is such as to suggest an attitude of naïveté in the author; yet others—João Guimarães Rosa's "The Third Bank of the River," for example—are drawn from wisdom and maturity that reflect a marked degree of sophistication.

For the most part, the stories selected here deal with rural and suburban life among the middle class and the poor. (Wealth and city living are not significantly represented.) There is a general lack of spirited movement and action, and, save for Vasconcelos Maia's "Sun," virtually no narrative suspense is generated in these reflective, rather passive tales. If sex as a leavening ingredient is absent, humor of several types is employed with considerable success.

The English translations by Mr. Grossman, a professor of economics at New York University, are uniformly good, but one has the suspicion that a number of distinctive literary styles—in particular that of Guimarães Rosa—have lost part of their distinctiveness owing to the uniformity maintained in the renderings.

—DONALD A. YATES.

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The Series of Series

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

"ALMOST 85 per cent of the publishers in the business have a series—sometimes two or three or four—that they are promoting as unified projects." That fact, which has been gratefully cribbed from a most informative book by Jean Poindexter Colby, *Writing, Illustrating and Editing Children's Books* (Hastings House, $6.95), is used in a discussion of aspects of children's books that affect editing.

Series also affect the buyers and sellers of children's books and—not least—the author and the product. One author wrote to me plaintively, "Sometime in the future, do tackle the subject of 'series-itis.' I've done more than my share of these one-shot titles for various series . . . but I have never felt comfortable tailoring material to series requirements. I felt almost as if I were packaging social-studies vitamins to supplement the main diet served up in classroom units of study."

This wasn't meant, I am sure, to imply that all series are bad. What's a series? Things that are connected to each other "by a like relation," says the dictionary. Sometimes the connection is tenuous; sometimes it is as rigid as an iron clamp. Editors themselves admit ruefully to the limitations imposed by a formula, although not all series have such limitations.

It's a competitive market, and the series books sell. Parents, teachers, and librarians are aware of the constant need for informational books, which most of the series are, and publishers respond—with variable results and an enormous amount of duplication. Some of the books are useful but dull and contrived. Frequently they are also written-down and stilted. Some are doled out to "name" authors who usually write for an adult audience, and their efforts are then pruned, chopped, and generally vitiated in an all too successful effort to make the manuscript conform to a set number of pages and a sterilized vocabulary. Some are series only in the sense that they share a series title which covers many subjects, and are written by a great number of authors; These may range from pedestrian utility to exciting innovation.

On the other hand, so many series are truly excellent that they cannot possibly all be mentioned; we apologize to those that are omitted. Follett and Harper have dependably good series of books for the beginning reader. For the slightly older child who is interested in science, there are the Crowell Let's Read and Find Out Books. The Gidals have done an excellent series for Pantheon called the My Village books, and Macmillan publishes an attractive series by Sasek about cities; the Lippincott Land and People books also roam the world with fine results.

Many of the better series are for older children and young adults. The Doubleday Wonderful World series is one in which distinguished authors have not been hobbled but have had a free hand on such diverse topics as the dance, mathematics, music, and medicine. Both the American Heritage Junior Library and Horizon Caravel books are notable for their handsome format, profuse illustrations, and superb treatment of historical subjects.

A few series are equally interesting to adults and young adults—the Life World Library and the Life Nature Library, for example, or Time-Life's Great Ages of Man and Library of Art. The latter is a handsomely bound and most beautifully illustrated series of books about great artists. One full-color, four-page foldout picture of the Sistine Chapel instructs, "Fold Out: Do Not Tear." I confess to a desire to "Tear Out: Frame."

Mrs. Colby says that series "are pushing more creative writing to the wall, and that should not be." They are, and it shouldn't. Many editors agree with her; many reviewers moan, "Oh no, not *another* one!" and many children are faced with trite or hackneyed books. But some series are good, and a few are outstanding. *Series* isn't a bad word—yet.

ABC. *By John Burningham. Bobbs-Merrill.* 52 *pp.* $4.95. First published in England in 1964, this stunning alphabet book follows the usual pattern of page layout but is still original in conception and imaginative in execution. The simple yet elegant lettering has been especially designed, and the conventional "X/x/xylophone" looks most imposing in white against a rich, dark green. The verso pages are each a different background color; the recto pages are a variable joy, some pages being pure design, others striking and colorful paintings in bold style, still others verging on cartoons. Ages 4-6.

Peter's Chair. *Written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. With artful artlessness, this very simple story of sibling dethronement suggests the behavior patterns of the resentful child but does so with an amused affection that robs the book of either minatory or purposive message. A small boy who has seen his very own crib and high chair painted pink for a baby sister decides he will run away. He salvages his chair and other essential properties and arranges them just outside the window, a typical and entertaining attention-getting mechanism. But Peter finds that he can't sit in his old chair—he is too big. Realizing his own status, he is able to accept the baby; he suggests that the chair be painted pink—for Susie, using her name for the first time. The deft and colorful collage pictures show an engaging little brown face intent upon preserving—if not enhancing—his role. Ages 4-7.

Three Gold Pieces. *Retold and illustrated by Aliki. Pantheon.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Yannis was a Greek villager so poor that he had to leave his family and become the servant of a rich man. After ten years the master dismissed Yannis with only three coins, and each one he then demanded back in return for a piece of advice. On his homeward journey poor Yannis had three opportunities to use the advice, and he was thereby able to greet his wife and son as a wealthy man. The folktale is retold in a direct, simple style and the illustrations are, in striking contrast, a riot of rich, dark colors or are elaborately detailed in black and white. Ages 5-8.

McBroom and the Big Wind. *By Sid Fleischman. Illustrated by Kurt Werth. Norton.* 42 *pp.* $3.25. There couldn't be a better introduction to the tall tale for children who don't know the genre or a more welcome addition for children who do. The illustrations are a bit busy and scratchy but they have vitality, while the yarn is just the right length and the right kind of silly humor for the younger child. McBroom takes the long way around as he digresses from an explanation of how his leg was broken by a really big wind. He talks about the ordinary, everyday wind to which his family adjusted easily. Matter of fact, they bottled it for summer use. Matter of fact, the soil was so rich that the eleven McBroom children's marbles grew big as boulders and held down the topsoil. The *really* big wind blew the children up the chimney and even uprooted holes in the ground, and it was by stepping into one of these that McBroom broke his leg, and "everyone on the prairie knows that Josh McBroom would rather break his leg than tell a fib." Ages 8-10.

A Book of Wizards. *By Ruth Manning-Sanders. Illustrated by Robin Jacques. Dutton.* 127 *pp.* $3.50. For reading alone, for reading aloud, or for storytelling, any collection by Ruth Manning-Sanders is a treasure trove. Here, in addition to six stories about the wizard of the Arabian Aladdin, are ten tales from British, African, and European sources. They are filled with wit and outwitting, magic, adventure, and robust action, and are told with polished ease. Ages 9-11.

Ellen Grae. *By Vera and Bill Cleaver. Illus-*

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trated by Ellen Raskin. Lippincott. 89 *pp.* $2.95. Ellen Grae and Rosemary board with Mrs. McGruder because both have divorced parents. There the similarity ends: Rosemary is on the priggish side whereas Ellen Grae is a tomboy, a glib and imaginative liar, and a blithe spirit. When an eccentric local character confides that he has buried his parents in a swamp, Ellen Grae is torn between the knowledge that she should tell some authority and the conviction that she must be loyal to her friend. Mrs. McGruder, to whom it becomes clear to Mrs. McGruder that the child is in a troubled state, calls her parents in. They take her to the sheriff—but he doesn't believe a word of it and is highly entertained. Relieved, Ellen Grae goes happily back to her tall tales, and her parents and Mrs. McGruder relax and enjoy the return of the exasperating but amusing child they love. Although the story has poignant moments, it is funny most of the time and perceptive all of the time. The seldom-explored situation of divorce is nicely handled, with Ellen Grae's parents on friendly footing and no less responsible and loving toward their child because they don't live under the same roof. Ages 9-11.

Green Grow the Rushes. *By Elinor Lyon. Illustrated by Graham Byfield. Follett.* 154 *pp.* $2.95. In a rather remote part of the Welsh coast, the three Meredith children stumble on the ruins of a Roman road, where they find an ancient shield. Only one person is told the secret and that is Jenny, a summer visitor who is staying with an elderly woman the Merediths call "the tyrant." Because she is modest and considerate, thirteen-year-old Jenny wins the affection of her hostess as quickly as she has won the confidence of the Merediths; yet she feels quite inferior to Viola (also a guest and her own age) because Viola has pretty clothes and a pretty face. She is also vain, boastful, and selfish. When she learns that all the other children share a secret, Viola ferrets out the truth and spitefully engenders trouble. First published in England in 1964, the book, unfortunately, has small print and an ending that is too neat, but it contains great vitality, shrewd and discerning characterization, and wonderfully natural dialogue. Ages 10-12.

The Swing in the Summerhouse. *By Jane Langton. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Harper & Row.* 185 *pp.* $3.95. In *The Diamond in the Window* (Harper & Row, $3.95), to which this is a sequel, Eleanor and Edward Hall met Prince Krishna in their dreams and subsequently acquired him as a real-life uncle. Here Prince Krishna builds a magical summerhouse and, having been called suddenly to India, warns the children to stay out. They don't, of course, and find another series of fantastic adventures by swinging out through the sides of the summerhouse into imaginary worlds. The fanciful episodes are deftly tied to a realistic plot, and the story is enlivened by humor, as well as by some sympathetic characters and relationships. The vocabulary and concepts are rather sophisticated and the illustrations delightful. Ages 10-12.

A Picture History of Ancient Rome. *Written and illustrated by Richard Erdoes. Macmillan.* 60 *pp.* $4.95. While this is far from a definitive history of ancient Rome,

—From "The Swing in the Summerhouse."

it gives a balanced if cursory review of Roman history from the time of its legendary founding to the collapse of the empire. The writing is fairly simple and conversational in tone though occasionally abrupt in construction. The illustrations are enchanting. The oversize pages and the layout are reminiscent of Sasek's work, especially in the pictures of buildings. However, a bit more scope is provided here for the artist, since he has the opportunity to show costume details, art objects (he has painted a Grecian urn that's an ode in itself), historical characters, battle formations, and urban scenes. There are marvelously humorous touches; for example, a double-page frieze depicting the abduction of the Sabine women pictures most of them despairing or at least reluctant—but one is carrying off a Roman soldier and looking decidedly complacent about it. Ages 10-14.

Cowboys and the Songs They Sang. *By Samuel Sackett. Musical settings by Lionel Nowak. Designed by Walter Einsel. Scott.* 72 *pp.* $5.95. You could hardly go wrong with fourteen cowboy songs, marvelous old photographs, and an informal, informative series of notes by an enthusiastic folklore expert. The musical notation consists of the melodic line supported by a line of bass accompaniment, and the prefatory note urges the reader to adapt the songs at will, there being no single correct version. Each selection follows a page of background data or comment, and a picture or two. The last page suggests additional titles of books and musical anthologies, along with a few recordings. Ages 10 up.

The White Mountains. *By John Christopher. Macmillan.* 184 *pp.* $3.95. Although this science fantasy is based on a familiar science fiction theme, it is given fresh treatment and an intriguing setting. The world of the future is ruled by huge and powerful machine-creatures, the Tripods, who control mankind by implanting metal caps in their skulls when they reach the age of fourteen. Three boys who have had the intelligence to see that the people about them are mindless conformists decide to flee to the White Mountains (Switzerland), where there is a colony of free men. Their journey is hazardous, bringing them at one time into an almost medieval French household and another into the ruins of a deserted and crumbling Paris. The story has sustained pace, suspense, and a great deal of action. It occasionally strikes a sad note in referring to the past, as when the boys find parallel strips of metal in the earth of the French countryside and comment that nobody knows what it was used for or what the name means, but that it is called "Shmand-Fair." Ages 11-14.

The Grange at High Force. *By Philip Turner. Illustrated by W. T. Mars. World.* 223 *pp.* $3.95. High Force is a tiny English hamlet where Folly Grange has been rented to a briny and gregarious retired admiral who is interested in ships, firearms, boys, and mysteries, and who has ample opportunity to indulge his interests when he meets the local version of the Three Musketeers. David, Peter, and Arthur are hot on the trail of a statue of the Madonna, long missing from an old church. The statue is found, but it is less through the boys' efforts than through the capricious gratitude of an elderly woman. The plot is sturdy enough, but it is in the lively characterization and distinctive writing that the great charm of the book lies. Ages 11-14.

Printing from a Stone: The Story of Lithography. *By S. Carl Hirsch. Illustrated with photographs. Viking.* 111 *pp.* $3.75. The inventor of the lithographic process, Aloys Senefelder, discovered that oil and water wouldn't mix when he hastily scribbled a laundry list on a stone, using a homemade crayon. From his simple improvements came the first lithographic press, and from that grew the increasingly complex and wonderful processes and machines that produce the flood of lithographed print today. From this, also, developed the artistic use of lithography. Some of the historical anecdotes about American and European artists are colorful, but the book consists chiefly of clear, matter-of-fact descriptions of inventions, advancements, and procedures in commercial lithography and in art. Ages 12-15.

Washington D.C.: The Story of Our Nation's Capital. *By Howard K. Smith. Illustrated with photographs and maps. Random House.* 193 *pp.* $3.95. Here is the stuff of which best-sellers are made. Written in an easy, flowing style and profusely illustrated with interesting photographs, this oversize volume gives a full and balanced picture of Washington's history as a physical entity, as a municipality, as a seat of federal government, and as a backdrop for national and international events. The book could serve as a Presidential review, or an outline of United States history after the year 1800. The author's compendious knowledge never becomes pedantic but carries the impress of informed familiarity. Ages 12 up.

The Auk, the Dodo, and the Oryx: Vanished and Vanishing Creatures. *By Robert Silverberg. Illustrated by Jacques Hnizdovsky. Crowell.* 246 *pp.* $3.95. In this most interesting survey of the animals that have disappeared or may disappear from our earth, the author distinguishes between the slow extinction by the evolutionary process and the ruthless extinction of species by men. The descriptions of creatures that are still remembered and of the efforts being made to save those whose extermination seems imminent are accompanied by a strong plea for the conservation of wildlife. The more exciting part of the book, however, is in the discussion of long-vanished creatures. For captivated readers there is a fine bibliography. Ages 13 up.

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Just Across a Bridge

ACROSS A LONG and graceful bridge there is a land for dreaming. There are miles of taffy cornfields; winding, wooded roads; countless little coves and inlets with bobbing boats on sparkling water; sun and silver mist.

The bridge arched gently over the bright blue of Chesapeake Bay. It had been raining when we left Washington, but by the time we reached Annapolis, the clouds had skittered away over the horizon and the sun had broken through. We had left child, job, and responsibilities behind to explore Maryland's Eastern Shore. At the other end of the bridge, the nation's capital seemed very far away.

We checked into a motel at Easton, once the colonial capital of the Shore, whose courthouse was built in 1710 for the price of 5,000 pounds of tobacco. Our lunch was steamed clams with plenty of hot clam broth. We had the whole lovely afternoon ahead of us, with no commitments save that to our wandering souls. A priceless treasure. We didn't look at our watches once.

The sun lay gently over the quiet countryside. Once we were on the two-lane road, away from the main route, we didn't pass a car for the rest of the afternoon. At Wye, a pedestrian or two walked up the hill past the giant oak tree enclosed by a low iron fence: the largest white oak in the country, enveloped in the smallest state park.

Our road wandered delightfully until we reached the waterfront at the town of St. Michael's. Once you have turned toward the shoreline, the waters of the Chesapeake play peek-a-boo with you for miles on end. They find their way into tiny bays, dancing with blue and gold. Then a long green point of land pokes a wooded finger out and a cornfield stretches to the horizon, shimmering in the afternoon haze. A curve in the road, a sudden thinning of the trees, and there is the water again.

St. Michael's Harbor was as somnolent as it must have been long years before it became a busy shipbuilding center. Yet it was easy to stand on the grassy quay before the seawall and imagine the ringing of hammers, the cries of workmen, and the smell of pitch and tar as the ribs of the Baltimore clipper ships took on flesh and form. That day there were fishing boats tied up, and sea birds describing large, lazy patterns above them. Facing the harbor were the three restored houses holding the Maritime Museum. Only the curator was present, so we had a leisurely time looking at the relics of a bygone glorious age when the great sailing ships beat up and down this lovely coastline.

We lost the water again after leaving St. Michael's. We were not following a specific route; simply finding country roads. We drove between green fields; suddenly the road took a little dip, rounded a sharp curve, and ended abruptly at a ferry slip. We were at Bellevue, according to the map, and from there we would be able to take a ferry across the Tred Avon River to Oxford. We are lovers of vanishing phenomena such as passenger trains and ferries. We even look back with fondness, after many years, to the times we waited for the Newcastle ferry to take us across the Delaware and break a boring journey for the children. But *this* ferry—the Bellevue-Oxford ferry—was like having an unspoken wish suddenly materialize before our eyes. It was almost too good to be true to find it so unexpectedly in this out-of-the-way place.

The boat was on the other side, at Oxford. We could see it across the water. We read the posted instructions: HOIST THE WHITE BOARD. We did, and watched while the captain guided his craft across the river to fetch us. By that time, one other car had arrived, and, fortunately, only one, because two cars were all that the good ship *Tred Avon* could accommodate.

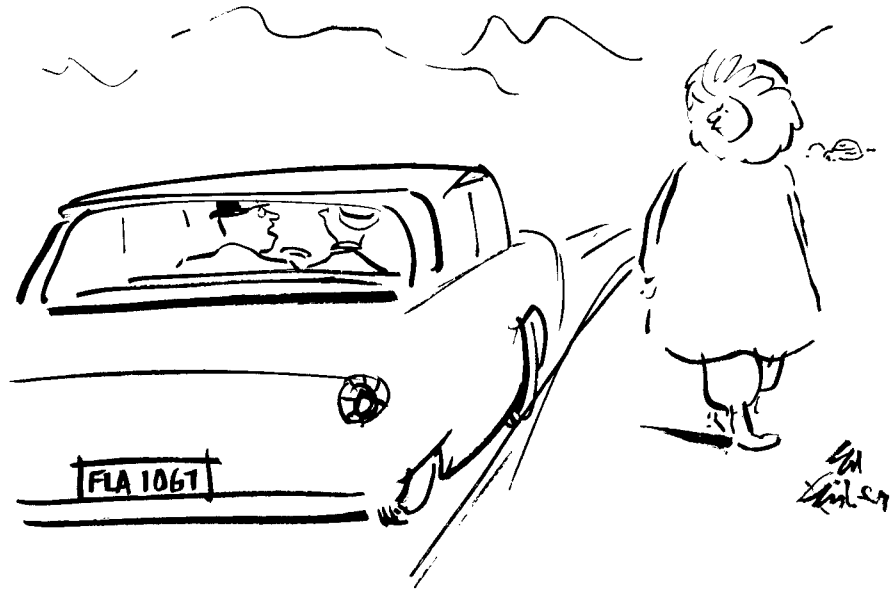
We stood by the rail while the mate cast off, and the captain took the helm. "Just think," I said to my husband, who is a naval officer, "It's a sea command, and no commodore or admiral to ride herd on you." We looked across the water to a river with the fascinating name of Choptank, and out beyond to the bay—three-quarters of a mile of beneficent sunshine, deep blue water, chugging boat, wide blue sky.

It was an enchanted ride, and beautiful Oxford waited for us on the other side to carry on the spell. We went inside the Colonial Inn, which faces the water, and wished we had decided to take rooms there. We drove down the shaded street lined with charming eighteenth-century houses, and antique shops. When we found ourselves thinking about seafood more often than about the landscape, we headed back toward Easton in the warm dusk.

That evening we dined in splendor at the Tidewater Inn in Easton. The Tidewater Inn fitted perfectly into our conception of what a Southern mansion should look like—tall white pillars, a colonnaded brick porch, a wide, hospitable doorway opening into a large lobby. A graceful staircase curved to the upstairs, and a glittering chandelier hung from the high ceiling. In the quietly elegant dining room we ate Chesapeake Bay crab and drank an aromatic Chablis.

"'Twas a misty, moisty morning . . ." when we awoke the next day. Patches of lacy gray fog clung to the low-lying ground. If it had been summer, we should not have considered it a day for

(*Continued on page* 43)



"Hey, Mac! Are we still right for Expo 67?"

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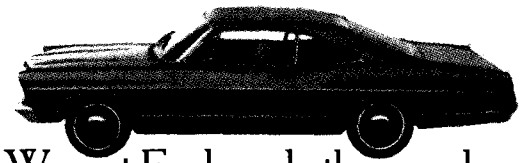

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Continued from page 37

going to the beach. But after breakfast we headed across the peninsula, away from the bay toward the Atlantic Ocean and the famous wildlife refuge of Chincoteague. As we drove along, we encountered nothing but the shaggy ponies which wandered over the roads and marshes and poked their inquisitive noses in the windows of the car when we stopped. Wild birds flew low over the swampy ground.

Suddenly the road stopped as a sand dune barred our way, and we could hear the surf crashing beyond it. We walked up the dune under a lowering sky. There was the magnificent sweep of open ocean—heaving dark water, white foam, and the long, long stretch of empty white beach.

The previous day had been one of sun-drenched hours, checkered fields, quiet busyness in hidden little harbors, rivers and bay mingling to make smooth, light-struck waters, and green roads that beckoned us forward. This day the mood had changed, and the misty sky, which touched the ocean at the gray horizon, gave a sense of vastness and mysteriousness to the scene. The quiet here was immense. The waves beating against the long stretches of dark, wet sand, and the gulls calling out stridently as they looped from sea to sand and back again were simply a part of that quiet which only "the lonely sea and the sky" can give. We walked slowly back across the sand feeling that we had had full measure of beauty and solitude.

—MARY WALLACE.

Mrs. Wallace, who lives in McLean, Virginia, is the author of *Summer Magic*, just published by Doubleday.

Those Were the Pleasant Years

EVER SINCE I can remember, the old 1921 Model T Ford had been a part of our family. I learned to drive in "Lizzy," first sitting in my father's lap and steering it down a little country road, and later learning to manipulate the three pedals on the floor and the neutral, high, emergency brake lever.

The Model T was to the United States what the Volkswagen is to the Western world. You could order the "T" in any style you wanted as long as it was a four-door touring car and the color was black. The four-door touring was a thing of beauty with its black canvas top and black steel center-support posts. It was the world's first practical phaeton-convertible, priced within the range of almost everyone.

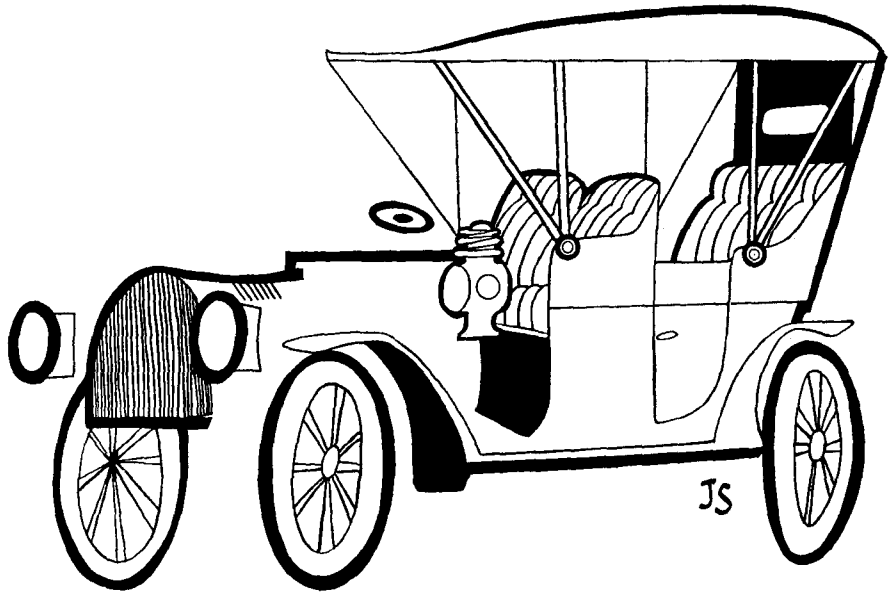
In summer you disconnected the roof from the windshield "Y" bolts and loosened the nuts that held the center supports to the body, and folded the whole roof back up and over to the back. When the rains came you frantically whipped the roof up and bolted it back in place and then dived into that little black trunk attached to the back of the car or onto the running boards and there were the Isinglass curtains— sheets of transparent mica sewn into black leatherette frames. There were fifteen or twenty attachment points for each curtain, but once they were on and you climbed inside, you were well protected. The rain would beat on the canvas roof and on the side curtains like a thousand cannons and the noise sometimes was so loud you could hardly make yourself heard, but you knew you were secure from the elements and could go chugging along provided the front-seat passenger worked madly on the hand-operated windshield wiper.

The Model T's could do anything. The low gear was very low and powerful and could be used to haul another car out of a ditch. Many old Model T's, with the body stripped down to the frame, were put to work in the early 1930s as tractors.

If a hill was too steep or if a rainstorm had made it too muddy, you simply turned around and backed up the hill. The reverse gear was even lower geared and nothing, absolutely nothing, could faze it. The T's were built high off the ground and could traverse a foot of oozy mud without too much difficulty. Starting the old Model T in winter was no problem, either. You just jacked up the right rear wheel, put the emergency brake over into high, poured a kettle of hot water over the block to warm her up, and cranked her up. And in seconds you pushed her off the jack and the T was barreling along at 35 or 40 miles an hour.

My father bought a 1921 T and never owned or drove any other car. Through the years he bargained with junk dealers and found a coach body, and then later a coupe body, but from 1921 until 1944 it had the same underframe, engine, and wheels. I have a picture taken in the summer of 1944 of Dad driving down the hill, ramrod-straight at the wheel, heading for the railroad reservoir to fish.

In those years, from the Twenties through the Forties, we never had even a little problem about where we were going on vacation. Not that my father ever got much vacation from the mines. Usually, it occurred during that period of the summer when no one bought all the coal that was mined and there was a pretty large backlog of coal piled high in the pit yard. The mines would shut down for a couple of weeks to allow sales to catch up, and this was our vacation period. My father would come home as usual and bathe and eat dinner and then sort of teasingly announce, "Well, the mines closed for awhile today. I don't suppose anyone would like to go camping up in the valley for awhile?" And immediately my brother and my two sisters and I would set up such a clamor! "Oooh! Can we? When can we leave? Please, Daddy." And the whole house came alive like a hill of ants tumbling over one another as we got things together and planned what we would take. Dad was a general marshalling his forces as he supervised getting everything ready and loaded into and onto the Model T in orderly fashion. Before we were through, the Model T usually groaned under the weight of tents, blankets,



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clothes, food, rods and reels, bathing suits, and the metal camp grill and oven.

The next morning, laughing and singing, we'd head for the valley and our favorite camping spot. Once we were there it wouldn't take long for our little village to take form: a boy's tent for my brother and me, another tent for my sisters, and a larger one for Mom and Dad. Usually they were in a ring around the fire area. The fire area was always the center of our camp-life, with rocks laid in a circle about a foot-and-a-half high, the side toward the prevailing breeze left open for loading in fuel and to form a good draft for the fire. Across the rocks went a metal grill upon which we placed the coffee pot and cooked the food. On a separate little rock fireplace sat a metal oven my father had gotten somewhere, and I don't think any rolls or biscuits ever tasted as good as those my mom could bake over that fire and in that little black oven. A large brass wash boiler could be found buried in the cold creek sand, and, full of ice and covered with a heavy cover of canvas-burlap, magically became our icebox. Here, day or night, we would find homemade root beer, milk, or refreshing cold water.

Eventually, we would settle down to two weeks of living with nature. Mom had brought flour, spices, lard, and essentials like eggs, bread, potatoes, bacon. We had a supermarket all around us—berries of every description for dessert, wild cherry trees for fruit, the river 25 feet away for all the fish we wanted, and a duck or pheasant (whichever was in season) to be stalked a few minutes away.

For two weeks we would fish, swim, play games, pick wild flowers, and do just about anything we wished. Our laughs and screams made it sound like the woods were full of Indians on the warpath. When the owls hooted at night, we hooted back, and we imitated the whippoorwill and other birds and did all the things children do when they are completely happy and full of energy. In those supposedly hard times we did, for free, three miles from town, what families now spend hundreds of dollars and travel hundreds of miles to do, and could do it as many weekends during the summer as we wished.

My father finally abandoned "Lizzy" in the fall of 1944, not because he was tired of her or wanted better but only because he couldn't get parts or tires anymore. And he didn't just junk her, either. He personally supervised her funeral pyre in the automobile junkyard, and it was his hand only that touched the match to the gasoline that started her merciful cremation.

After that, until he died in 1964, he never bought or owned another car. Whenever he wanted to go somewhere, he called one of the seventeen grandchildren who were only too happy to take grandpa anywhere. But he was never unfaithful to "Lizzy."

—E. H. Bowers.

E. H. Bowers was born in Missouri and spent most of his childhood in Iowa. He now is a pharmacist in Nanuet, New York.

WIT TWISTER #12

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

The old cook — — — — with head on shoulder.
Her dreams — — — — all her dreary years.
The unwatched — — — — begin to smolder
And with a — — — — she wakes in tears.

(*Answer on page* 74)

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Mestizo Rhythms—Fonteyn Farewell?

"Amalia Hernandez has been compared . . . to the Soviet Union's Igor Moiseyev."

THE BEAUTIFUL Amalia Hernandez is a mestiza—that is, one who is part Spanish and part American Indian. Her company, the Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, and its repertory are equally mestizo, for they also represent the mingling of two great cultures. The echoes of a *teponaxtle*, an Aztec war drum, and the invitations of a Spanish guitar are partners on a program in which mighty headdresses of Mayan quetzal plumes share the scene with the humble sombrero, or, as in colorful *Tehuantepec*, snowy white christening dresses for babies which Indians wear as festive hats to frame their bronze faces. Steps are as diversified as these sounds and colors which characterize the Ballet Folklorico.

The Hernandez troupe, a favorite with New York audiences, recently culminated a U.S. tour with a two-week engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. The production was as gorgeous as ever, but the program, perhaps, was a trifle more mestizo than intended. By that, I am not referring to Spanish, Indian, and Negro (as in the Veracruz-Mocambo) flavors but, rather, to a tendency to mix up Latin American riches with the tinsel of New York's Latin Quarter nightclub.

The expected eye-filling splash was there in sumptuous costumes, gorgeous settings, huge casts, and in some of the most imaginative lighting—designed by Thomas Skelton—that you are ever likely to see. The ear, too, was delighted by fine singers and instrumentalists, by the lilt of Spanish-rooted songs, and by the harsh exoticisms of ancient instruments. But what had happened since the Ballet Folklorico's last visit to America in 1965 was that the accent had shifted, barely perceptibly, from a panorama of Mexican dancing to production artifices.

True, there were some of the brilliant dances from earlier programs, dances such as *Wedding in Tehauntepec*, the blazing Christmas festivities of *Guadalajara*, and the *Deer Dance* of the Yaqui Indians. Perhaps the difference in *Deer Dance* between yesterday and today is symptomatic of the emphasis which has affected the Ballet Folklorico. Today Eduardo Rivera does the *Deer Dance*, and he outlines the actions of the hunted animal from freedom through pursuit to death quite forcefully. But what he does is to *imitate* the movements of a doomed creature. Jorge Tyller (now absent from the company), who once danced the part here, did more than imitate. He *became* the deer itself. As his Yaqui ancestors before him, he looked upon this hunting dance as a magical rite, and he made his deer a remarkable symbol of the terrible proximity of life and death, of the linked identities of animal and man.

Let it be made clear that although the latest touring program of the Ballet Folklorico was not its best, there was much to savor other than lavish décor. Only those cursed with ennui could fail to respond to dancing feet in which dexterous shufflings lead to the creation of a beautiful bow, a lover's knot—or the creaky, bent-back, rheumatic, but jolly dances of *los viejitos*, the little old men, in the *Tarascans*, a ballet which relates activities from dawn to dusk with the life span itself.

Amalia Hernandez has been compared, and with full justification, to the Soviet Union's Igor Moiseyev. Both have taken folklore and translated it into theatrical terms, both are showmen as well as profound scholars, and both find inspiration in ancient regional ceremonial purities as well as in the many dance interminglings which cross the barriers of place and period. This time, Mme. Hernandez's program suggested that some of its choreographic roots had been severed; that, as in the newest performing of *Deer Dance*, the *how* had been retained but the *why* lost.

Not completely lost, mind you, but

(Left) Eduardo Rivera, in *Deer Dance*—"outlines the actions of a hunted animal." (Right) In *Tehuantepec*, "festive hats to frame their bronze faces."

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somewhat sapless. For ancient peoples dance not for fun, but for a purpose, and that purpose has to do with magic. I hope that when the Ballet Folklorico returns to us again — and soon — that Mme. Hernandez will have had time to refer, as she has in the past, to the limitless sources of ethnic dance magic.

May 28, 1967, may well turn out to be a historic night in the world of dance. It was the closing of the longest engagement—six weeks—in New York City by Britain's Royal Ballet; it was a performance of the most popular of all ballets, *Swan Lake;* its principals were Dame Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.

You may say that there is nothing startling about all that, while admitting to the excitement engendered by the performing of two of ballet's greatest stars. But what may have been historic—and we shall not know for a little while—is that May 28, 1967, might well have witnessed Dame Margot's last appearance in New York.

There have been rumors of retirement, of course. Some years back, Fonteyn had hinted that she would retire at forty, remarking something to the effect that she did not want to be another ballerina who went on for "one year too long." She changed her mind, fortunately, for she has given us in the last decade the peaks of dance artistry. But by the time the Royal Ballet returns to us two years from now, Dame Margot will be fifty.

Retirement of Fonteyn probably never entered the heads of most ballet fans lucky enough to be present this closing night when Dame Margot and Nureyev received curtain calls lasting almost three-quarters of an hour. Watching her glittering Black Swan or the incredibly beautiful exit, on shimmering feet, of Odette, the White Swan, you could not imagine that such perfection might soon be lost to us.

A SENIOR colleague of the ballerina said at one of the intermissions, "I think this is the last *Swan Lake* that Margot will ever do here. She said just recently that when she decides to retire a ballet from her repertory that 'I won't announce it; I'll simply do it for the last time.'" Another colleague spoke up, "I think it's more than Margot's last *Swan Lake* in New York; I think it's her last performance." And such an unannounced decision would be typical of one who is not only one of the great dancers of all time but also a resolute woman not afflicted with vanity.

But whatever the decision will be (or was), those who saw Fonteyn and Nureyev in the Royal Ballet's closing *Swan Lake* at the Metropolitan Opera House will carry with them forever dance images which unfortunate ballet-goers of a latter day will have to do without.

—Walter Terry.

TV AND RADIO

The Interplanetary Spock

MENTION THE NAME "Spock" to most teen-age American girls, and the odds are better than even that they won't say "baby care" or "anti-Vietnam," but *Star Trek.* Mr. Spock (not Dr.) is No. 2 in command of a space ship that is "exploring the final frontier" every Thursday night on NBC television. He's tall, dark, high cheek-boned, has large, curvy eyebrows and extra-large nonhuman ears. He wears a blue, tight-fitting space suit; and if you put a cape around him, you'd have, if he were a basso, a perfectly cast Mephisto in *Faust.*

As played on *Star Trek* by Leonard Nimoy, he's an attractive Mr. Lucifer, a good guy with a certain indefinable something that charms the adolescent daylights out of my daughters, Diana and Muffet, and their school friends, Jean and Joelle, who come to our house to watch the show on color TV. They are not alone. I have conducted my own small-sample survey and find the girl-watcher phenomenon ubiquitous. The producers of the program have obviously picked up the signal, for in recent weeks Spock has been receiving the buildup beam. The plots have centered around him at the expense of Captain Kirk (William Shatner), the space ship's No. 1 commander.

Kirk, a handsome Aryan earthling, has the defect of being all human. Spock is half-human, half-Vulcan. His planetary forebears decimated themselves in parochial wars, and thereafter bred out of the species the emotions which cause conflicts. Spock, consequently, is all logic and rationality and no feelings. He can be depended upon, in any cosmic pinch, to be objective, detached. There is an anti-pinch, however. A man without emotions is, *prima facie*, a challenge to any female.

Spock's charisma got around. The trouble is that, in giving him the star buildup, the producers are making a serious navigational error. Spock has been mesmerized in one show into falling in love. In another, he has mutinied and taken the ship on a dangerous adventure—all because of feelings of loyalty and sympathy engendered in him by a former commander's tragic accident. To make him yet more attractive to his teen-age girl fans, Mr. Spock is being "humanized," made one of us.

A moment's Spockian detachment would expose the peril in this. The girls, once Spock is brought within the orbit of their power, are bound to lose their interest. With no elusive Spock to titillate them, they will cease viewing. Its major audience gone, *Star Trek* will experience a rating fall and suffer cancellation. That would be regrettable. Of the networks' various space shows, this one is easily the most sophisticated.

Star Trek is a space version of *Wagon Train.* There's the crew, there's the encountered. The problems arise now from the in-group, now from the out. The future is not without its counterpart of violence in the past and present. This ranges from good old-fashioned impaling on primitive spears to ridiculous duels in which characters throw electrical charges at one another through their fingertips. The series carries the usual bag of space-fiction hard and software—lasers, telepathy, time warps, etc. Countering the comic-strip values is the image of an integrated crew representing diverse races—albeit, the captain is an American, and the known space system seems to be under the benevolent hegemony of a *Pax Americana.*

NO attempt is ever made to hypothecate any realistic prediction about political, economic, or social conditions: the encounters are all in a contextual vacuum. Still, the program does focus attention on the relations that humans may soon have with intelligent life on other planets. When that time comes, policy questions about space will arrive swiftly. Scientists are already considering the possibilities; in fact, they discussed "Communications with Extraterrestrial Intelligence" at a 1965 Military Electronics Conference (MIL-E-CON 9) in Washington, D.C. One physicist asserted that "extraterrestrial races are [probably] already among us," imitating human structure and appearance (a favorite device of *Star Trek*), and learning our language and culture.

If *Star Trek* could escape the gravitational pull of thin sensationalism, it could contribute to rational public thought about these fascinating matters, with bonuses, perhaps, in more intelligent behavior among humans. To keep open the possibility of such a contribution, the show should be kept on the air. That means dehumanizing Spock again to keep him attractive to females. The producers could promote him to captain, thus preserving his importance. Think what it could do for interplanetary goodwill! We may be needing that soon.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Games Martial and Marital

ALTHOUGH one might have supposed that the movies had explored just about every filmable aspect of World War II, Robert Aldrich's new picture, *The Dirty Dozen*, plays with a new and curiously timely angle. "In the midst of a highly unpopular war," Aldrich said recently, "I certainly didn't want to do a film either about the hawks or the doves." Nor has he. Essentially, *The Dirty Dozen* is about authority and men's ambivalent need for and resentment of it.

"The Dozen," in this virile adaptation of E. M. Nathanson's novel, refers to a squad of wartime criminals—rapists and murderers reprieved from the gallows or long-term jail sentences on the condition that they train as commandoes for a pre-invasion behind-the-lines raid in France. Lee Marvin is the tough, leathery Major assigned to recruit the team and whip it into shape. It is the whipping process that provides the film's greatest fascination and excitement.

The men—some brutal, some sadistic, but all of them bitter, resentful, and cynical—are at first united solely by hatred for their officer. Gradually, by playing on this animosity, the Major is able to develop a strong team spirit, even a pride in their outlawed outfit. On maneuvers, when they use their commando tactics for the first time, this spirit is translated into an all-out attack on the entire U.S. Army. Such is their success in the war games that they are declared combat-ready and dispatched to France to blow up a château housing vast numbers of the German High Command and their ladies. Although this makes for a tense, climactic display of split-second tactics—and of horrifyingly cold-blooded murder — essentially the picture is over when "The Dirty Dozen," at last united by a common purpose and against a common enemy, spill out of their transport plane into the night skies over France.

All too often we have seen before on the screen the killing of men; what gives this film its special difference is its study of the reclamation of men. And it is only one of the script's many ironies that these convicted murderers are reclaimed and trained so that they can commit murder all over again, but far more efficiently.

A greater irony, however—and one which today's audiences will grudgingly appreciate—lies in the film's attitudes toward authority. From first to last, the symbols of authority are forthrightly detested. The men hate their Major and the detachment of MPs that accompanies them at all times. The Major, a rugged individualist, resents not only the West Point Colonel (Robert Ryan) to whom his unit is attached, but the whole idea of the operation. In his words, "Whoever dreamed up this scheme must be a raving lunatic." And the General (Ernest Borgnine) who makes the assignment concurs. So long as authority remains an abstract—something without form or definition—it is perfectly proper and understandable to react against it. But when the Major takes over his squad of intractables, the men begin to respond to him as a man, not merely as an authoritarian figure. The General, observing the war games, discovers that the "raving lunatic" was demonstrably correct in his plan. And the Major, caught in the middle, learns that for all his free-wheeling tactics, before he can give orders, he must be prepared to follow them.

Thus the men begin to appreciate their Major, the Major respects his General, and, presumably, the General has a higher regard for those above him. And, strangely, in an age of nonconformity rampant, the logic of an authoritarianism that is understanding, understandable — and right — becomes not only acceptable but welcomed. Indeed, the realization that authority not only has its uses but, for some men, fulfills an aching need is the bitter pill that Aldrich coats with bountiful action, robust humor, and a uniformly superb cast.

CONSIDERABLY less rewarding is the latest round in the battle of the sexes described in *A Guide for the Married Man*, which Gene Kelly has directed from an original script by Frank Tarloff. It is Tarloff's premise that before a married man can turn to philandering, he must have careful coaching from an expert to minimize the risk of exposure and possible anguish to his wife. To illustrate this dubious thesis, 20th Century-Fox has mustered a large and costly group of guest experts. The best of those who appear, singly or in combination, are Lucille Ball, Joey Bishop, Art Carney, Jayne Mansfield, Carl Reiner, and Terry Thomas. None of their cameo skits, however, is pointed enough to be satiric, nor wild enough to be successful farce. And by a masterpiece of miscasting, the errant husband is played by Walter Matthau; his worldly adviser, by the youthful Robert Morse. *Guide*'s basic idea is amusing enough, but all along the line the deft hand that might have brought it off is sacrificed to a broad hand that overemphasizes each suggestion of sexuality, that bludgeons when it might better have tickled.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 21

renewal. Is there a voice in America for "natural renewal" and historic preservation?

R. J. WOOD.

Denver, Colo.

The Environment of Hebrew

I WOULD LIKE TO comment on M. B. Thornton's letter [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Apr. 29] which was inspired by N. C.'s editorial on "The Environment of Language" [*SR*, Apr. 8]. I had not read *East of Eden*, and it was with a start that I read of John Steinbeck's anecdote of the Chinese gentlemen who took up the study of Hebrew because of concern over diverse wordings in the English renditions of a Biblical passage.

I, too, took up the study of Hebrew some years ago over concern as to the two readings in the King James Version, "created and made," and the marginal note "created to make." Thus I was intrigued with the transliteration of the Hebrew inflection *timshel*—"Thou mayest," with a short e.

I had learned at once that the Hebrew verb of my quest occurred in the Hebrew text 2,622 times and was rendered by eighty-four English verbs, plus sixteen other meanings represented by other parts of speech in paraphrase. I saw that my first task was to arrive at a heteronymical English rendition of the meaning of the Hebrew verb, but to do this I had to choose passages with words which I could also define simultaneously in the same manner.

While working on this I noticed vowel changes in that the bodies of *them* were naked but it did not make *them* ashamed, but after eating the fruit *thĕy* felt ashamed. Becoming more observant, I saw that Abraham's wife was Saw*rawi;* Saw*rai* was beautiful; she was to become a mother and be called Saw*rawh;* and that Ephrawth became Ephraw*thawh* (without comment) when she became a mother. The messenger of the Eternal talked *pawniim* to pawniim with Moses, but Moses the adam man could not see the *eth-pawnawi* of him and live, the i vowel being a genitive of the thĕy vowel (there being in all five "genders," or "characteristics" in the Hebrew language on which its syntax is based).

The gist of our passage is in the wording of the final admonition that follows the equivalent of a punctuating period in English composition — Vh aatawh, timhshawl-*bhuo*—"And as for of thou of the awe vowel, ti of the *they* vowel should rule—that of the physical in it." (When Abraham said *el-Sawrawh*—"the substance of—to the physical of Sawrawh" is my sister, he did not lie.) Cain was told that his *they* vowel characteristic should rule over himself *timshawl,* but there is no *timshel* in the Bible.

JAMES C. EGAN.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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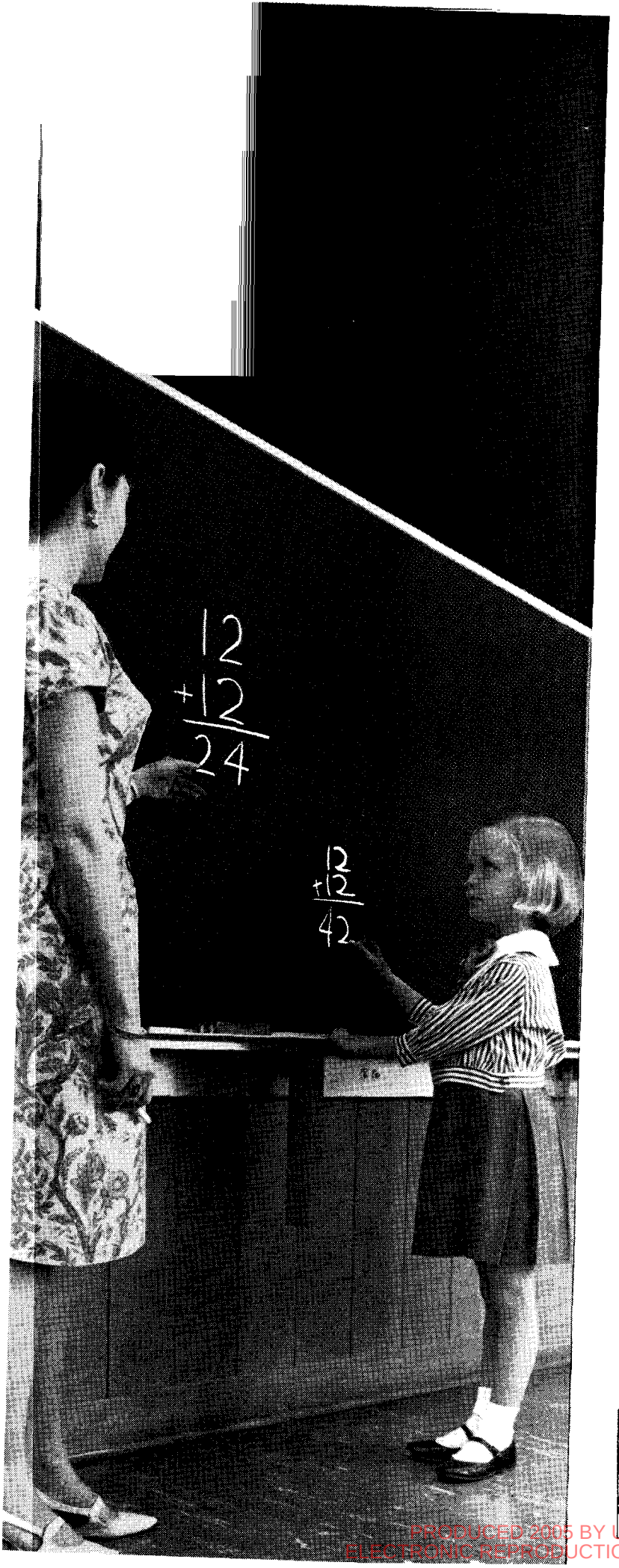

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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Kicking Civil Rights Upstairs

IN BLOCKING the recent attempt by Republicans in the House of Representatives to channel more federal education funds through the states, the Administration won a significant political victory, not only for itself but also for the basic principles of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. The Republican amendments to ESEA, embodied in proposals made by Representative Albert H. Quie of Minnesota, called for the allocation of federal funds through state agencies in the form of "block grants." Most funds now are given directly to local school districts for specific programs. If block grants had been made through the states, some of which are constitutionally prohibited from allocating funds to private and parochial schools, the church-state issue might well have returned to plague the very existence of the federal program. Equally important, it would have placed the major cities and their projects for disadvantaged children at the mercy of state education agencies which have often been less than sympathetic to the problems of the cities.

But the victory wasn't cheap. The price may well have been the end of the diligent enforcement of school desegregation in the Southern states. Under the Civil Rights Act of 1964, United States Commissioner of Education Harold Howe II and his staff worked energetically to enforce school desegregation in those districts that have maintained dual systems for Negroes and whites. Since the act was passed more was accomplished in the Deep South than in the century preceding it, even if the achievements fell short of being revolutionary.

In the past two months, however, a series of administrative decisions under Congressional pressure have seriously weakened the muscle of the Civil Rights Act. Power to enforce the school desegregation guidelines, formerly in the Office of Education, has been centralized in the office of John Gardner, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, partly, it was said, for the sake of administrative efficiency, but partly, without doubt, to appease Southern Congressmen to whom Howe and his colleagues had become anathema.

More important, in seeking to appease and line up Southern Congressmen, the supporters of the Administration who opposed the Quie amendment to ESEA have weakened not only the enforcement procedures established under the Civil Rights Act, but the policy itself.

During the past two years, the Office of Education demanded that heretofore segregated Southern districts increase the number of Negroes in previously all-white schools to demonstrate compliance with the law. In many instances so-called free-choice plans, under which Negroes could theoretically choose to attend white schools, were ruled insufficient unless Negroes actually went to school with whites. But these requirements were not imposed in the North where segregation had not been legally enforced. Now, in voting tentative approval for the continuation of ESEA, the House stipulated that: 1) hearings be held before funds are withheld from noncomplying Southern districts; and 2) that the Civil Rights Act be enforced equally North and South. The second of these changes, which touches the heart of

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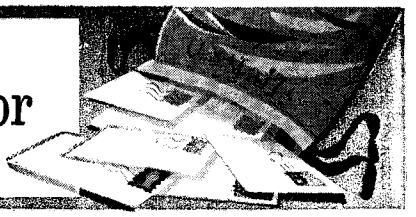
what many Southerners consider a double standard, also suggests the difficulty of distinguishing officially enforced segregation from the racial imbalance associated with de facto segregated neighborhoods. It indicates that once the laws requiring segregated schools are changed, the South is not so different from the North.

At the same time, however, the amendments may well have succeeded in chaining the difficult to the impossible. Although members of the HEW staff feel that enforcement of the Civil Rights Act will not be affected, the new amendments, if they are passed by the Senate, may return to haunt the Administration. Americans have committed themselves legally and morally to ending segregation enforced by administrative procedures or state law, but many have

never accepted the principle of federal action in promoting racial balance in the schools. Representative Edith Green of Oregon—a strong advocate of civil rights—who sponsored the idea of equal enforcement, and the House, which supported her suggestions, have therefore initiated something which is morally unassailable but politically pernicious. By tying the end of segregation in the South to the promotion of racial balance in the North, they may well have undermined both. —P.S.

Letters to the Editor



Chicago Legacy

WHAT STRIKES the unknowing one about Charles and Bonnie Remsberg's article, "Chicago: Legacy of an Ice Age" [*SR*, May 20], is that Chicago apparently is one vast educational wasteland. It isn't the fact that such a one-sided viewpoint appears in print which is unusual, but that *SR* should condone and sponsor such an approach is somewhat appalling.

Let me deal with the allegation that there is virtually no innovation in the school system (a point obviously implied in the article's title). In the Official Report of the Proceedings of the Board of Education for February 23, 1967, are documented some forty specific projects impinging on all levels of the school system that have been effected under Title I of The Education Act. These projects illustrate the variety of approaches under way for two years and include, for example, smaller class sizes at the primary level, special health activities, parent involvement programs, cultural enrichment and outdoor education programs, expansion of paraprofessional help, and the extension of closed-circuit television networks. The summer education program in the Chicago public schools is one of the most extensive in the nation, meeting the needs of all enrollees from preschool through the senior high school.

Yet there is no mention of these programs, services, and efforts in the aforementioned article. It is this total blackout of anything positive that is going on that leads one to question seriously the motives of the authors.

The authors make some basic points in discussing problems of financing, integration, and political structure. These are problems facing all major city school systems and have been projected honestly and candidly by Dr. Redmond and the Board of Education. Unfortunately, the article has cast these major issues in a drama of negativism and hopelessness. There are a great many of us who do not feel this way. We are committed to resolving our problems and moving ahead in the many directions that are already under way.

LLOYD J. MENDELSON,
Principal,
William R. Harper High School.
Chicago, Ill.

CHARLES AND BONNIE REMSBERG are to be congratulated on their incisive article about the Chicago public schools, but I was sorry to find that their article repeated a misquotation I had asked them to correct.

I do *not* believe, and have *never* said, that "Willis served the city's power structure." What I have said many times (including both orally and in writing to the Remsbergs) is that "Willis had somehow persuaded the city's power structure that he was serving them well, despite his divisive effect on the populace and his seriously inadequate record of actual achievement."

The difference is no mere difference in words, but a critical matter of substance, not just to me but to the city as a whole. The sooner the business community understands that in actual fact Dr. Willis did *not* serve them, the sooner our public schools will be on the way to the excellence in education we all want to see.

I believe that Chicago's political leaders have, in the past, seriously underestimated the importance of good public schools to Chicago voters and have failed to recognize the often controlling influence our inadequate schools have had in accelerating the flight of middle-class residents to the suburbs. The business community, at the same time, has simply been misled, by Dr. Willis and by some Board members, into thinking that all was well with the Chicago public schools.

In Illinois, at least, a massive increase in school money is not likely to come until too late—and perhaps not at all—without the enthusiastic support of the business community. The first step in getting that support is, it seems to me, to point out to the businessmen of Chicago that Dr. Willis's cut-rate school system seriously damaged the city, and in doing so seriously damaged them. In other words, they were not *served* by the former general superintendent, they were *duped*.

JAMES W. CLEMENT,
Former member, Chicago
Board of Education.
Chicago, Ill.

BEN WILLIS was the finest superintendent Chicago has had, at least since 1930. Of course, after a leader is gone it is always *the thing* to blame him for everything. If [Philip] Hauser's ideas had been followed, there would be no white people left in Chicago.

No schools had been built for a generation when Willis arrived. His so-called poor schools were doing things a dozen years ago that are innovations in California now. Chicago's curriculum department is superb. The "fear" that teachers had is comparable to the "fear" that every child has for a good teacher; in some people it was envy of his pay.

Ben wasn't tactful, and he earned almost $50,000. That's why they hated him. *And he ran a tight ship.*

FRED RESEK,
Former Chicago teacher.
San Diego, Calif.

CHARLES AND BONNIE REMSBERG denounce and denigrate Chicago's public schools and Board of Education by innuendo and implication rather than by factual statements. I disagree and resent this kind of reporting.

First of all, Chicago is not a segregated city. Nowhere is there any law or regula-

(*Continued on page* 69)

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Fordham University:

Renaissance In the Bronx

—Conrad Waldinger (Fordham).

"More than three-fourths of undergraduates are still commuters and, typically, they still come from families in which they are the first college-going generation."

By JAMES CASS

AMERICAN CATHOLIC colleges and universities have traditionally provided higher education for the faithful in an alien and often unfriendly culture. To protect their students from the seduction of secularism, they closed their doors to the outside world and became bastions of orthodoxy where too often spiritual dedication was prized above academic competence. In recent years, however, all this has been changing. Although the "siege mentality" sometimes remains, American Catholicism generally is no longer on the defensive. Widespread acceptance of the values of our pluralistic society, a growing awareness that Catholics are seriously under-represented among the nation's scientific and technological elite, the emergence of Catholic leaders in many other areas of American life, the movement for reform in all of higher education, and the profound ecumenical impact of Vatican II have all played a part in revolutionizing the environment in which Catholic higher education functions. As a result, a growing number of institutions are evolving a new vision of their role in the society of which they are a part.

Among the Catholic universities that are, for the first time, determined to move into the first rank, Fordham University, located in the upper reaches of New York City's Bronx, is undergoing the most rapid change. The university's president, the Reverend Leo McLaughlin, S.J., has declared that Fordham "will pay any price, break any mold in order to achieve her function as a university." When he took office, in the fall of 1965, Father McLaughlin took over an institution that was already changing. A new $25,000,000 in-town campus is being built at the southern edge of New York's glamorous Lincoln Center, new home of the Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic. A coordinate women's college, first of its kind for any Catholic university, opened its doors just three years ago last fall. Protestant clergymen and a Jewish rabbi have been added to the philosophy and theology faculties. Plans are under way to upgrade the graduate school. Regulations governing student conduct are being relaxed, and an active recruiting program is bringing more non-Catholic students to the campus. Most important of all, Fordham's relationship to the Greater New York community is changing dramatically.

But Fordham, like its sister institutions (St. Louis University and Notre Dame, for example) faces a difficult problem as it moves up the rocky path of self-renewal. It must prove that the critics are wrong when they contend that the phrase "Catholic university" is a contradiction in terms. The hard fact is that today no Catholic university stands among the leading institutions of higher learning in the nation, and every Protestant church-related university that enjoys first-rank status long ago severed all but the most tenuous ties with its founding church.

Today, Fordham's 11,000 graduate and undergraduate students are scattered in a variety of schools and colleges from lower Manhattan to Westchester County. The School of Education, which has trained teachers mainly for local parochial schools, is located on lower Broadway, just north of City Hall, along with the undergraduate School of Business Administration, a haven for the city's vocationally oriented youth. The School of Social Service, devoted primarily to supplying workers for Catholic Charities, is located on East 39th Street in Midtown. The Rose Hill campus houses Fordham College (the liberal arts college for men) and Thomas More (the three-year-old coordinate college for women), both institutions of superior quality, an Uptown branch of the School of Business, a School of General Studies, a College of Pharmacy, and an undistinguished Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. A College of Philosophy and Letters, for training Jesuit teachers, is located in Shrub Oak, New York, 35 miles north of Manhattan.

Manifestly, Fordham lacks many of the flashier accoutrements of a prestigious university. It does not have a nuclear accelerator, a collection of Nobel Laureates, nationally famous faculty

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commuting to Washington to advise on public policy, or research projects that attract world-wide attention. Some of these will come. But meanwhile it does have a traditional commitment to undergraduate teaching, two strong liberal arts colleges on which to build, courageous and imaginative leadership, and a free-wheeling willingness to innovate that makes students complain that if they miss the evening newspapers they don't know what happened on campus during the day.

Yet the rolling lawns and spring-flowering trees of the Rose Hill campus give little overt evidence of radical change. The mood of the campus is one of decorum and restraint. Button-down collars, ties, and jackets are the mode for men, and coeds are scarcely distinguishable from their contemporaries in Midtown business offices. Youthful couples are seemingly careful to avoid any public display of affection, and even the endless softball games, played on the parade ground in the center of the campus, have a curiously sedate quality. Life at Fordham can be fun—even naturally boisterous on occasion—but the pervading impression is one of earnestness, a quality that seems to reflect the university's past more directly than it does the passionate, messy exuberance of many contemporary campuses.

Fordham today is an institution of many contradictions. It is very much a university in transition from a past that is not quite gone to a future that has not yet arrived.

THE 5,200 undergraduates are bright—average college board scores for the liberal arts students are in the low 600s and in the high 500s for the professional colleges. Seventy per cent of the men and 60 per cent of the women go on to full-time graduate or professional study; nearly 40 per cent of these receive scholarships or fellowships from the better schools—substantial numbers from the nation's top universities. Yet Fordham lacks that elusive quality, "prestige." Only 10 or 11 per cent of students are alumni children, despite some preference given them by the admissions office. ("When a Fordham graduate makes it big, he sends his son to Amherst or Stanford.") And it is only beginning to develop the intellectual freedom and excitement that are the hallmarks of the top-flight secular college.

Founded in 1841 as St. John's College, a Roman Catholic institution for men, and placed under the direction of the Society of Jesus five years later, Fordham has traditionally educated the sons of immigrant Irish and Italian families. As a commuter college, it provided higher education for the sons of the parish faithful that was safe both from the enticements of the sinful city and the even more fearful seductions of religious heterodoxy. It was an institution under siege that protected the virtue of youth by closing its doors to the non-Catholic world.

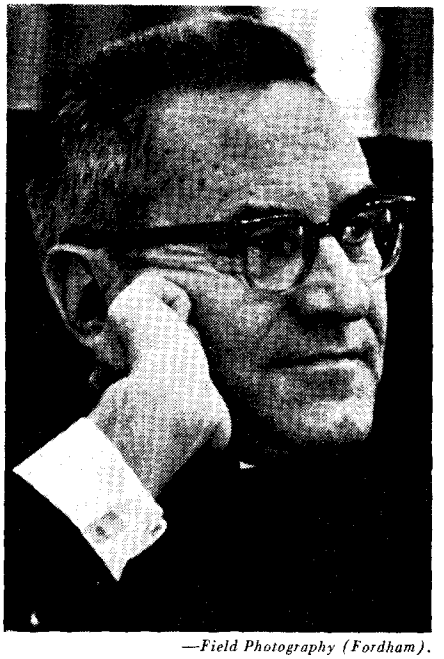
Over the years the university has grown in size and diversity, but it has changed its essential nature only slightly. To be sure, compulsory daily mass and annual retreat are gone, and application blanks haven't demanded the prospective freshman's race and religion for nearly ten years. The proportion of laymen on the faculty has been rising as the student body grew faster than the supply of Jesuit teachers, and a Faculty Senate was established in the spring of 1965. But until very recently the university bore the parochial stamp of earlier years.

More than three-fourths of undergraduates are still commuters and, typically, they still come from lower-middle-class Irish, Italian, and Polish families in which they are the first college-going generation. An estimated 75 to 80 per cent attended Catholic secondary schools. They reflect the conservatism of their parish origins where faith is prized over thought, but are finding a new brand of intellectual freedom on campus that they never experienced before. ("Most students and parents still expect this to be the safe old Catholic Fordham of the 1950s," according to one commuting student.) The Conservative Club and ROTC are still the "big things" on campus, but this past year a left-wing Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) group was formed, and on April 15 nearly 200 students and faculty marched from Central Park to the U.N. in the Spring Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam. Two years ago at the gala spring ROTC Review, a lone student picketed for peace. Last year there were sixty pickets protesting the review as a symbol of militarism—and an equal number of counter-pickets protesting the protestors. But last month more than 200 peace advocates marched in a drenching rain outside the fieldhouse to which the review had been removed.

It is probably significant, given the contradictions that abound at Fordham today, that the two most popular political figures on campus are New York's

—*Waldinger (Fordham).*

Executive Vice President Timothy S. Healy, S.J.—"Deliver us from a *lumpen Katholik*!"



—*Field Photography (Fordham).*

President Leo McLaughlin, S.J.—"We will pay any price, break any mold . . ."

—*Waldinger (Fordham).*

Thomas More's Dean Patricia R. Plante —"Our girls don't have to do something spectacular in order to revolt."

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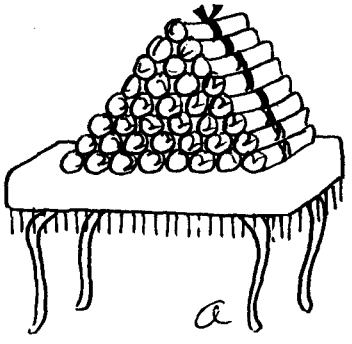
Senator Robert F. Kennedy, a Democrat, and William F. Buckley, Jr., Conservative candidate for Mayor in 1966. ("It's the sense of personal involvement they give that's more important than their ideas," a student said.) Fordham students can't afford the luxury of total commitment to ideas, or to causes, or to knowledge for its own sake that many of their wealthier contemporaries at more prestigious colleges display. Education for them is the doorway to upward mobility; they do not have wealthy families to present them with an assured future—they have to make it for themselves. Several hundred students do work with FUSE (Fordham University Social Effort) to help deprived children in many parts of the city and in Appalachia and the Deep South. Some discover the pure joy of learning for its own sake, and others devote themselves to the cause of peace. But for most, the college years are expected to pay off in very practical terms. Therefore, the typical student's commitment is academic rather than intellectual, and his primary concern with Vietnam or the draft is whether his education will be interrupted.

Among the girls at Thomas More College, mini-skirts, textured stockings, and long, lank hair are rarities. Like their male colleagues, the girls typically represent the first college generation in their families, and the freedom of new experience and exposure to new ideas has enormously widened the normal generational gap. ("I can't talk to my mother about anything that's important to me any more.") "It is significant," says Thomas More's attractive Dean Patricia R. Plante, "that our students come from Brooklyn and the Bronx rather than from Westchester. They don't have understanding mothers who have been through it all themselves and are just waiting patiently for them to grow up, like the girls at Sarah Lawrence or the Seven Sisters. So they don't have to do something spectacular in order to revolt." Fordham girls, she notes, are much more in the position of the Negro scholarship student at a Midwestern college whose counselor suggested that he spend his junior year abroad. "Man," he replied, "I'm already abroad."

The faculty of the liberal arts colleges (Fordham College and Thomas More) bring impressive credentials to their task. A very high proportion, both lay and clerical, hold the doctorate, and many of the degrees were earned at leading universities in the United States and Europe. Orthodoxy is no longer a substitute for scholarship. "Since the younger generation of Jesuits became more professional in their scholarship," a lay department head said, "we operate on the same wave-length." Salary schedules have been rising in an attempt to attract and hold effective teachers, and in the fall of 1968 are expected to rival the best in the country with an average full compensation of $22,500 for full professors.

Faculty and students agree that they enjoy complete freedom in teaching and learning. "I never knew any place as free as this," one young Thomas More girl said. "I can't imagine anything freer." There is general agreement, too, that students accept less and question more than they used to (though some faculty members say that much of the time they have to prod students to challenge them), and that a clerical collar is no longer the inhibiting symbol of authority it once was. But comparisons with other campuses are difficult—few students or faculty have had any experience with undergraduate teaching or learning at first-rate, non-Catholic schools.

Students, as elsewhere, complain of dull classes and not being pushed to capacity. But a "Course Evaluation Report," published by the Student Government, hands out more bouquets than barbs, and lacks the lethal sting that marks similar ventures at Berkeley and



some of the Ivy Colleges. Students also complain that the lay teachers, who are largely Catholic and now make up more than 70 per cent of the faculty, have taken over the conservative, priestly function. "It's the young Jesuits that are the radicals," they say, 'they're the real swingers." And it was a "swinging Jesuit" who laughingly admitted, "Sure, our theme song these days is 'Should Auld Aquinas Be Forgot?' "

"The changes are fantastic," the visitor is constantly assured, "and we're only beginning." The facts seem to bear out the assertion. Next fall Marshall McLuhan, provocative interpreter of the role of media in contemporary society, will join Fordham's faculty. He will occupy the Albert Schweitzer Chair in Humanities, one of ten distinguished professorships created by the New York legislature in 1964 to attract world-famous scholars to colleges and universities in the state, each funded at $100,000 annually for staff and research facilities. Professor McLuhan's presence at Fordham promises to make it an "instant center" for scholars of many disciplines interested in research and teaching on the influence of media on human perception and cultural change.

An Experimental College will be launched next month with thirty students in an apartment house just off the Rose Hill campus. Planned to explore new and better paths to learning, the college will offer a completely unstructured three-year, year-round course of study designed cooperatively by students and faculty, leading to the B.A. degree. An additional thirty students will be admitted each year until the total enrollment of ninety is reached. Directed by the Cambridge-educated poet, critic, and author, Elizabeth Sewell, the college will seek new answers to the ancient question of how students can learn best, and the expectation is that new approaches discovered will lead to modification of the educational program of other colleges in the university. The only requirement for graduation from the college is the study of Urdu.

A NEW 3-3 program, inaugurated last fall with Fordham Preparatory School, is designed to offer students an opportunity to complete the four years of high school and four years of college in a total of six years. An attempt to coordinate high school and college studies more effectively—in the light of the growing number of years that students must devote to graduate study—the program allows the highly motivated average college-bound student to pursue his education more efficiently.

Even more dramatic and far-reaching in its effects on the future of the university, however, is the new Lincoln Center campus which will pull together the university's scattered in-town schools and add a new undergraduate liberal arts college designed specifically to serve the inner-city student. The School of Law already occupies its own new building on the north side of the campus, and will be joined in the fall of 1968 by the School of Education, the graduate School of Social Service, the School of Business Administration (which will change from an undergraduate to a graduate school), and the new Liberal Arts College.

But it is the vision of the new role of the university that will find expression on the Lincoln Center campus that gives meaning to the changes that are taking place. Turning its back on the intellectual and spiritual isolation that has characterized its history, the university today is determined to sink its roots deeply into the contemporary community and serve that community by grappling directly with the multiple problems of our urban society.

The School of Education, under direction of its new dean, Dr. Harry Riv-

(*Continued on page* 70)

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LEARNING THROUGH THE LENS

By MARGARET R. WEISS

AMONG the exhibits at the U.S. Pavilion at Expo 67 in Montreal is a display of photographs from the most unlikely of sources: disadvantaged New York children who had never used cameras before. The pictures reveal not only the potential of the children, but also the possibilities of using the camera as a teaching device.

The photos were taken in a six-week summer workshop conducted at the Henry Street Settlement House by Susan Wood, a professional magazine and fashion photographer who had never faced a class before. Mrs. Wood knew that a camera could help one "see" and communicate in the basic visual language of color, shape, and relationship of form and content. She wanted to teach children to recognize and use this special graphic grammar, at the same time sharpening perception, awareness, and the ability to shut out distraction and to concentrate for an extended period of time. Her young pupils were not to be passive listeners but active performers working on specific problems that demanded solution.

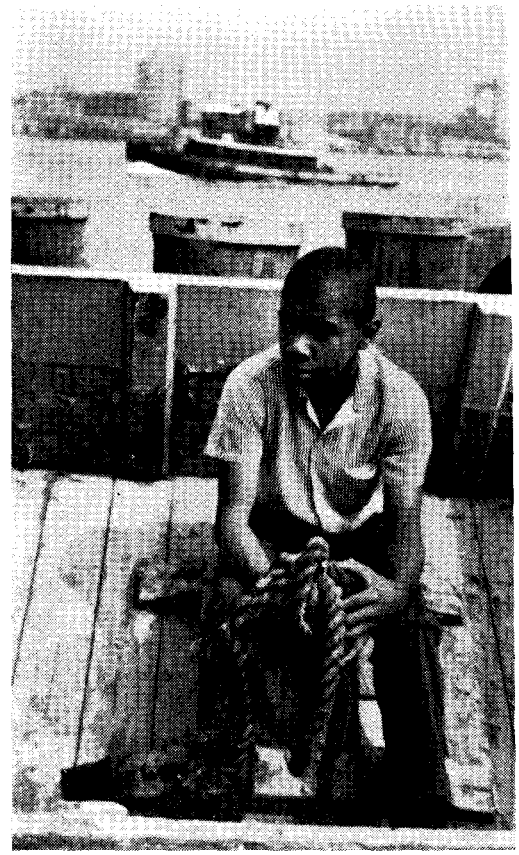
The students were a group of fifteen typical settlement house children ranging in age from seven to thirteen. "They were predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican, with a few white youngsters among them—almost all from large families living on low incomes or entirely on welfare," she said.

The children were provided with new instant cameras, accessories, and Polacolor film, and before the end of the first afternoon they knew how to focus ("seeing things as clearly and sharply as you can") and what infinity meant ("seeing until you stop seeing . . . out, out, out into space"), and they had set up their first subject as they thought a picture should look.

Image frame was easily enough understood as "the four edges of a picture, within which you must put what you see." The lens was simply the camera's mechanical eye that was concerned with the lightness and darkness of things. Squinting at the sky through the window and at the adjacent white wall put across the idea that, in terms of light, the sky was "white" and the wall "gray." Chalked pictographs of a triangle, square, and circle translated the concept of "incongruous shapes"; the theory of "dominant color" was reduced to "one thing that was larger or stronger than the others, like a big brother."

"I emphasized," said their instructor,

(*Continued on page* 74)



"The pictures reveal the possibilities of using the camera as a teaching device."

Young student at work—"The children were provided with cameras, accessories, and film."

Cover Photo

The photo on the cover of this issue is the work of Meida Montanez, who was a member of the Henry Street Settlement House class. She was twelve when she took the picture.

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NEA: THE RELUCTANT DRAGON

—Joe di Dio (NEA).

Executive Secretary William G. Carr with President Johnson—"The NEA has campaigned for better salaries, higher professional standards, and more substantial funds for the public schools."

By PETER JANSSEN, *education editor of Newsweek.*

IN THE CLASSIC struggles of American education for recognition and support, no organization has been as important, or as persistent, as the National Education Association and its various state affiliates. For over a century the NEA has campaigned for better salaries, higher professional standards, and more substantial state and local funds for the public schools. In these campaigns teachers and administrators were presumably allied for the greater good of the profession. The chief enemy, as they saw it, was public apathy.

Now, the NEA, which just enrolled its millionth member, is engaged in a new and different kind of struggle: The enemies are the militant American Federation of Teachers, which has replaced the NEA as teacher representative in many major cities, and time itself. The NEA is still powerful; it still influences legislation, and its divisions still control teacher education in many parts of the country. But the organization has lost its position as the prime—and sometimes the only—spokesman for American education. It has lost its aura of progressive leadership, and it has lost its influence in the cities, where the most crucial educational battles are now being fought. When pejorative references are made to "the Establishment," the NEA is frequently regarded as the chief villain.

In many respects, the things that plague the NEA are the things that plague all of American education: They share the same strengths and the same weaknesses. Both are founded on essentially white, middle-class, small-town, and rural assumptions. Both disregarded, until recently, the problems of racial and social minorities; both were oblivious to the substantial failures of the urban school; and neither has been noted for its intellectual zeal. The NEA staff was, in many respects, a replica of a small-town system: most of its major officers and staff members were white, Protestant school principals and superintendents from the South and Midwest, and most of them shared the traditional concerns of the small school official for good buildings, small classes, and nice kids. As a result, the American Federation of Teachers (AFL-CIO) has found the NEA a soft target.

Despite its new membership record (making it the largest "professional" organization in America), the NEA has crested, representing 52 per cent of all public elementary and secondary school teachers—about the same percentage it did ten years ago. Meanwhile the AFT has burst from 5,000 members less than a decade ago to 136,000 today, largely by beating NEA affiliates in New York, Detroit, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, Providence, and Washington, D.C. In school systems where teachers have exercised a secret ballot choice, 129,171 have voted for the AFT as their bargaining representative, only 39,265 for the NEA. This year, for example, the NEA won a teacher representation election in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, by a vote of 201 to 127, but lost Washington, D.C. by 3,540 to 2,119.

The NEA is still oriented to white teachers in small-city and rural school systems, and to school administrators rather than to school teachers (a distinction not lost on the AFT, which emphasizes that it is a teachers' organization). It is run by nonurban school administrators: Twenty-five of the eighty-two members of the NEA's board of directors are elementary and secondary school teachers (eighteen are principals and eleven are superintendents and assistant superintendents), and only six of the eighty-two are Negroes. The four-member board of trustees, which elects the NEA's powerful executive secretary consists of exactly one teacher (from Waukesha, Wisconsin), two superintendents, and an assistant professor of education.

As late as the 1950s NEA presidents were often administrators. In a classic election in 1953, the NEA chose the superintendent of schools from Savannah, Georgia, defeating the superintendent from Dormont, Pennsylvania, and the assistant superintendent from Oakland, California. The association's leadership also is almost exclusively white. Neither the trustees nor the executive committee contain a single Negro. The highest-ranking Negro on the NEA's professional staff is Samuel B. Ethridge, who is far down the organization chart as director of a "human rights" program of one of the NEA's twenty-five commissions.

THROUGH a combination of its administration-directed leadership, its small-town tradition, and the desires of its teacher-members who are often newly arrived to the middle class, the NEA has become bound by a mystique of professionalism. Many of its members are proud to be in a white-collar class. But the NEA's professionalism, a banner of faith it unfurls in its battles with the AFT, is suspect. Until 1963, the only requirements for NEA membership were that the applicant not be a Communist, be "interested in advancing the cause of education," and pay the $10 annual dues. Now the applicant must

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hold a bachelor's degree, too. Further, it's almost impossible to perform in an unprofessional manner. The NEA has censured only three teachers in five years, and it took no action at all against the Southern school superintendents among its members who fired Negro teachers rather than desegregate them into white schools.

The halo of professionalism is lost on many urban teachers. The NEA theme is that everyone engaged in the public-education enterprise is part of the same family, pulling together as a team. In large city classrooms, however, where a teacher may see a class of forty-five pupils every day, the principal only occasionally, and the superintendent once a year on television, the unity breaks down. The first open breach came in December 1961, when New York City teachers voted overwhelmingly to join the AFT in a representation election with the NEA. "The union just saw its opportunity in what was happening in the cities," says Allan M. West, assistant executive secretary of the NEA for field operations and urban services. "They're betting they can sign up teachers faster than we can change." So far, this has been a winning wager, particularly since most NEA officials still campaign by reciting strong antilabor views. "I regret the fact we're forced into contests where we appear to be antilabor," West said. "But we'll stop being antilabor the day after Walter Reuther calls off his campaign. We can't stand by while Walter Reuther takes over our members."

Three months after the first New York election, the NEA organized its Urban Services Division to concentrate on the cities, an effort which has grown to consume almost 10 per cent of the association's $11,000,000 annual budget. In a burst of militancy, Urban Services has signed some contracts with local school boards which are similar to those negotiated by unions. The NEA-negotiated contract for Newark, New Jersey, teachers, for instance, provides for a dues checkoff, grievance procedures, and set working hours (8:35 a.m. to 3:15 p.m.). The NEA further has tried to flex its organizational muscle by staging teacher walkouts, although it describes them euphemistically as "professional holidays" or "withdrawals of service" instead of the union-tainted "strike." The distinction is blurred at best. Last year the NEA Newark affiliate called a "professional holiday" two months after teachers' union members walked out on strike. New Jersey courts fined both groups for defying injunctions against strikes.

Generally, the NEA tries to use "professional sanctions" as its ultimate weapon. Also started just after the New York elections, sanctions are defined as the "imposing of a deterrent against a board of education or other agency controlling the welfare of the schools; bringing into play forces that will enable the community to help the board or agency to realize its responsibility, or the application of one or more steps in the withholding of services." In effect, sanctions amount to the blackballing of a school system. Teachers may or may not stay on the job, but the NEA takes the responsibility of warning other teachers and teacher training institutions to avoid the system under sanctions.

—Fabian Bachrach (NEA).

NEA Executive Secretary-elect Sam M. Lambert—"He is not likely to rock the NEA off dead center."

The NEA also is developing schizophrenia about desegregation – pressed by national forces and the AFT on one side, and its Southern members and leadership on the other. When the NEA's annual convention opened last year in Miami Beach, the association still had segregated affiliates in ten states—Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, Texas, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas, and Virginia. Under a resolution passed two years earlier, separate Negro and white affiliates in these states had to present merger plans to the NEA by last July 1 or face disciplinary measures. At a pre-convention press conference NEA leaders said ten states had submitted such plans. Independent checks of leaders of state delegations found, however, that six had not submitted plans at all, a discovery which led to an embarrassing pressroom scene where Executive Secretary William G. Carr, visibly upset, explained that plans for mergers could consist simply of a reassuring telephone call from a white association leader.

The day after the convention ended, however, the NEA did take a historic step to end its blatant segregation. Spurred by the intense lobbying of 200 teachers known as the "National Committee of Educators for Human Rights," the NEA executive committee temporarily suspended the 22,000-member Louisiana Teachers Association, which still had a "whites-only" clause in its constitution, and gave it until October to show cause why the suspension should not be expulsion. But then at a secret October meeting in Washington, the executive committee quietly lifted the suspension. A month later, in a belated face-saving for all concerned, the Louisiana association did vote to remove the word "white" from its constitution. The Texas, Tennessee, and Virginia associations actually have voted to merge Negro and white affiliates since last summer, leaving only seven states

(*Continued on page* 72)

Some of the Activities of the NEA

IN RECENT YEARS the major activities of the National Education Association have included:

1) Campaigning for higher salaries for teachers and for general increases in educational expenditures at local, state, and federal levels.
2) Working for higher teaching standards and degree requirements for teachers. (One-third of all teachers now hold master's degrees or have five years of college training.)
3) Promoting the desegregation of teaching staffs in Southern schools.
4) Sponsoring investigations of school systems which have suffered major political or financial difficulties. The most recent of these were conducted in Baltimore, Detroit, and Knoxville.
5) Defending the professional and civil rights of teachers under political attack.
6) Conducting professional negotiations with local school boards on salaries and improving teaching conditions.
7) Conducting research and compiling information concerning American education.
8) Conducting conferences and studies and publishing literature directed to the advancement of teaching techniques and other aspects of school operations.

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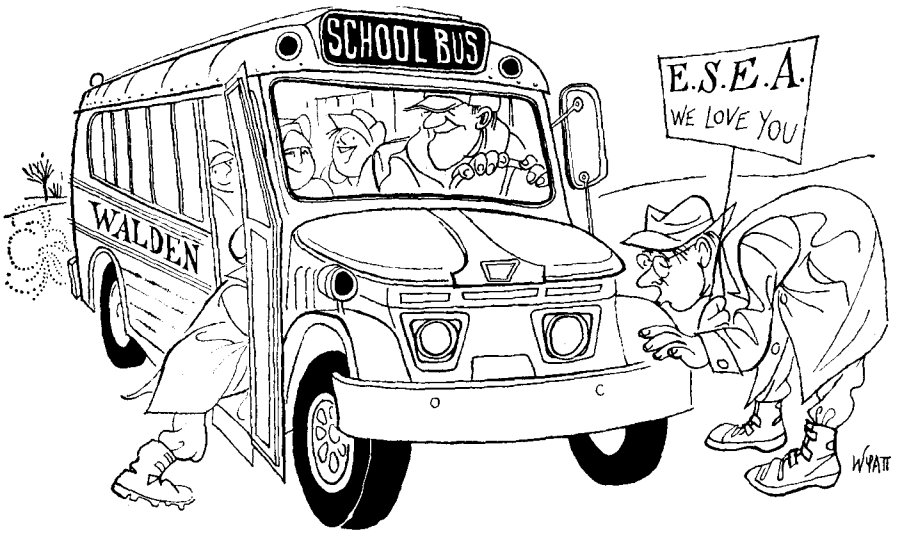

—*Drawings by Stanley Wyatt.*

HE BOUGHT A BUS

By DICK DEW, *reporter for the Boston Bureau of United Press International (UPI).*

WALDEN, VT.

AS CHIEF administrator of the Caladonia Central Supervisory Union, Llewellyn Roberts has the usual stock of problems and headaches. But the fifty-eight-year-old school superintendent also has a stock of experience from many years as a teacher and administrator of tiny school systems in Vermont and New York, and he has a mass of Yankee ingenuity and shrewd Vermont thrift stored in a snap-trap mind that is hidden behind a pair of piercing but twinkling blue eyes. And when he decides on a solution to a problem of the elementary school children under his supervision, his stand is as firm as the famed Vermont marble quarried not far from his rural school system.

With Uncle Sam's aid, Superintendent Roberts simply bought a school bus. But with that single purchase, he created a wave of the most drastic change ever experienced by the tiny Walden school department. That system, one of five under Roberts's supervision, includes eighty-five elementary school children in four one-room buildings with a staff of four full-time teachers. Until the first school bus in Walden history was delivered in March 1966, those youngsters studied the three Rs in the old-fashioned manner—eight grades per one-room schoolhouse. Massive school construction and huge educational systems sprawling across the American landscape may have been making news elsewhere; Walden was scraping along on the best it could afford.

Its 427 residents are nearly all farmers of the rich but reluctant black soil or are engaged in the cutting and hauling of timber to pulp mills outside the hilly community. Small dairy herds in wire-fenced fields, chicken flocks in ramshackle sheds, and pulp-wood cutting are Walden's only industries. The forest of motels that do double duty as winter ski resorts and summer vacation sites, the tiny roadside hot dog stands, and the combination souvenir-maple sugar shops that freckle much of northern New England's Green Mountain fringe country just do not flourish in Walden. The sprawling northeastern Vermont village is too far from the state's major ski and summer recreation areas, and its lakes aren't big enough to permit development as a summer resort. It is 12 miles of winding country road away from the mill city of St. Johnsbury and 35 miles from the state capital of Montpelier. In short, Walden is badly situated to ever experience the mushroom of industrial or residential growth that has hit so many rural communities in recent years.

THIS is a low-income community in the truest sense of the federal government's designation. Walden's eighty-three families had an average income of $2,819 in the 1960 census report and earnings have increased only slightly since that time according to estimates. But Walden's residents, most of them direct descendants of the Yankee settlers who built the small, neat frame farmhouses and the huge, metal-roofed barns, are proud people. They raise their own taxes and in 1965 spent $35,639 on education, $13,000 of it for out-of-town tuition for high school students, and the rest on the eighty-five children housed in the four white clapboard schoolhouses scattered over the town's 37.9 square miles.

"We love our children just as much as anyone else loves theirs," one aging grandfather-farmer phrased it. "We want the best possible for the little ones—the best we can afford. And those schools were plenty good enough for most of us."

"Don't for a minute get the idea that the people of Walden don't do the best they can," Roberts insists. "You know, cash money for taxes comes hard for most of them but they have raised $20,000 in the last few years to renovate all four of those little schoolhouses.... And $20,000 to them is the equivalent of millions somewhere else. But they raised it just the same. They put in central heating and running water in those schools and we even managed some combination windows for a couple of the buildings."

That is why, when he first proposed a drastic change and the application of federal funds to the Walden system, Roberts ran head-on into a stone wall of opposition. It wasn't too bad until one alert farmer discovered that the law Roberts proposed using, Title I of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 (ESEA), was specifically labeled: "School Programs for Educationally Deprived Children."

"We prefer to call them 'disadvantaged' rather than 'deprived' children," Roberts said. "But that didn't make much difference to our three school directors (elected committee members) and the mothers. The directors voted to apply for the grant and buy the bus but I can't say they were all really sold on it. They kept pointing out that their kids, the products of these one-room, eight-grade schools, had been doing very well. They've been going on to higher education at some of the finest, toughest colleges in the country. The girl who was the valedictorian of last year's class at Danville High School (the largest secondary school in Roberts's five-town union) is from Walden. She won a full four-year scholarship to Marshall Chapman College in California.

"We felt that the best single improvement we could make in Walden would be to transport the kids by bus to establish two grades in each building rather than eight. The parents didn't want to see their youngsters spread around that way. They wanted to see us use the

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money for additional teachers, but that wouldn't have solved the problem. What kind of solution would that have been for a school that had eight first-graders, one each in the second through the seventh grades, and two eighth-graders? Can you imagine anything more deadly for a teacher than a classroom like that? She had to divide the kids by grades but work with them by blocks. Fortunately, we have some great teachers. And that's always the answer in any school anywhere—it all depends on your teacher.

"Abraham Lincoln was born in a log cabin. He went on because of his ability, not because he was born in a log cabin. A youngster who has the ability has it no matter where he lives or what kind of school he goes to—if he has a teacher who can properly train that ability."

Llewellyn Roberts, himself the father of six and a grandfather six times, obtained the grant application forms and opened one of the toughest fights of his thirty-six years as an educator. He still has the original form showing countless erasures, changes, and notes; he obtained it from Walter Gallagher, a retired school union superintendent who administers ESEA in the Vermont State Department of Education. Because Title I grants for such things as teacher salary increases, new school construction, and transportation of children from home to school are either forbidden or at least discouraged, it was not until nine rounds of forms later that Roberts's initial application won approval.

THE idea of employing transportation to break up eight grades in a single classroom was new to Walden but not to either Roberts or Gallagher. Roberts had done it in Peacham, Vermont, in 1950, and Gallagher had accomplished the same thing in Northfield in 1949. But they hadn't been operating under the restrictions of ESEA's Title I. "I'm not supposed to transport kids to and from home and school. That's not allowed. So I'm transporting them between schools," Roberts said.

Walden's application for the grant received final approval on January 27, 1966. The veteran superintendent then made a frantic search for an available new bus. The vehicle was placed in service on March 29,1966, just after the tiny community's annual town meeting was completed.

That the twelve-mile shuttle among the four aged but well kept schoolhouses continued until summer vacation "without a single complaint" reaching Roberts's office both amazed and delighted him. "We now have a chance for social argument, debate, and exchange of ideas among pupils at the same grade level in the same classroom. The teachers are happier. The children are happier even though they tell us they're working harder than before because the teacher has more time to keep them under her thumb," he said.

Walden's initial grant was for $11,000, very close to the maximum allowable to the town under Title I projects, which have a ceiling of 30 per cent of the amount the community has spent on education during the previous year. The $11,000, of course, was small compared to Vermont's allotment of $1,824,574 for Title I projects, and even smaller compared to the $1,153,875,706 U.S. Title I allocation. But "$11,000 is a lot of money to Vermonters," according to Roberts. "What's true in Washington is not true in Walden. We managed to get pretty good mileage out of the grant."

To begin with, he found and bought a forty-two-passenger bus in Barre for $5,370. If you have ever tried to buy a new school bus on short notice in northern Vermont during the dead of winter, you would know that this in itself was an accomplishment. It was at that point, however, with $5,630 as the balance of Walden's grant, that Superintendent Roberts proved himself a thrifty Yankee who would be entirely deserving of a $250,000 seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

He hired a local farmer as driver for $7 a day. The driver handles bus maintenance and cleaning and garages it in his own barn during the rugged northcountry winter. During summer, the chairman of the Walden School Directors takes over rent-free storage of the bus. Total cost for maintenance, insurance, gas, and oil, and the driver's salary comes to $1,700 for a full year.

With the balance of the grant, Roberts made a few more changes. He hired a former state public health nurse to institute a program of health education in the four Walden schools at a cost of $1,300 a year. He hired a local music teacher to make regular visits and conduct classes in all four schools. He hired a retired local teacher to institute a remedial reading program in the four schools. He instituted a program of transporting the four upper grades into St. Johnsbury to the famed Fairbanks Museum every two weeks. There, they receive special instruction in the natural sciences from the highly qualified museum staff—at about one-tenth the normal cost of hiring and equiping a science teacher for the Walden schools.

"What kind of solution would that have been for a school that had eight first-graders . . . and two eighth-graders?"

THAT phase of the new program was made possible, obviously, by the first school bus in the town's history. And, humorously, it produced the only flaw in Roberts's innovation series. "I would have bought a twenty-five-passenger bus if I could have found one available. The most we carry at one time on the twice-a-day shuttle is twenty-two. But there would have been a long delay for that size bus. We would have had to hold back on the program until fall. As it is, we have to squeeze a little to get the four upper grades into the bus at the same time. And somebody wanted to know why I didn't buy a bigger bus than the forty-two-passenger size. They just couldn't know how happy I was to get this one."

In addition, Walden has made a contribution to the Northeast Guidance Clinic in St. Johnsbury equal to $1 per school child in the community. Under terms of the agreement, the youngsters and their families became eligible for cost-free mental health services, though "fortunately, we haven't needed those services to any great extent."

Still nursing the dwindling balance of Walden's first federal grant, Roberts hired a teacher's aide for the first and second grades, purchased such items as overhead projectors, tape recorders, remedial equipment, visual-aids devices and their related printed material, and the special texts used as reference material in all four one-room school buildings. An accountant taking a quick look at Superintendent Roberts's figures would estimate that he has spent nearly $15,000. But Roberts can account for every penny.

Roberts, a native of Fairhaven, Vermont, who received his A.B. degree from Middlebury in 1929 and his Master of Education degree from the University of Vermont in 1942, is far from through with his project. In fact, he considers he's really just beginning. "Because of the timing of our initial application," he recalled, "we had only three months to expend the first grant. As a result, we had some money left over which we hope to add to this year's grant."

The original Title I allocation was for

(*Continued on page* 73)

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CULTIVATING THE ARTS OF POVERTY

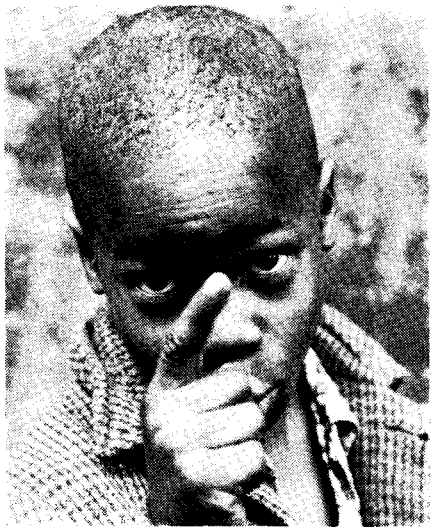
By FRANCIS A. J. IANNI, *director, division of educational institutions and programs, Teachers College, Columbia University, and formerly Deputy Associate Commissioner for Research at the United States Office of Education.*

IN THE GREAT debate about how we should educate the poor, one central question is rarely asked: "What should we educate them for?" Do we want to prepare the poor for roles in middle-class, white society or do we hope somehow to work within the bounds of their own cultural world? Having rejected the idea of making them middle class, we toyed for awhile with the idea of helping them develop a sense of pride in their natural worth and origins until black nationalism worried us and Black Power became a threat. Right now, however, we have no clear-cut objectives and we don't seem very inclined to search them out.

Our recent experience with science and technology seems to have convinced us that we can do anything we want to, given the time and the notion. This same self-assurance and continuance have led us to one of the great mythologies of our time: the belief that the good things in life—beauty, truth, security, and love—are now almost within our grasp. We have only to apply ourselves, our knowledge, and our skills and the Great Society is ours. And not content to enjoy them alone, we actually presume to believe that we can somehow distill all of these joys and pleasures into some opiate, yet palatable form, and dispense them like wonder drugs to those less fortunate than we.

We give proud names to programs designed to prescribe and distribute this American middle-class psychodelica—Upward Bound, Head Start, Higher Horizons, and *Alianza para Progreso.* We plan the campaign to eradicate misery and ignorance — which we equate—and to destroy the automobile graveyard and the slum with all the precision and paraphernalia of a military operation. The strategy is clear; it remains now only to decide on the tactics, and on the character and composition of the occupation once the battle is won.

We know that education is to be the major weapon and we need only decide how we are going to use it. And yet, we might well ponder the terrible consequences of victory, for what, in fact, do we have to offer as a replacement for the culture of poverty. In the cognitive domain we have some evidence that better schooling can lead to better jobs, but what are the affective consequences of the cultural revolution we propose? Will we make use of existing cultural motifs in the lives of these people or will we, confident in our own excellence, find new ways to assert our cultural advantage?



—*Charles Gatewood.*

"We have been looking at the Negro in this country for 300 years, and yet we continue to see only what we want to see."

There is abundant evidence from similar attacks on a "cultureless" or "deprived" people to indicate that if we insist on replacing the culture of poverty with something precious to us but alien to them, we can expect disquieting and even disastrous consequences. In Africa and Asia, for example, the effects of efforts by colonial administrators to give to indigenous peoples a share in English or Dutch, Spanish or French cultures are now evident in the problems of developing nations in these areas. The more fully the African or the Asian became immersed in the foreign culture the more he felt and continues to feel the helpless loneliness and rage of the man without a past. For whatever the motivation of the European educator in imparting *his* culture to the native peoples, he was assuming that his past would become theirs and, except for a few interesting archaeological ruins, that their history began on the day of contact.

The consequences of coercive cultural change can, in fact, be horrendous if the destruction of the old culture reaches deeply into the ethos of that society. W. H. R. Rivers, in his *Essays on the Depopulation of Melanesia,* pointed out the destructive results on the unifying ethos of Melanesian culture and society when the British imposed their own cultural norms and prohibited head hunting. Each head-hunting expedition took years to plan and accomplish, and the activity of the preparations and aftermath was the glue that held Melanesian social organization together. Without the stimulation of these ritual functions the Melanesians literally died of a sense of futility and boredom. They had nothing to live for. Someone else must ponder the question of the justification of the British in abolishing what was to them an abhorrent, nasty habit but which actually took fewer lives in the long run than resulted from its abolishment. My interest in recounting it here is to indicate that social "betterment," even planned social "change" and "reform," can be disastrous unless we consider and appreciate how it is perceived by those undergoing change and how the change relates to what went before.

THERE appears to be rather consistent agreement among anthropologists and artists on the role of the arts as agents of social change; many see the arts—whether in their developmental force, in the "inner logic of art forms themselves," in the art tradition, or in a "world soul"—as the spirit and image of a particular culture or society. The artist experiments, innovates, and rebels within the bounds of the culture that has conditioned him. The art historian, for example, who describes the Italian futurists as rejecting the Italian culture which they found around them in museums and decaying *palazzi,* must look to social and political developments in Italy and realize that this was a culture seeking a new, twentieth-century identity, and the futurists were but a part of this movement. Today's rash of rebellious innovative art forms—Pop art, junk sculpture, and the "happening"—is a brazen reply to a jaded public that demands both individualism and conformity from the artist.

In these new art forms today's artist replies to John Dewey's stern dictum that "art is experience" with a thumb-to-the-nose reply that all of culture is up for grabs and "all experience is art." But this rebellious attitude is peculiarly associated with other forms of protest, from

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Mahalia Jackson (right) and Ella Fitzgerald (below)—"Negro entertainers, no matter how well established, have developed the maddening knack of giving us only what we think we like to hear and see. Their real virtuosity is incredible, and yet they entertain us with a parody of what our popular culture really is."

—Declan Haun (Black Star).

civil rights to sexual freedom and from anti-war protests to justice for Timothy Leary. Here I am saying two different but related things: 1) The question of whether art and artists "lead" or follow social change is, for me at least, an unanswerable and unimportant question; and 2) regardless of whether art leads or follows, stimulates or responds, it is conditioned by the culture which mediates it. When we speak of "art *for* the culturally disadvantaged," we admit by the term itself that this age of American culture has nothing better to offer them as a cultural milieu than what they already have.

THREE orders of evidence support what I have said. First, in my experience with the "disadvantaged," I have seen very few programs in the arts which do not attempt to take the best of what "we" have to offer in order to help "them" fit better into our world. It is the same old story of the colonial administrator we saw earlier. At its best this means an attempt to reproduce the art forms of middle-class, white America in a form that is both acceptable and comprehensible to individuals who are not a part of this cultural heritage. At its worst it means a patronizing attempt to uplift the art consciousness of a people who are, again, "culturally disadvantaged."

Sometimes we go to the other extreme. If modern American middle-class culture is alien to them, we argue, and if the legends of our national history are lily white, then let's build up both race pride and self-image by using the medium of great Negro figures in American history and the glory of ancient African kingdoms. Does it really create a new self-image for a Harlem youngster to know that there was a Negro named Matthew Henson present at the discovery of the North Pole. And how can this same youngster from Harlem identify with the glories of ancient Aksum or the greatness of the kingdom of the Ashanti? These are as alien to him and as little a part of his sensed cultural history as they are to us. It is absurd to assume that there is some multigenerational cultural *élan* dormant in the Negro's genes which can be sparked to life by primitive African art or culture history.

In either case, we are usually dealing not with the current or folk culture of the group under contact but rather we are acting as purveyors of our own popular culture or attempting to spawn a meaningless nativistic cult. I would not make the term popular culture synonymous with mass media; rather, I would distinguish folk from "popular culture" by indicating that in folk culture there is a creative sharing of a *cultural value* or an art form based upon common tradition among those who feel some involvement in what is produced. Popular culture, on the other hand, I would describe as the logical companion of mass production that has its vital force in entertainment rather than in creativity. It is assembled *for* somebody.

Examples of folk culture abound in primitive society where art is expressive of group relationships and in the personal contact of the producer and the consumer of art. In popular culture, however, we seem to have lost the artist, any creative elite, or indeed, despite the fact that they call the tune in terms of what gets produced, even a creative audience. By and large the audience is present to be entertained, amused, or in some way "enriched." Their involvement in any sense of understanding, feeling or re-creation of the culture which pro-

—Black Star.

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duced the art form is, at best, minimal.

Art is to me both a re-creation of what it is like to be alive and an intensely personal experience. Art, like love, can be sensed and experienced only as an intense personal relationship. Art, again like love, cannot be contrived or manufactured to suit someone else's taste. When this becomes necessary, art becomes entertainment, and this is what present popular culture has become. Created on schedule as a response to the demands of the popular market place, it neither amplifies nor negates our cultural world—it just makes it absurd. It doesn't even offer an escape anymore. Let me confess that when things get dull or bothersome, I dream of escaping the lonely life in the crowd by escaping popular culture as well as material wants and drives. I see myself living in the richness of the moment, on a sun-drenched beach and running my toes through the waters, sensing and immersed, not entertained and amused. But such experiences are rare, and I cannot tell you what the feeling is like or re-create it for you.

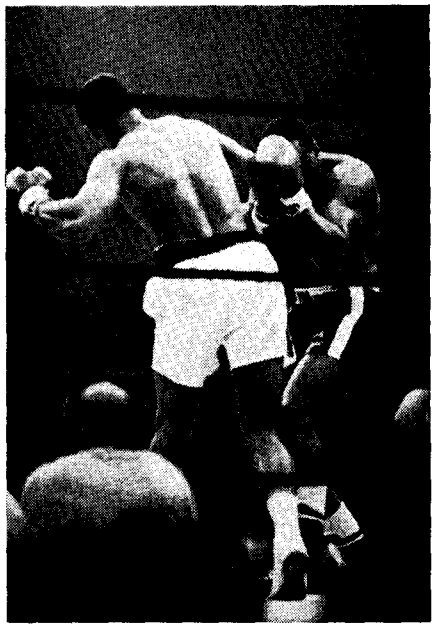
Here is the ultimate in the absurdity of trying to act as an agent for substituting one cultural mode for another. It is what Camus saw as absurd in modern man's attempt to exist among the confusion of values which is our popular culture. It is what Heraclitus meant many years ago when he observed that man is estranged from that with which he is most familiar and that he must continuously seek to rediscover it. It is what I suggest the artist can do if he does it with, rather than for, the poor.

If I were a Negro in Bedford-Stuyvesant or a Puerto Rican in East Harlem, I would not for one moment consider giving up my rich—if disadvantaged—culture for the lonely general culture. Oscar Lewis has done a brilliant job of showing how rich and comforting the culture of poverty can be, and repeatedly illustrates that what causes the disjunctures and the disharmonies is our attempt to tell the disadvantaged that they don't know what they are missing. One need only spend some time in the culture of poverty to realize that there is a cultural stimulation—in fact, it can be a source of uninhibited pleasure. But in this puritanical age we distrust pleasure because it suggests triviality. Just as learning which is fun is suspect, living *dolce far niente* is condemned unless you can afford it. Our world forces us to think clearly and logically, and to live as if we enjoy it, or it does not permit us to survive.

If the artist wants to act as an agent of social and cultural change he must work with and within the society and the culture he hopes to change. He, like the anthropologist, must become as much a part of it as he can and build from within rather than attempting to impose from without. And to do this we must understand—not appreciate, but understand—the present culture of poverty.

How well, for example, do we understand the culture of the American Negro? We have been looking at the Negro in this country for 300 years and yet we continue to see only what we want to see. And now he shows us only what we want to see. We see him, we hear him, we may even appreciate him as an artist, but we seldom if ever get a glimpse through the window of black culture in this country. Consider, for example, the simple fact that Negro entertainers, no matter how well established, no matter how successful, have developed the maddening knack of giving us only what we think we like to hear and see. Their real virtuosity is incredible, and yet they entertain us with a parody of what our popular culture really is. Listen carefully to Ella Fitzgerald or Pearl Bailey burlesquing a romantic ballad, or watch the Harlem Globetrotters buffoon and make a mockery of a game of basketball. They burlesque the Negro as an athlete but they also always manage to defeat their foil, an all-white team.

Negroes purvey our popular culture for the commodity it is. They know its cheapness, its unreality. Their persons having been sold, literally, in our society, they have some acquaintance with commercialism; they know how to sell, and are in a better position to learn what is not for sale. This is what Mahalia Jackson seems to mean in singing only spirituals, although she sings them with a jazz beat. As a veteran performer, the Negro is, in his very existence, the most sophisticated critic of our romanticism, our social etiquette, our ethics, our fashions, and our enthusiasms. He cannot even deceive himself completely when he becomes bourgeois; it is all too new. Negroes as performers add an extraordinary dimension to ordinary activities. Their involvement in the popular culture of today is not conscious and contrived but spontaneous and mimetic, issuing out of the ambivalent experience that every actor has of the act and of reality.



—Dan J. McCoy (Black Star).

The second Clay-Liston fight—"Two physically tremendous men put on an entertainment for a society in which they do not believe."

Stanley Diamond has illustrated the farcical Theater-of-the-Absurd quality of Negro involvement in the popular culture. He describes as follows that great cultural *double entendre*, the second heavyweight championship fight between Sonny Liston and Cassius Clay. First, both men are, in our cultural world, self-acknowledged professional outsiders, members of what one might call the "Establishment of the outside." Liston is an ex-convict and scofflaw. Clay (Muhammad Ali), the star performer, is a Black Muslim who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca and a celebrated trip to Africa. Like Liston, he is unschooled, although obviously clever, and manifestly rejects the white world. He even managed to fail the Draft Board intelligence test twice. Now, having refused induction into the Armed Services, he identifies increasingly with the racial as well as the religious objections to the draft.

Born in the South, Clay has successfully turned himself into an Aesopian, a fabulous character. His famous rhymes and manufactured rages against opponents have a bowdlerized folk quality. One senses a kind of reverse Uncle Remus in Clay's act. Each of his opponents has been characterized as an animal: Liston is a bear, Floyd Patterson, a rabbit. The characters fight among themselves but they always outwit the white man. Clay embraces them all and draws them into his fabled world, precisely because he, alone, in his exuberance, exposes the absurdity of their professional lives in white society. He can do this because he is young, rich, and has, by means of his new religion, apparently withdrawn from the phantom circle of statuses conferred by whites.

Liston simply plays it cool, speaking astringently and tersely when questioned, uninterested even in appearing interested in the conventional opinion of mankind. Both are champions—arrived, glorified puppets of the white crowd, but puppets who have learned to pull their own strings, each in his peculiar way.

The event began under a flood of extremely powerful and hot television lights and was over about two minutes later, with Clay knocking Liston out. So far as their behavior on stage was con-

(*Continued on page 74*)

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Voices in the Classroom

Autopsy for a Great Society

BY NOW it is hardly news to declare that something about the Great Society is sick, and that the disease isn't all money or Vietnam. From Washington come reassuring official words that the Administration has no intention of relenting on its programs in education and welfare—the Great Society marches on. But in the towns and cities a different message is being heard. There is a shortage of funds, budgets are cut, appropriations are uncertain. Recently the president of a large-city school board declared that "Mr. Johnson keeps reassuring us, and then we get these letters from the Office of Education explaining that there just isn't enough money."

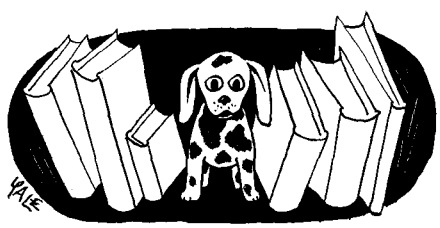
But clearly the problem is momentum as much as money, apathy as much as appropriations. In the cities, there is increasing backlash toward normalcy, toward political business as usual. Mayor Daley of Chicago is elected to a fourth term; Mrs. Louise Day Hicks, who as a member of the Boston School Committee became identified with the status quo in education and desegregation, is an announced candidate for mayor; New York's Republican Congressman Paul A. Fino, who last summer helped kill new federal efforts to stimulate school desegregation, becomes a vocal critic of the reforms of his fellow Republican, Mayor John Lindsay; and the civil rights movement, which prompted much of the Great Society program in the first place, is in disarray. In Washington, meanwhile, a group of Republicans are making efforts to convert categorical school aid (funds directed toward specific problems, and especially to the disadvantaged) into general aid allocated through the states.

These developments are, in some measure, separate events, and yet they share a mood of disenchantment, frustration, and fear. It may have been too much to hope that local politicians would tolerate programs in education and welfare that stimulated independent community political action—projects that threatened the social and political status quo. But was it also naïve to expect that the conscience of the comfortable could be sufficiently aroused to yield some special prerogatives and support the embryonic programs that promised to yield genuine social results? The essence of the Great Society was presumably not only money but a sense of direction and purpose. It is now fashionable—and probably correct—to say that the Vietnam war is draining money and energy from the domestic battle; but is it not just as accurate to say that if there were more concern for education, welfare, and equality in this country there would be more pressure to withdraw from Vietnam? In some respects the hot war in Southeast Asia has become a surrogate for the peaceful efforts at home.

The question is why, and here the rhetoric becomes ever more confusing. We now talk as if the programs and problems of the Great Society were short-range, part-time issues and the war overseas an indefinite effort that promises no end. Thus it is Vietnam that threatens to become a condition of modern life—an accepted fact of existence—while the far more pervasive and important issues of deprivation, education, and equality are relegated to the secondary ranges of the public conscience. The fact may be that we can more comfortably pursue the foreign war than to yield any special social or educational privileges at home. It may also be that the apparent simplicity of a foreign war can capture public interest in a manner that the murky issues of a war on poverty cannot.

Behind the shortage of federal money is a more frightening prospect that derives from the mixed frustrations of Vietnam and the Great Society. The political developments of recent months and declarations of such men as Congressman F. Edward Hébert of Louisiana, who wants to disregard the First Amendment in prosecuting critics of the war, may reflect a general drift to the right and a frustration with dissent and social action. It is not only people like Martin Luther King, Jr., who associate Vietnam with civil rights. These two issues are related in the incipient national mood of reaction.

But even if there were no Vietnam, there is a serious question about the limitations of any set of programs. It may be possible to do a little for many people or to do a great deal for a few, but will it ever be possible for the comfortable, established majority to tolerate significant gains for a large minority? Almost all existing programs presumed to do something for the poor or the disadvantaged without inconveniencing or threatening the middle-class majority: The chronic disability of the Great Society may well lie in the undemonstrated belief that people who are willing to spend a little money for the cause are also willing to give up the advantages they now enjoy over everyone else. The point of those suburban schools is not racial: it may not even be snobbery; it is to give the children of the local residents a head start on everyone else. They exist to keep things unequal. The irony of the Great Society programs is that their ability to survive may depend not so much on their success in raising the educational and social attainments of the disadvantaged as they do on their ability not to upset the status quo.



The enthusiasm and idealism of the initial thrust have been dissipated; the honeymoon is over, and the results are largely unimpressive. Some changes have been made (Head Start may be the best example), and in some areas a measure of hope has been restored. But poverty, deprivation, and miseducation are still with us, along with a growing reaction against all special programs, experiments, and innovations. The complaint against federal control is often rooted in a desire to use the additional funds to operate existing local programs as they have always operated, not to satisfy some agenda of national priorities for the poor or the disadvantaged.

What is gone from the Great Society is not the formal structure of the various programs (although many suffer from lack of money) but the willingness to make them successful. The President still believes they can work, that they have already started to work. But more and more they seem to be losing the support of their friends and suffering from the assaults of reaction. The country wants the federal money to ease the local tax burden, but it seems ever more doubtful that we will continue to use it for the special purposes toward which much of it was originally directed. Having broken the barriers to federal aid in the name of the poor, we now seem to be developing a growing appetite to get more of the cash ourselves. Ultimately, much of the money may go not to those who need it most, but to those who have the votes. If that occurs, the Great Society will become just another effort of, by, and for the middle class. The great question about the Great Society is whether we really wanted it in the first place.

—PETER SCHRAG.

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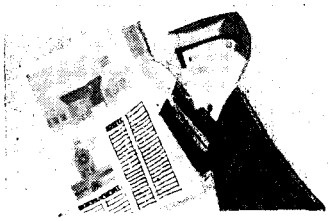
Schools Make News



Moving North

When Terry Sanford was governor of North Carolina, he set out to make the public schools the best in the South, on the theory that there's no progress without education. One of his projects was the North Carolina Advancement School, an experimental school to develop new methods and materials to help "underachievers"—students whose academic potential is greater than their achievement.

In the three years since its establishment, the school has worked with more than 2,000 eighth-grade boys from throughout the state, developed special materials to meet their problems, and last year began distributing some of these materials to the public schools.

This June the original funding plan for the school ends, and requests for continued financing from state sources met with little response. Governor Dan Moore requested no funds in his budget proposal. The state board of education offered to obtain funds but wanted the school placed under the control of the State Department of Public Instruction.

With little or no money, and the threat of state control, the Advancement School is closing its doors, and director Peter Buttenweiser and sixteen staff members are moving to Philadelphia, at the invitation of the city school board, to continue their work there. The backing no longer available in North Carolina will be sought in the urban North, and Philadelphia will now be the beneficiary of the school's innovations.

Courting Colleges

"Oh, we're just good friends," the couple protest. The couple in this case is a couple of institutions of higher education—Goucher College for women and Johns Hopkins University, which accepts only male undergraduates.

When word got out recently that the two Baltimore institutions were discussing ways of advancing "inter-institutional cooperation," visions of a Yale-Vassar type union appeared. But officials of both Hopkins and Goucher denied anything so drastic. Last January Yale and Vassar announced that they were studying plans for close cooperation that could involve moving Vassar from Poughkeepsie, New York, to Yale's campus in New Haven, Connecticut.

"That is a far more rigid and formalized program than we envision even at the wildest stages here," James Butler, director of public information at Johns Hopkins, told a Washington *Post* reporter. At most, all that is presently envisaged is an increased exchange of students and extended joint appointment of faculty.

Nevertheless, it is courting season among the colleges. A Princeton faculty committee has recommended that the university become coeducational. The Wesleyan University Board of Trustees reportedly has a subcommittee examining the possibilities of a co-educational or coordinate arrangement. Skidmore College for women is rumored to have received proposals like Vassar's much-publicized one; among the suitors named have been Dartmouth, Colgate, and Williams.

Vassar, still considering the possible merger with Yale, remains open to alternatives, including consideration of a coordinate college for men in Poughkeepsie. The Carnegie Corporation and the Ford Foundation have just announced grants of $160,000 each to assist the Yale-Vassar study.

Tinkering with the Ph.D.

A splashy announcement by the Ford Foundation and ten major universities across the nation has promised important reforms of Ph.D. programs in the humanities and social sciences. A total of $200 million ($41,500,000 from Ford, the rest from the universities and government sources) is to be spent over the next seven years mainly to increase the number of scholarships available during the final year when dissertations are written.

The extra money will help the candidates proceed to the degree with fewer of the disruptions, often for interim employment, that lead to long delays and many dropouts. At present, fewer than

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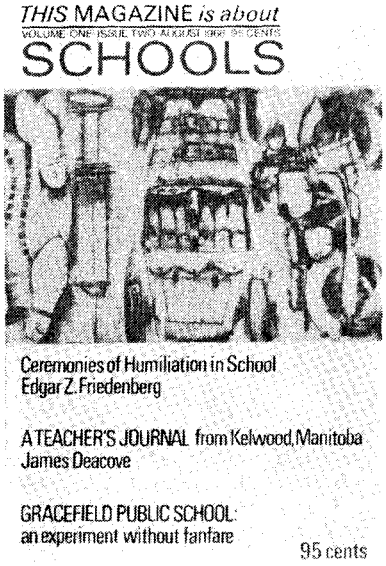
The title declares *This Magazine Is About Schools*—and sure enough it is, intimately, joyfully, critically, and hopefully so. *This Magazine* emanates from a "group of personal friends in Toronto" (teachers, social workers, and child-care workers) who care what happens to kids in schools and who believe that matters can be improved. They believe in humor, utopian experiments (including one of their own), and the ultimate salvation of the public school system.

They believe that teachers and students are persons, and that they are not always treated as such; that education has more to do with the quality of life than with training for jobs; and that the people who *know* are the people who are *there*. An interview with a high school student-boycott leader is as important as an article on emotionally disturbed children.

The editors take any path that will lead them to the heart of the matter—the mind of the young and the humanity which should inform young lives. They listen to Mario Montessori and A. S. Neill, Marshall McLuhan and Henry Miller. They know the sound of Bob Dylan as well as the theories of Edgar Friedenberg. That verboten subject of sex—so vital in the classroom, yet so crushed and ignored—is treated directly with rare sense and humor.



There are growing numbers of people who share these views, once seldom heard outside the small liberal-radical community. *This Magazine* is their magazine and aims to touch a wider public with an animation rare in the education field. It is clearly the work of amateurs—those who pursue their interests for love's sake, not gain. We recommend it to all professionals (teachers, administrators, professors, parents) in the hope that, if they do not become swingers, they will at least pick up the beat.

—Bonnie B. Stretch.

(*This Magazine Is About Schools*, P.O. Box 876, Terminal 'A,' Toronto 1, Ontario. $3 a year.)

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half the humanities and social science students who begin graduate work reach the doctorate degree; those who do take an average of seven and a half years (in contrast to five years for natural science students).

The promised reforms center on reducing the average Ph.D. program to four or five years and upgrading the ability of the candidates to teach at college level. The program injects badly needed funds into the humanities and social sciences, but it leaves the Ph.D. degree, with a few adjustments, essentially the same—the chief symbol of respectability in academia, the "union card" of higher education.

Columbia Drops Class Rank

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has dropped all class ranking of students, making it one of the first major institutions in the country to do so.

For years, despite mounting criticism, most major universities have maintained that class ranking was a necessary index of academic ability, especially for graduate schools. Most have held to that position even in the face of the Selective Service's use of rank as an index for draft deferment. A few institutions have bowed to pressures from students and faculty and agreed to withhold class standings from the draft boards, declaring that this presence of the Selective Service corrupts the student-teacher relationship and the basic academic process.

This was the position of Columbia's University Council—an advisory board composed of about forty faculty members and thirty administrators—when it requested that the trustees withhold class standings from the draft board. But the trustees' action went beyond the recommendation, partly in an effort to avoid "intrusion by the university into the political arena," yet with full cognizance of the "broader implication" of the new policy. The trustees declared that "from a practical standpoint no hardship would be imposed upon individual students by the discontinuance of the maintenance of class standing for any purpose by the university."

This position by a leading Ivy League institution may open the way for others, also, to abandon a practice held by many to be inimical to the pursuit of knowledge.

They Said It

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE Robert S. McNamara, describing a Defense Department program for the low-aptitude trainee: "Clearly, the way to measure his 'aptitude' is to place him in a situation that offers the encouragement he has never had before. That means a good teacher and a good course of instruction, well supported by self-paced audio-visual aids. It also means less formal, classroom, theoretical instruction, and more practical on-the-job training. Under these conditions, the so-called low-aptitude student can succeed."

SENATOR J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT, speaking before a meeting of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions: "There are great mutual benefits in relations between the universities and government, but when the relationship becomes too close, too extensive, and too highly valued by the universities, the higher functions of the university are in danger of being compromised. . . . [Government connections] are not harmful, but when they become primary areas of activity, when they become the major source of the university's revenue and the major source of the scholar's prestige, then the 'teaching of things in perspective' is likely to be neglected and the universality of the university compromised. The harm, in short, lies less in what is done in relation to the government than in what is neglected as a result of it."

Notes

TENNESSEE has at last repealed its forty-two-year-old "monkey law" forbidding the teaching of evolution in public schools. It is the same law which sparked the famous Scopes trial of 1925. The statute was struck under the threat of another such trial when a high school science teacher challenged the law's constitutionality. . . . Most school districts of Texas continue to conduct religious exercises in school, despite the U.S. Supreme Court rulings against such practices, according to the Texas Council of Churches. No one protests, so no case has been brought to court. . . .

Draft tests for college students next fall have been cancelled while the broader question of student deferment is under study. . . . The National Student Association (NSA) has expanded its ranks, despite the exposé last fall of its covert connections with the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. Twenty colleges and universities have joined; only two dropped out. At the time of the exposure, many predicted it would mark the demise of the NSA. . . .

A group of Cincinnati parents have taken the question of de facto segregation to the Supreme Court. Three times—in 1961, 1964, and 1965—the high court has passed up cases testing de facto segregation, leaving the situation to local school officials. It has not yet declared whether it will take the Cincinnati case. . . . Students at Howard University are planning a National Student Political Union of Negro students. With a grant from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference they hope to set up chapters around the country at predominantly Negro colleges and other institutions having large numbers of Negro students. The position paper stresses the need for Negroes to "move from protest to politics." The Union will operate independently of other organizations, including SCLC. . . . Most middle-class parents plan to send their children to four-year colleges; they know how much it will probably cost—and yet have no savings plan to pay for it, according to a survey of families in five cities across the country. The study, published in the spring *College Board Review*, found that parents greatly overestimate the amount of financial aid available.

Secretary Robert S. McNamara—advice for teachers.

—*Photos by Wide World.*

Senator J. William Fulbright—a warning to the universities.

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The Humanity of Desegregation

Children of Crisis: A Study of Courage and Fear, *by Robert Coles (Atlantic-Little Brown, 401 pp., $8.50), searches for the roots of prejudice, fear, and courage and analyzes the individual's response to social change, as seen in the Southern civil rights movement. The reviewer is professor of English at Teachers College, Columbia University, and editor of the Teachers College Record.*

By MAXINE GREENE

THERE WAS a time when the faces of the marching Birmingham children confronted us daily, when the Freedom Schools were front-page news, when men and women in Northern living rooms ached to join hands with demonstrators on the streets of Southern towns. The great simplicities of those days have dimmed as the demand for freedom has merged with far more complex economic demands. The radiant images of those days have already receded into what seems to be a distant past. Receding, they have exposed a realm of ambiguities; and, again, there is the danger of a denial and indifference, a distancing which may cause us to forget.

It is this possibility that makes Robert Coles's important book such a welcome event, for it is a book which enables us to confront those moments in our recent history in the deepest human sense. *Children of Crisis* has to do with human beings, children and adults, and with the diverse ways in which they responded—as individuals, as private persons—to the stresses of desegregation in the South.

Moreover, the book is a kind of personal testament offered by a man who is not only a writer but a physician, a psychiatrist *engagé* who has had to choose himself as participant *and* observer, practitioner *and* theorist, in order to communicate what he has felt, listened to, seen, and learned during his eight years in the South. In his chapter on "The Protesters," Dr. Coles makes a characteristic disclaimer, insisting that he is not "an expert on the general subject of activist youths," that he is offering "no psychiatric or psychological generalizations" about what he has found.

His intent in presenting the young activists (as well as the little Negro children and the white people who howled at them when they entered the schools) was "to make them as individuals come alive." Whatever illumination his presentation makes possible, he tells us, "has come from the success with which the truth of their particular experience is revealed . . . ." For this reviewer, the success is enormous; the light shed is the kind of light which combats invisibility—and which may cure blindness as well.

Significantly, the book begins with an account of the writer's own "blindness" when he was doing his military service at an Air Force hospital in Mississippi. An accidental confrontation with a civil rights sit-in jolted him, he writes, into awareness of a collapsing way of life, and he began to *see* what he had never discerned before. It was this seeing that led, in time, to his becoming a kind of wandering scholar in the South, a researcher carrying a tape recorder from migrant camp to sharecropper's cabin, from city to city—an observer, a questioner, and at length a witness. For eight years he attended to, recorded, and reported upon what was happening to quite "ordinary" people, Negro and white, as they were overtaken by cataclysmic change.

They were "ordinary," but each one was an individual. No one of them, therefore, could be adequately explained in terms of his inner drives and conflicts, by his family situation, by the historic moment in which he lived, by his class, caste, environment, or even by his color. Coles has worked, he says, in "a borderland territory of medicine, psychiatry, anthropology, history, and political science" with the objective of examining "the relationship between individual lives and the life of a nation—where a crisis has come upon both." Although he recognizes the importance of the arbitrary separations required by the use of specialists' categories and has, indeed, presented clinical papers to colleagues in his own specialty, he also knows that the life of an individual can never be encompassed or understood by means of cosmic generalizations.

AND here he follows the seminal thinking of the psychologist Erik Erikson, whose *Young Man Luther* has been the exemplary work in Coles's "borderland territory." To understand something about the growth of identity, Erikson has suggested, "it would be well to trace its development through the life histories or through significant life episodes of 'ordinary' individuals—

—*Wide World.*

Little Rock Central High School, 1957—" 'ordinary' people, Negro and white, overtaken by cataclysmic change."

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individuals whose lives have neither become professional autobiographies . . . nor case histories . . . ." This is what Coles has successfully done in a dimension of American experience uniquely overladen with abstractions, stereotypes, labels of all kinds. Most obvious, of course, is the overwhelming word "Negro," which explains so little and obscures an entire universe of individuality. There are phrases like "the Negro family," which is challenged, tested, and particularized by so many voices in this book. There are slogans like "black power"—and more acceptable ones like "cultural disadvantage." And behind such words and phrases, invisible because of them, there are the infinitely diverse lives of persons.

CONFRONTING these lives (which are not "case histories"), Coles could not be a detached clinician. The detached observer inevitably treats those he is observing as "objects," at least part of the time, or perhaps as "subject matter." Coles addressed the people with whom he talked as "subjects"; doing so, he himself remained a person, encountering not clients, not patients, but his fellow creatures in a world that pressed upon them all.

This is why the pages of *Children of Crisis* are as alive with vital human characters as a novel. Coles has made full use of his tapes and permitted many of those he encountered to speak with their own voices, but he explains initially that he edited and shaped the materials on those tapes, that he wove "together fragments and cut away at long monologues or dialogues." This makes his work distinctively different from that of Oscar Lewis, whose *Children of Sanchez* and *La Vida,* among other works, are largely constructed of continuous taped material. One reason for the difference is that Coles has been involved with clarifying a particular issue: the impact of national crisis on individual lives, while Lewis has been concerned with rendering, frequently for its own sake, a slice of life in the "culture of poverty." It seems to me that Coles's material makes a far more immediate, more authentic impact; and the reason may be that here the interviewer, with his own self-doubt and commitment and *human-ness*, is present through it all.

Present, too, with sometimes painful immediacy, are the children and their elders who lived through the crisis of desegregation in the South. There is six-year-old Ruby, who had to brave the shrieking mobs when she desegregated the school in New Orleans. ("Is it *only* my skin?" she asked when she was afraid to eat because some woman threatened her repeatedly with poisoning.) Ruby at first communicates what she feels by means of crayon drawings, a number of which are reproduced. No one who sees them will soon forget the drawing of Ruby "by Ruby" with her distorted ear and deformed limbs; nor will he forget the taller, brighter, fully formed white children portrayed by both Ruby and Johnnie, who had been taught the lessons of powerlessness and "difference" since their earliest childhood, who wondered incessantly *why* they were not white.

It is terrible to confront the damage done to a child's sense of himself by a discriminatory social system, but Coles does not permit his readers to take refuge in either-ors or in social determinist explanations. He reveals something, too, of the pathos of the obese, weary, despairing woman who used the opportunity provided by civic disorder and mob action to vent her own frustrations on Ruby. Yet she, too, is described as "ordinary," someone who might have lived out her poor disappointing life without doing harm, if not for what Bruno Bettelheim (quoted by Coles) called the "outlets for the discharge of hostility" provided, in this case, by uncaring sheriffs, police who only pretended to do their duty, city officials who only apparently obeyed the federal laws.

There are others, many others. Some, for reasons neither psychoanalyst nor sociologist can fully explain, dare to rise to heights of courage and dignity; others withdraw, ignore what is happening, or indulge in hate—desperate, soul-searing hate. There is Tessie's fearless grandmother, who felt she had no choice but to confront the terror and struggle to "get our rights." (Tessie's mother agreed but cried too easily to run the gamut of the mobs each day.) There is the "good" Atlanta schoolteacher who was forced to confront her own irrationality about the Negro when she was studying in New York—and who later deliberately chose to teach a desegregated class; and there is the proud Negro teacher who was indignant because "our work as leaders is being ignored."

—*Wide World.*

Negro students en route to Grenada High School are protected by Mississippi highway patrolmen under federal injunction (1966) —"fellow creatures in a world that pressed upon them all."

We meet a great diversity of young people: the Chicago slum youth with the pathetically addicted brother; the boy who was released from purposelessness in the Northern streets and who found himself as an activist in Mississippi; the Ivy League college youngster who had to battle his middle-class parents in order to join the Freedom Summer but who felt, nevertheless, lonely and conflicted until the very moment of his departure from the South; and the segregationist young who pursued "white and shadowless" lives. We meet an elderly gentlelady on a Mississippi plantation who cannot herself explain her integrationist stand; we meet the storekeeper who stoutly fights off civil rights demonstrators until he finds that he cannot continue doing business (after all, the most important thing) unless he gives in. Each of these people is creating himself as he deals with history. What he creates, the identity he achieves, will depend upon the resources summoned up in him—the strengths and, yes, the weaknesses—by a moment of crisis that is shared.

So, when one closes Robert Coles's book, one is struck again by the wonder of human diversity, endurance, and flexibility. But if that were all, one might as well turn to the work of the great novelists—William Faulkner, Leo Tolstoy, Joseph Conrad, those Coles himself so often turns to and so deeply loves. It is not all, however, and a distinctive light has been shed on our recent history. The hope lies in political and social changes, in, perhaps, the education which may make such changes possible. Human diversity will remain, as will human passion and the potential for destructiveness. We may yet be able to shape a world which shuts off the outlets for some of the destructiveness, which opens more channels for expressiveness, self-affirmation, seeking, and love. This book may contribute to the shaping. It brings us close. It makes us *see*.

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Identity Crisis in the Catholic College

The Shape of Catholic Higher Education, *edited by Robert Hassenger, with a foreword by David Riesman (University of Chicago Press, 378 pp., $8.95), is a collection of essays by young Catholic intellectuals, analyzing the major criticism and the diverse aspects of Catholic higher education today. The reviewer was religious news editor of The New York Times and is now editor-in-chief of The Center Magazine, a forthcoming publication of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.*

By JOHN COGLEY

THE IMPRESSION left by these essays—the most informative of which were prepared by the editor, a Notre Dame sociologist—is that Catholic higher education simply has no identifiable shape. As Christopher Jencks and David Riesman pointed out in a recent issue of *The Public Interest*, Catholic colleges and universities "vary not only in the locality they serve, but in sex, ethnic origins, social class, and the occupational ambitions of their students, and in their academic standards, cultural styles, ideological commitments, and cultural emphases. . . . the Church's overall system of higher education manifests a degree of pluralism verging on anarchy. . . ."

Still, there has always been something distinctive about a college or university that calls itself Catholic. Philip Gleason, another Notre Dame professor, in putting the essays into a historical perspective, enumerates three areas where Catholic institutions have varied from the norms prevailing in American education.

First, the students and their teachers came from groups who were different from other college-educated Americans in significant ways. Second, the organization and administrative structures of the Catholic schools varied importantly from those in force elsewhere. Third, the ideological differences were significant: The philosophical ideas, religious beliefs, and social attitudes of Catholic educators were, and still are, often at odds with those held by others. In trying to understand the crisis now facing American Catholic higher education it is helpful to keep these factors in mind. For all three have been changing rapidly.

By and large, American Catholics came from immigrant peasant backgrounds. In their homes the life of the mind was not highly valued; there was no intellectual tradition to sustain families passing through the difficult process of assimilation to urban Americanization, and the drive for security was almost always stronger than the desire for cultural achievement. The Catholic student of the past worked under all these handicaps, and as often as not the college he attended reflected the same insecurities. Today, Gleason reports, the American Catholic community has very nearly completed its social adjustment: The family background of the present collegian at Fordham or Notre Dame is not notably different from that of the student at NYU or Purdue, in occupation, wealth, or status. For the first time, then, the Catholic colleges are dealing with fully Americanized students and the institutions themselves are being drawn into the mainstream of educational life.

Until the postwar period, Catholic colleges and universities were predominantly, sometimes oppressively, clerical institutions. Most were conducted by religious orders of priests, brothers, or nuns. The orders had to call upon the services of laymen, but the lay professors in the main were forced to adjust to rigid nonacademic controls set by the superiors of the order in charge. The hierarchical mindset dominated; the give and take of professional independence was conspicuously absent; procedures originally developed to maintain monastic discipline were impenitently transmitted to the academy.

Today, in many Catholic institutions, especially the larger ones, the lay faculty far outnumbers the clerical. Some of the clergy, influenced by the standards upheld in the secular universities where they did graduate work, are demanding for themselves and their lay colleagues privileges long taken for granted by academics in nonreligious schools. The recent strike at the Catholic University of America over the high-handed firing of Father Charles Curran was a vivid illustration of a new insistence on upholding normal academic procedures. The earlier uproar at St. John's University, which is discussed in this volume by John Leo of *The New York Times*, is another.

Finally, there is the changeover from institutions primarily designed to preserve or promote the religious faith of its students to centers of scholarship where piety is no longer accepted as a substitute for academic achievement. Theology still holds a pivotal place in the changing Catholic school, but the theological scope has been notably broadened from the rigid "orthodoxy" of the past; the autonomy of other disciplines is being ever more widely accepted. Seminary-like regulations enforcing mass attendance and other religious observances are being dropped. Students are no longer content to receive, and more and more of their teachers are no longer content to give them, the cut-and-dried answers provided by the theological manuals that not long ago had all the "answers." In their attitudes toward religion itself Catholic collegians are approximating the variety of views found on secular campuses.

As this volume makes clear, the predominant trend in Catholic educational institutions is toward a greater emphasis on professional standards, declericalization, adaptation to the demands of modernity, and wider academic freedom. Where this movement is being repelled by ecclesiastical authority, as a number of case studies indicate, more troubles are brewing. Until the adjustments to the new situation are made, it seems easily predictable that there will be more explosions of the kind that erupted at St. John's and the Catholic University of America.

Mr. Hassenger and his associates, employing the tools of social science and high-level journalism, indicate that most of the almost 300 Catholic institutions of higher learning in America are rethinking their mission and purpose more conscientiously than most educators are wont to do. Those that are not seem doomed.

Today "Catholic higher education" means schools that range from the very bad to some of the best second-rate universities in the nation. For all of them, the secularizing, modernizing process seems inevitable. It would be comforting to believe that in reassessing their role they could somehow manage to absorb the good things in secular education they have heretofore lacked without repeating all its inanity and folly. But perhaps that is asking too much of people caught up in a massive identity crisis.

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Education Letters

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tion which compels Negroes or any other ethnic group to live in a designated or "ghetto" part of the city. The fact that Negroes or other ethnic groups congregate in a particular neighborhood to the exclusion of all or most others does not meet the definition of segregation. Neither does the labeling of "de facto" by Negro rabble rousers nor its acceptance by some whites extend the definition or make it a fact.

"Ghettos," in Northern cities particularly, are the result of slovenly inhabitants who have no sense of responsibility to themselves, their homes, their communities, or their country. They respect nothing except force, which accounts for the excessive crime rates prevalent therein. School property is vandalized to a greater extent in Negro neighborhoods than anywhere else. School teachers are assaulted daily, but the records do not reflect this fact. Police officers assigned to Negro schools can attest to it. Newspapers only report the killings of teachers or major assaultings that can't be suppressed. The Remsbergs have not presented this side of the story of Chicago's Board of Education.

JOHN F. MOLLAN, JR.

Forest Park, Ill.

I HAVE LIVED in Chicago since I was born in 1914, and attended the public schools, as did my children. I know many teachers in the schools now, as well as some who are in specialized or supervisory departments. They do not agree with the Remsbergs.

Chicago schools lack teachers because teachers want to teach, not to be disciplinarians. Boycotts and increasing militancy will not make children want to learn. Integration in schools will not make children respect authority. Why don't our critics say that parents create the attitude before the child is ready to attend school?

The Remsberg article is not going to help anything. Fewer white children attend Chicago public schools all the time. Negroes should not object to associating with one another. Other groups have never complained about going to schools made up of all one nationality. If people like to be surrounded by their kinfolk, it should be permissible. That does not prevent their education.

Mayor Daley was elected not because of political power. He was endorsed by the press, including Republican press throughout the nation, not because of his political power. He has that power because of his record, which is one of honesty, accomplishment, and efficiency. Mr. Willis was not invited to assist school systems in other cities because he was damaging to Chicago public schools.

MRS. LEO L. HOFFMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

THE REMSBERGS' contribution should not be dismissed simply because the piece itself is vicious and extravagant. At last I have some comprehension of what Benjamin Willis had to contend with. The current operational problems confronting big-city school administrators are probably without genuine parallel anywhere today—swollen school populations, outrageously obsolete facilities, inadequate professional staff, rapidly changing educational objectives and methodology, insufficient funds, and all the rest. That they can run the systems at all is incredible. To now ask, much less try to compel, these people to execute controversial and incompetent schemes for achieving worthy but extracurricular social objectives is just too much.

WILLIAM W. HARTNEY.

Clifton, N.J.

IN YOUR ARTICLE by Charles and Bonnie Remsberg, it was stated: "Unlike larger counterparts, for instance, Norwood Park High School on the far Northwest Side offers no foreign language or art instruction."

Norwood Park is the branch of William Howard Taft High School. We have an excellent language department – Spanish, French, and German being offered. We not only have beginning classes, but have honors classes in French and Spanish, which are continuations of language study in the elementary grades. We also have an extra program of Russian for all interested students.

MRS. R. J. BENNETT,
Chairman,
Foreign Language Department,
William Howard Taft High School,
Norwood Park Branch.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Remsbergs reply that apologies are due the Norwood Park branch of Taft High School. The school to which they wished to refer was the Norwood Park Elementary School. This correction should have been made in the original manuscript but unintentionally was allowed to remain. According to the Remsbergs, the charge against the elementary school was made by Mrs. Henry H. Zielinsky, president of the school's PTA, who complained at school board public hearings that Chicago's Northwest Side residents were forgotten citizens.*

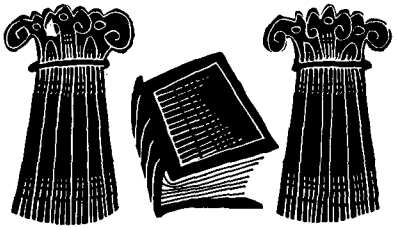
Free College for All?

I WAS INTERESTED in and sympathetic with Paul Woodring's editorial, "Who Should Pay for Higher Education?" [*SR*, May 20], concerning free education in public universities for students without sufficient means. I suggest the following compromise: Charge the student tuition, but let the federal government make interest-free or low-interest loans to students in need, and let the student repay the loan by means of a graduated surtax added to his federal income tax.

TERRELL L. HILL,
Professor of Chemistry,
University of Oregon.

Eugene, Oreg.

THE REALITY of public higher education is that, even with the present minimal charges, many good students must drop out of college for lack of funds, since they are unable to cover their basic living costs and assume the heavy study loads without outside help. A recent high-level study in California, which was the basis of the tuition recommendation, discovered that this fact coexisted with the fact that most college students are from higher- and middle-income families (the same levels as students at private universities).



By making available large amounts of funds directly for a major expansion of the scholarship program, tuition would be a giant step toward reducing the tragic waste of the financially disadvantaged, good student (with the money essentially coming from beneficiaries who can also afford to pay).

JAMES H. CONOLE.

San Francisco, Calif.

THE IDEA that more college subsidization will promote "the American dream of equal opportunity" is more myth than fact. College is still essentially a middle-class activity and no program under serious consideration for the foreseeable future is going to change that. As more degrees come off the printing presses and the number of jobs requiring a degree (or degrees) consequently increases, those at the bottom of the economic pyramid will find themselves increasingly sealed off from opportunity—in the name of the American dream!

THOMAS SOWELL,
Cornell University.

Ithaca, N.Y.

Unspanked Generation

THE VOICE of the unspanked generation as put forth by Carl Oglesby in the "The Spanked and the Unspanked" [*SR*, May 20] is encouraging. A serious search for America's meaning is always worthwhile; echoes of the Declaration of Independence and Tom Paine always are worth hearing.

Unfortunately, the status quo against which the "new student generation" protests was not invented by the over-thirty generation, nor could we change it if, after listening to young reason, we joined wholeheartedly into the protest.

As a ten-year veteran of the anti-war movement (now known as the anti-Vietnam war movement), it seems to me that protest per se never really changed much of anything. What genuine social change we have seen seems to have come from positive programs toward positive, practical goals.

Never mind them not trusting *us*. If the new unspanked can translate their socially meaningful ideas into a movement toward positive, practical goals, we over-thirty types will trust *them*.

MARIAN MARTIN.

Tucson, Ariz.

THE MAIN DIFFICULTY with youthful activists, including Oglesby, is that they offer no replacement for what they want to tear down. Instead of stringing words together in a dramatic but fuzzy fashion, Mr. Oglesby might offer us some practical suggestions on how to make our world a better place for all.

ROSS EADY.

La Mesa, Calif.

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Fordham University

Continued from page 54

lin, a Jew and former dean of teacher education at City University of New York, will initiate next fall a completely new teacher education program geared specifically to preparing teachers for urban schools. Operating in close cooperation with schools in the city, the program will offer prospective teachers on-the-job training very early in their careers. Students will learn that education is a social as well as an intellectual process and, in cooperation with the school of Social Service, will learn to work with the wide variety of individuals and subcultures that are found in urban schools.

In similar fashion, the School of Social Service, under the direction of its new dean, James R. Dumpson, former welfare commissioner of New York City, a Negro, will fashion its new program to train more effective workers for the many local, state, and national programs operating in our cities. And Fordham Law School, in conjunction with the New York Legal Aid Society, this past spring initiated a program to train law students to work with the poor.

The Liberal Arts College at Lincoln Center will focus its interest on the city student, and "will exercise a special predilection for the talented poor." Many resources in the schools and the community will be used to identify prospective students and they will be chosen through ordinary college entrance selection procedures, with the addition of a nonverbal test to identify intelligence, as well as a special verbal test. When a talented student displays serious verbal disabilities, an attempt will be made to increase his verbal capacity through remedial work.

Freedom for student and teacher will fall somewhere between the traditionally structured pattern of the Rose Hill liberal arts colleges and the totally unstructured Experimental College. There will be no "required" curriculum, in the usual sense, but there will be a core of study around which the student will be "expected" to build his course, and his faculty advisor will "urge" him in this direction. Advisor and student will, however, enjoy great freedom in working out a reasonable course of study.

A special feature of the Liberal Arts College will be its attempt to use "every resource and cultural advantage of the city to strengthen its educational effort." The practicing artist, for instance, will be asked to help the beginning art student, and "the complexity of urban life will be studied first hand" by students of sociology and social welfare. The program will not, however, be tailored to provide preprofessional training or to prepare students specifically for graduate school.

The university's ambitious plans for Lincoln Center, if they all come to fruition, promise radical changes in the nature of the institution. Obviously, some proposed programs run counter to strong trends in higher education today; others are exploring completely new approaches to education. All, in one way or another, are planned to serve the "new immigrant" of the inner city (the Negro and Puerto Rican) in the same way that Fordham has served the Irish and Italians in the past.

Prime instigator of Fordham's revolution is the university's fifty-four-year-old precedent-setting president and rector, Father Leo McLaughlin. A vigorous, intense, and imaginative man who laughs easily, he lacks the smooth public manner of many college presidents, but radiates a sense of restrained personal warmth. A native New Yorker, he studied at a number of institutions in the United States, and received his bachelor of arts degree from Georgetown University before earning his Docteur ès-Lettres at the University of Paris in 1950. Returning to the United States, he came to Fordham for the first time and became dean of Fordham College in 1953, where he remained until 1959. After leaving to become dean, and later president of St. Peter's College in Jersey City, he returned as Fordham's president in the fall of 1965.

SHORTLY after taking over his new responsibilities he gave notice that new horizons were beckoning the university. Three dozen Jesuits, many of them old-timers, were assigned to positions elsewhere, and the rule governing retirement at age sixty-five was strictly enforced—in contrast to past practice. Younger men—at least younger in spirit—were sought out, both in and out of the university, and were moved into positions of authority. Today, none of the six vice presidents, three of whom are laymen, has yet occupied his position for a full two years.

Personnel changes, however, were only the beginning. "For many years we shut out the world," one top administrator says, "and that made for inbreeding. Now our doors are wide open and we're reaching out to bring in new blood, new ideas, and new ways of looking at education. Father McLaughlin is always trying something different. I don't always agree with the things he does, but it's great to go to him with an idea. He listens and then says, 'I don't know whether it will work—but why don't you try it?'"

But an institution that is on the move must also tap new sources of support. In the past Fordham's in-town schools and colleges have usually turned a modest profit, but operating at the new Lincoln Center campus will be more expensive. A commuter institution with only a limited number of wealthy alumni, Fordham has begun to receive some substantial support from New York's business and financial community. But much more is needed if the vision of a new Fordham is to become a reality. "If we're good enough we'll get it," Father McLaughlin says. "We have to operate on faith, so we can afford to be irrational—but we can't afford to be foolish!"

A number of leading Catholic colleges and universities have, in the past few months, moved to divest themselves of ecclesiastical control. Webster College in St. Louis recently renounced its ties to the Sisters of Loretto and became completely secular in ownership and control. St. Louis University and Notre Dame turned over ownership of their institutions to mixed boards of trustees in which laymen were in the majority. In each case, however, the president will continue to be a member of the founding religious order, and control over changes in the charter or by-laws of the institution also remains in the hands of the religious.

Fordham has moved somewhat more slowly in the same direction, but appears ready eventually to go rather further in placing the future of the institution in the hands of a lay-dominated board. (Father McLaughlin has said repeatedly that he may well be the last Jesuit president of Fordham, and adds that, given the uncertain financial future of private universities, Fordham may cease to be a Jesuit institution in the next fifteen or twenty years.)

Owned and governed by a nine-member Board of Jesuit Trustees, of which the president of the university is chairman, Fordham also has a thirty-two-member Advisory Board of Lay Trustees. Although legal responsibility for the university remains with the Jesuit Trustees, since last September the university has been governed by the combined boards, under the lay chairman, and all decisions have been made by majority vote. Meanwhile, the effort

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continues to work out the legal and financial problems of turning ownership and control of the university over to the combined lay-Jesuit board. (Among the many issues that must be taken into account is the value of "contributed services" by Jesuit teachers which totals $400,000 to $500,000 annually.)

While Fordham is reaching out for greater freedom, it is unlikely that it will, in the foreseeable future, follow the precedent of Protestant universities that have moved far from their religious origins. These institutions reflected the gradual secularization of a dominant culture of which they were very much a part. An institution that has devoted itself for more than a century and a quarter to defending the faith in an often inhospitable culture is not likely to find it easy to shed its "siege mentality." Fordham fully expects the "Jesuit presence" to endure on campus. Yet once the doors are opened to the secular world, and to members of other faiths, an irreversible process is set in motion, and the end cannot be clearly seen. The university's leaders, nevertheless, contemplate the prospect with admirable calm.

This past year, for the first time, courses on religions other than Catholicism were offered undergraduates. A Methodist clergyman, the Reverend Robert C. Neville, has been teaching in the Department of Philosophy since 1965. Rabbi Irwin M. Blank has spent the past year on campus as visiting lecturer in Judaism, and a Lutheran clergyman, the Reverend Robert L. Wilken, will join Fordham's faculty in the fall as a professor of patristic theology. A cooperative program with Union Theological Seminary, for the exchange of faculty and graduate students, was initiated in February of 1966.

Meanwhile, a growing number of undergraduates, especially residential students, are testing the bounds of freedom by declaring that they are no longer "practicing Catholics." (A commuting student says, "You know, when you get up on Sunday morning and your mother tells you to go to mass, you do it whether it means anything or not.") The response of faculty and administration is that faith that hasn't been tested by knowledge and personal experience is not worthy of the name. "Deliver us," said one top administrator shortly, "from a *lumpen Katholik*!" Yet the hope is that after most students have traversed the first stage of doubt, and then progressed to active anti-clericalism, they will "put the pieces back together" for themselves and arrive at a sound and enduring faith.

It is clear that profound changes are taking place at Fordham. There is little doubt that as the university looks outward rather than inward it will perform vital services for the Greater New York community, and possibly for the nation. Whether it, or any American Catholic institution, can become a great university is less clear. The basic issue is freedom to follow truth wherever it may lead. The restricting hand of the Church has placed severe limits on Catholic scholars in the past—even the recent past—as they sought to explore crucial areas of faith and doctrine. Yet it is true that a new spirit exists today. The Reverend Timothy S. Healy, Fordham's Oxford-educated executive vice president, says, "It's hard for most people to realize what a difference Vatican II made—how many doors it opened." And it is possible that Fordham has been more profoundly affected than any other institution by the winds of change that are sweeping the Catholic world. Yet the rhetoric of academic freedom rings differently in Catholic and non-Catholic ears.

Father Healy, discussing Catholic higher education in an address before the National Catholic Education Association this past spring, asserted "We are free. . . . In many ways our freedom can be measured precisely by our religious commitment. First of all, it frees us from noncommitment, which has erected itself into an orthodoxy in academic America that would have warmed the hearts of our inquisitorial ancestors. . . . Having even a pretense of theology, we are saved from absolute physics, absolute art, absolute biology, absolute sociology—even from absolute athletics."

But such a statement, for all its satisfying reassurance to the committed, seems to the non-Catholic to avoid the issue. Certainly, a theology of science can be as restrictive as a theology of religion—even though its revelation may be derived by the scientific method. Authoritarian teaching and uncritical learning may occur in any institution—and they are bad wherever they are found. The problem is more subtle.

As individuals, we all live by faith, whether secular or religious, and our view of reality is colored by the nature of our commitments. Freedom is also qualified in some degree for every institution by its constituency—whether it is a state university answerable to the legislature; an independent institution that must answer to its board of trustees; or a church-related university that is committed to a particular faith. But on every Catholic campus there are two lines of authority—the academic and the religious. Even when the university frees itself from legal control by the Society of Jesus, the Catholic presence and spiritual commitment it represents will remain. Major Catholic universities have developed in Europe in the secure environment afforded by predominantly Catholic cultures. It remains to be seen whether it is also possible for faith to allow scholarship the requisite freedom in a pluralistic society.

If it is possible, the odds are good that it will happen at Fordham.

"She almost drowned, sir."

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The Reluctant Dragon

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still in the planning stages. Under resolutions passed last summer, they are to merge by the annual convention next month in Minneapolis, unless the executive committee is convinced that they are working toward the merger in good faith.

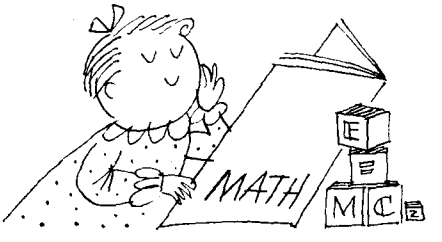
By concentrating more on teacher welfare than on educational change, the NEA probably is giving its members what they most desire. Even if they wanted more innovation from their professional association, the sheer size and structure of the NEA would make rapid movement difficult. The NEA is comprised of sixty-three state and 8,511 local affiliates which send delegates to the annual summer convention, where the 6,778-member General Assembly adopts policy resolutions which frequently are gelatinous at best: "The public school system is not expendable." Or, "The seeking of consensus and mutual agreement on a professional basis should preclude the arbitrary exercise of unilateral action by boards of education, administration, or teachers."

The real action of the NEA is carried out in its eight-story, $11,000,000 headquarters just four blocks up 16th Street from the White House. There, in a maze of conflicting interests, the association houses its thirty-three departments (among them art education, driver education, vocational education), eighteen headquarters divisions (accounts, *NEA Journal*, research), and twenty-five commissions and committees (credit unions, safety, teacher retirement). Heading this vast structure is an executive secretary whose job, until recently, was probably the most powerful in American public education. At a time when the United States Office of Education was virtually an NEA affiliate, and when USOE staff members regularly called the NEA for information and directions, the executive secretary was in fact the unofficial United States Commissioner of Education.

For the past fourteen years this job has been held by William G. Carr, a sixty-six-year-old, English-born former researcher, who is now often regarded as a man of an earlier age. Under his leadership the NEA adopted policies of restraint and caution, of much hand-wringing about the public good while the AFT was organizing teachers and listening to cries from the ghettoes. During recent campaigns against the AFT, some local NEA affiliates have tried to keep Carr out of their territory.

Carr's four-year contract was to expire in 1968 but last fall he decided to retire as soon as possible. In March, the NEA trustees selected Sam M. Lambert, assistant executive secretary for information services (public relations), as Carr's successor. Lambert, a fifty-three-year-old native of Canebrake, West Virginia, has been with the NEA for seventeen years. In a recent interview in his office, sitting under a sign proclaiming THE BIG CHEESE, Lambert did not appear likely to rock the NEA off dead center when he assumes his new duties. He talked imprecisely of the "need to develop ideas" and expressed defensiveness about his $50,000 salary (Harold Howe II, United States Commissioner of Education, makes $26,000). Lambert also commented that many people have drawn a distinction between "the older people" and "the new breed" in the NEA hierarchy. "I guess I'm not classified with either group," he said. "I'm more a young buck. I'm more frequently classified with the young hell-raising group than with the others."

Lambert's selection, however, was far from a victory for the handful of activists in the NEA. Their candidate, Dr. Cecil J. Hannan, assistant executive secretary for professional development and welfare, was probably considered



too young (forty-one) or too critical for the top job. He certainly does not fit into the white-on-white mold. "Our leadership is just beginning to change," he said recently: "We can just hear the creaks and groanings of change around here. We have had a status quo leadership. I hope now it can be more rational and less emotional."

IN theory, the NEA leadership also is provided by its president, who is elected amid much campaigning at the annual convention. But the president is little more than a figurehead. A year ago, when Richard D. Batchelder, then a Newton, Massachusetts, high school history teacher, stepped down as president, he wrote a confidential letter to the NEA executive committee complaining that he had been allowed little voice in policy and was forced to travel too much. His successor, Dr. Irvamae V. Applegate, dean of education at St. Cloud, Minnesota, State College, also found herself locked into a schedule that required her to travel 75 per cent of the year, logging more than 100,000 miles speaking to local and state NEA affiliates.

One of the candidates for president this year is Mrs. Elizabeth D. Koontz, past president of the Department of Classroom Teachers. Because she is a Negro teacher in a segregated junior-senior high school in Salisbury, North Carolina, one of the states where the NEA still has segregated affiliates, her election would help create the appearance that the NEA is moving forward But this, too, seems more like a gesture than real change. Her election would be a little like choosing a popular Negro for student council president, while the effective organizational power rests somewhere else.

Because of its size and prominence, the NEA still could have a significant impact on the course of American education. At the turn of the century the NEA had 2,300 members, and its presidents included educators from Harvard and Columbia. In 1905 it published the first comprehensive study of teachers' salaries and working conditions. It was the first organization to collect national enrollment statistics in a systematic way and it gave new importance to education research (many NEA publications are still cited by the U.S. Office of Education).

At its peak, the NEA exerted a strong influence on national education policies. It virtually controlled the 1955 White House Conference on Education which affirmed the NEA's major legislative tenet that the federal government should increase its general support of public education—particularly school construction. The NEA's prestige was great enough during the Eisenhower Administration to help influence Lawrence G. Derthick to resign as U.S. Commissioner of Education to join the NEA—with a solid pay boost. In the same period Arthur S. Fleming, Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, adopted the habit of telephoning NEA leaders from his limousine to report on pending legislation after sessions on Capitol Hill.

By the Kennedy Administration things had changed. The civil rights movement—and the foundations—had discovered the schools. Under Francis Keppel the Office of Education came alive, responding to the educational time bombs in the cities. The NEA was barely visible at the 1965 White House Conference on Education, and it was absent from President Johnson's secret task forces which shaped early Great Society education packages. Although NEA affiliates often maintain strong grasps on state education policies, the association has drifted to the edges of power in Washington. To a large degree, it charted this course itself through its rigid policy on the separation of church and state. In helping to defeat a proposed higher education act of 1964,

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which would have diverted some federal support to private institutions, NEA paid a high price in status with the Administration. A year later the association did not oppose a similar higher education proposal, and the bill passed.

The problem with NEA's traditional federal legislative goals (of general aid, large amounts of aid for construction, and aid only for public schools) is that they have been unsuccessful. The temper of the courts, of Congress, and of the Executive branch has changed; the NEA's policies have remained steadfast. As with the higher education act, the NEA has been able to block legislation more effectively than it has been able to advance it. The NEA's power as a national organization in a positive sense appears more in its publications and statistics and in creating a broad attitude of national support for education.

"The NEA has done more good than harm through the years," comments David Selden, assistant to the president of the AFT. "It has helped establish, through its public relations activities, a favorable attitude toward education in general."

There is no doubt that the NEA has had a substantial and, historically, a positive impact on American schools. Twenty years ago the average teacher's salary was $1,995, and 40 per cent of all teachers lacked even a bachelor's degree. Today the average salary is $6,821, and 91 per cent of all teachers hold a B.A. The NEA, moreover, helped generate public awareness of the problems of public education at a time when few other organizations were active on the state or national level. It has also helped hold the line against extremist political attacks on schools and individual teachers.

But in recent years it has become apparent that many of the problems of education rest at least as much within the Establishment—in rigid administrative routines, for example—as they do in public apathy. In many instances teachers feel they need defense against administrators as much as they do against unsympathetic school boards and legislatures. At the same time, all of education requires new ideas and techniques. The schools are now heavily concerned with the problems of the poor, with civil rights, and with the seemingly endless difficulties of the inner cities. To some extent the NEA has begun to confront these matters, but it still approaches them with the assumptions and attitudes of another age. Its reforms and innovations often decline into polite rhetoric while the real battles are fought somewhere else. When its new executive secretary takes office in August, the NEA's major challenge will be to catch up, and then to get ahead.

He Bought a Bus

Continued from page 59

fiscal 1965-66 but could be renewed for two years provided that Roberts could show educational value returned for federal dollar expended. The biggest problem in that regard was producing an evaluation report by October that would satisfy Gallagher and the other regional and national supervisors of the program.

"In the first place," said Roberts, "they do love statistical support for the evaluation. But we give our regular achievement tests in March—too late for the renewal application report. Actually, our application for renewal was approved without the test results but we're still looking forward to a comparison of the tests. In the meantime, the whole project has been marked with so few problems that it has to be a success.

"A little girl in the sixth grade told me she's been happier since the changeover than she had ever been since she's been in school. Now, don't laugh. School is nearly all of that little girl's experience outside her home. Her evaluation was very important to me. But how do you put it in a government report? In education, you just don't get many compliments. But that's one of the finest I've ever had. And it was one of the reasons I wasn't too worried about that evaluation report.

"If anyone doubted what we've accomplished, he needed only to talk to our teachers and our youngsters. The teachers have had much more time to concentrate their efforts on their instruction and the kids have been keeping a wonderful pace. That's the thing that has been most encouraging about this—the adjustment. It's been great."

Roberts, however, is far from satisfied with what Walden has accomplished thus far. The renewal for the full 1966-1967 school year more than doubled the salary and expense aspects of the original partial-year operation. He has managed to institute most of the program he envisioned in his original application, but there are a few key additions he still hopes to work in.

"I had hoped to get an art teacher out of the first grant," he said. "But those are a little hard to come by up here in the winter. It was part of my original plan and I still hope to work one in under the renewal grant. And I had hoped to bring in a physical education teacher to institute a controlled exercise program that would go hand in hand with the new health program."

Presidential Commission recommendations notwithstanding, Walden's physical education program now consists of the exercises a classroom teacher can direct in the narrow corridors between movable chair-desks and, in good weather, on the grass-covered playgrounds with their crude, peeled-log swings and simple, homemade exercise bars. What good would a qualified but part-time physical education teacher do in, say, January, when four feet of snow covers the playground? Walden has only four one-room schoolhouses, no gymnasium. "Oh, I think we could borrow the use of a gym in some other town if we had the instructor. Of course, the bus would make that possible."

What else would he like to do with additional funds?

"NATURALLY, I'd like eventually to have the facilities and the teachers to have eight separate grades. But whether we can work anything like that out of this program remains to be seen. You know, it was very difficult getting teachers willing to handle eight different grades in a single classroom. And it's not much easier finding one willing to teach two grades at the same time, though teacher's aides help tremendously. I wouldn't have started this, spent so much time trying to sell the idea and getting the program started, if I hadn't believed it to be well worthwhile. I wanted to make it easier for teachers to teach more efficiently. They could do better with two grades than with eight.

"Socially, for the youngsters to be in a grade grouping with others their own age, it's been a very pleasing thing to watch. I believe we have given them the competition and needed exchange of ideas with their own age group they hadn't experienced previously. I think this has been very important. We can't spend the government's money for construction, so we weighed the idea of the bus against the additional teaching help so many of the parents wanted us to hire. But to me, that would have been a continuation of the same weaknesses.

"You know, an old farmer came up to me convinced that this program required local contribution to supplement or match the government grant. That meant tax money out of his pocket that he just didn't have. I convinced him it was an outright grant without matching local funds and he then wanted to know what I was going to do with 'that bus' when the grant expired. He didn't feel he could pay for its operation and upkeep. I told him, 'If in three or four years you don't think that what we have been doing is worthwhile, sell the bus and get rid of it.'"

Llewellyn Roberts might have told the elderly farmer—but didn't—that the purchaser of "that bus" would very likely have to drive it away on Grand Army of the Republic Highway over the bodies of the superintendent of schools, several teachers, and eighty-five school children.

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The Arts of Poverty

Continued from page 62

cerned, intuition, improvision, and mutual interest provide the clue; no precise battle plan was necessary.

The question remains why the whole affair was executed so unimpressively, so transparently. But that was part of the farce. In retrospect, it appears as a near-perfect burlesque of a heavyweight championship fight. There was no visible punch, no bruises. The actors know their audience. They have known it for generations. The audience will fill in what it pleases. As usual, we will ascribe to it the Negro behavior which fits our assumptions. We will insist that the affair was either a fix, or a mysteriously authentic fight (one veteran white sports-writer described the perfect punch in detail; a well-known sporting journal tried to photograph it as such). What we will resist seeing is that two physically tremendous men put on an entertainment for a society in which they do not believe. With due consideration for themselves, they refused to batter each other into the ground for the pleasure of a predominantly white audience, according to white rules of the game, for prizes which they had already achieved by other means.

IF what Diamond describes here is characteristic of much of Negro-white relations in popular culture, there are, however, happier encounters in which artists can work with the "disadvantaged" to create and re-create a new cultural world which has all of the comfort of the old along with the security-producing elements of the new. My colleague at the Horace Mann-Lincoln Institute for School Experimentation, Herbert Kohl, has been tremendously successful in working with children from a "disadvantaged culture," developing a pride in the old as well as an understanding of the general culture. One of his early experiences was with the reaction of the Establishment to two poems written by two different eleven-year-old girls in his class. One poem, called "Shop with Mom," received high praise and was published in the school paper:

> I love to shop with mom
> And talk to the friendly grocer
> And help her make the list
> Seems to make us closer.

The other, "The Junkies," was bitterly condemned when Kohl tried to have it published in the same paper. It was full of misspellings and grammatical errors, didn't rhyme, and besides, it was on a subject the teacher-editor said an eleven-year-old "just could not know anything about":

> When they are
> in the street
> they pass it
> along to each
> other but when
> they see the
> police they would
> run some would
> just stand still
> and be beat
> so pity ful
> that they want
> to cry.

Eventually, Kohl was able to work with the children by casting aside the Establishment view (and leaving the school system in the process). For anyone interested in working with youngsters from "disadvantaged" areas, the story of his learning of their culture and their acceptance of the new patterns he developed with them makes fascinating and intensely valuable reading.

What is important here is that eventually he and they were able to create a new set of patterns which did not negate the old culture but still gave them a window into our world. For example, after a long series of experiences with reading classical mythologies and creating their own myths (the kids made up some wonderful mythical characters with names like Skyview, Missile, and Morass), an eleven-year-old created a fable which illustrates the mixing of cultural worlds.

> Once upon a time there was a pig and a cat. The cat kept saying old dirty pig who want to eat you. And the pig replied when I die I'll be made use of, but when you die you'll just rot. The cat always thought he was better than the pig. When the pig died he was used as food for the people to eat. When the cat died he was buried in old dirt. Moral: Live dirty die clean.

As Kohl points out, this fable exudes the exhilaration felt by children when they are allowed freedom to create after being stifled in the classroom. But it also illustrates what is most challenging in the involvement of the artist in the world of the "disadvantaged"—the ability to help create a new reality. Artists have always created their own reality, and I suppose that when you do this in social and political rather than esthetic terms you are really designing utopias. Perhaps that is why utopias are usually full of artists. If utopias have failed in the past, I don't think this should cause too much concern. The real value of a utopia, after all, has always been what happens once it is disassembled and everyone goes back into society carrying with him elements of what he learned.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 44: naps, span, pans, snap.

Through the Lens

Continued from page 55

"not only that each one should be able to record what he saw, but that he should be able to tell somebody else through his picture how he felt about what he saw. To say something is beautiful or lively or sad in a picture is like saying it in words—only the 'words' of pictures are colors, shapes, and lines.

"The problems were intended to make the children conscious of this language bit by bit. There was no one solution to a problem, but each knew that he had to solve it. Learning to concentrate—developing skills and applying them intelligently—was what mattered, not whether they cared about making pictures ever again."

During the next six weeks seven boys and eight girls set about solving problem-assignments that had such Alice-in-Wonderland names as Dominant Color, Dominant Shape, Congruous and Incongruous Shapes, Portraits and Portrait Exercises, Macrocosm-Microcosm, Color Moods, Dynamic and Static Lines. In individual free-play projects the young photographers also turned their lenses on the Settlement, the neighborhood church, Central Park's children's farm, a fire boat, a costume party, and local markets.

Emphasis was always on the problem and its visual solution, which in turn would bring the picture-taker a sense of achievement as well as an awareness of his new powerful medium of non-verbal expression—both important to "word-hostile" children for whom the verbal is more often associated with the proscriptions of authority than with the pleasures of shared communication.

Within weeks this study group learned to probe, explore, wonder, think, and create—all by the squint of an eye and a stretch of the imagination. What's more, they had absorbed a bit of Euclid and Einstein, Clive Bell, and Bridgman, as well as the application of Newton's Law to a dropped camera. Altogether, not a bad report card for a six-week project.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

To satisfy the stated requirements, Column One should read: 7, 12, 11, 5, 3, 4, 2, 9, 1, 6, 8, 10; and the operas in Column Two as follows (some of the original works are given in parentheses): 1. *Béatrice et Bénédict (Much Ado . . .)*, 2. *Carmen*, 3. *Mefistofele (Faust)*, 4. *Pelléas et Mélisande*, 5. *Iphigenia in Tauris* (or *Aulis*), 6. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, 7. *Marriage of Figaro*, 8. *Dido and Aeneas (Aeneid)*, 9. *Lucia di Lammermoor (Bride of Lammermoor)*, 10. *Salomé*, 11. *Traviata (Dame aux Camélias)*, 12. *Rienzi*.

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(Continued from page 75)

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(Continued from page 77)

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PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing, in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

"VENTURE ONCE-VISIT OFTEN"—Beautiful vacation spot—excellent food—gracious hosts. Holiday Hill, Salisbury, Vermont 05769. Brochure.

GARDEN GABLES INN. Lenox, Massachusetts 01240. Quiet, restful. Breakfast. Convenient restaurants. Beautiful grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Folder.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

WHALER'S INNE. Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

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CATSKILLS. Maple Site, Box 323, Haines Falls, N.Y. View, porch, garden, near lake, hiking. Housekeep. Rent beautiful house, rooms.

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VACATIONS

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Swimming pool, lawn sports. $65 up weekly, including meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, hiking, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic lodge, cottages and honeymoon cabins. Near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

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VACATION. Cliff House and Motels. Spectacular location atop Bald Head Cliff. Quiet, informal. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated Pool. Golf. May 26th-October 16th. Cunquit 5, Maine 03907.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Wilder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

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VACATION PLUS . . . Combine recreation, fellowship with congenial people and stimulating discussions on world issues at our 300-acre forest-lake-mountain estate. Swimming, fishing, boating, folk dancing, excursions. Generous family-style meals. Room and board $6 to $9 daily. For full information address WORLD FELLOWSHIP, Conway, New Hampshire 03818.

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JOURNEY'S INN . . . for the fortunate few who can afford the very best. Per quei pochi fortunati che possono permettersi il lusso del meglio. Write for brochure. Dept. 1, Journey's Inn on the brink o' the beach, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Open all year. Keepers of the Inn, Joyce and Nick Monte.

VACATIONS

FABULOUS ACAPULCO!! Tropical Exploring, Skin Diving, Nature, Archaeology, Spanish. Informal, luxurious HOTEL-CAMP "MAYAB." Director-naturalist Morris Silverman. $70 weekly includes everything; superb food. Year-round; adults, children. Apartado 328, Acapulco, Mexico.

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VERMONT LODGE—Three apartments, studio to 4 bedrooms, Thermopane vacation headquarters, near Mt. Snow and everything. Box C-603.

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DISCOVER AMERICA, discover Vermont. Discover Blue Gentian Lodge in Londonderry.

TROPICAL AERIE. Cottages, pool, horses. Overlooking Caribbean. $65 week. Hammond, Naguabo, P.R.

KENNEBUNKPORT, MAINE—2 furnished apartments. Outside decks overlooking water. $85-$125 weekly. SR Box C-152.

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STIMULATING VACATION in San Francisco: University of San Francisco invites you to "Lessons from Revolution—a symposium in Marx, Darwin and Freud" on August 10th, 11th and 12th this year. It provides conversation, fine food and music with the best informed minds on these creative writers. Fee $125. Write William Monihan, S.J., University of San Francisco, San Francisco, California 94117.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—Stimulating Academic Year Program for American college students. American credits. September-June, in castle near Stuttgart. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, Mrs. Hannah Busoni, Director, 127 West 56th Street, Dept. S, New York 10019.

ADULTS: ENJOY LIFE WHILE LEARNING FRENCH as paying guest in friendly French family, central France. 10 years' experience. 7 weeks: $875 all inclusive from Paris to Paris. Write: Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

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AEGEAN SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS: Greek Island, Paros. Group leaving July 8th and August 1st for three week sessions. Information? Cheltenham Art Centre, Cheltenham, Pennsylvania 19012.

TRAVEL

EUROPE: UNIQUE CULTURAL EXPERIENCE for mature teenagers. Experienced, well-traveled leaders with intellectual backgrounds. Groups, coed, limited to eight. For information contact: Orbach, Seminar on Wheels '67, 10 East 8th Street, NYC 10003. 212-CA 8-8931.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . stops at international student holiday centers. College, high school and junior high groups. 10th year. Students Abroad, G. Lange, Director, 200 East End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10028. 212-EN 9-1395.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZV Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

SAN FRANCISCO on $3.50 a day. New free brochure tells how the City's unique residence clubs beat the high cost of living. Rates from $95 month ($25 week) cover hotel-type services, two good meals, plus the happy, relaxed conviviality of 100 other men and women. Write for brochure and reserve now for summer. The Monroe, 1870 Sacramento, 94109. 415-GR 4-6200.

TRAVEL

GOING ABROAD? Store your car safely in New York. Indoors, insured, inexpensive. Newbold Garage, 2000 Westchester Avenue, Bronx 62, N.Y. TAlmadge 2-9336.

BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rt. 5), Manchester (Rt. 7), Venice, Florida (Rt. 41). Browse among our outstanding selection of baskets, bucketware, woodenware. Beautiful artificial flowers, foliage. Imported and domestic. So vast, unusual you'll tell your friends! Folder.

FOR A FASCINATING overland camping journey by bus from Europe to Nepal via Afghanistan and India, for $400, please contact G. Monsch, CH-7076 Parpan, Switzerland. Starts September 10th, 1967.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic schooner, "STEPHEN TABER." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696-G, Camden, Maine 04843.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

SOVIET UNION ANNIVERSARY TOURS—3 enlightening weeks from $650. Details UNITED STATES TRAVEL BUREAU, Box 69, North Hollywood 91603.

EUROPE IN LEISURE—Travel made carefree for senior citizens. 3 weeks — The Rhine-Holland-England-France-Italy-Austria. Departures: June 8th, July 12th, August 3rd and 31st, September 14th, October 5th. From Boston $925 and $942 from Philadelphia. For brochures write: TMC, 1519 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 19102.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME . . . For two weeks or a year enjoy hobbyist, professional painting,, crafts, Spanish; writing, history; MFA program. Theater, field trips, fiestas, sunshine. Room, bath, board from $4. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Instituto Allende, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theaters only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $8; double from $11 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

CRUISE CARIBBEAN, South America on comfortable schooner for 5 months departing Octobber. $18 a day ($2,750) for the privilege of work, play, dozens of ports. Sex no barrier. Good food, bunks, grog. Captain, 19045 North Drive, South Bend, Indiana.

MOTHER/DAUGHTER TOUR, small group. Late July—London, Rome, Greece. $1,000. Box C-394.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1732

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Opposite number, in former Spanish royal family, to *Wales* in the present British, as special responsibility of the heir to the throne.	23 180 80 151 195 123 106 82
B. Crowded confusion.	86 226 144 27 108 73 56
C. What the flapper of the Twenties did with the top of a stocking (2 wds.)	118 179 41 51 47 171 79 208
D. What is usually shown as round for a saint, in fine art, but as square for a living person.	181 31 77 8 89 225 119
E. Nestled in, cosily (2 wds.)	107 50 112 191 221 163 78 215 135 7 46
F. Industrial city of S Poland, one of the most important coal-producing regions of Europe (German sp.)	68 54 183 116 169 187 32 44 84
G. Exceedingly light and airy.	117 124 184 130 105 40 49 59 197
H. Building where Bishop Hatto was eaten by his small enemies (2 wds.; German legend)	211 174 202 128 109 3 159 17 98 154
I. Where a happy man likes to entertain (3 wds.)	96 201 34 76 217 103 38 127 6 16
J. What the old bootleggers of Prohibition days used to do to home-brew beer (2 wds.)	72 64 177 132 152 196 125 141
K. Person trained to tend the sick (P. 1674 in WNI, 2nd).	134 87 175 33 121 20 92 224 200 85 170
L. Followed by *mind*, an era so long past as to be indefinite in history or tradition (3 wds.)	69 83 176 193 203 100 122 71 173
M. Overgrowth of the fingernails.	99 11 142 60 63 104 204 131 185 81
N. Changes the pitch of a musical instrument by too forceful breathing into it.	12 39 113 145 213 162 67 168 205
O. What wallflowers do in many a dance (3 wds.)	209 28 164 228 223 143 198 156
P. One adverse aspect of a very live topic of today, esp. for its religious connotation.	115 229 65 167 55 126 102 178 219 97 155
Q. Growing on, or living in, wood (as certain fungi and insect larvae).	93 182 114 210 194 75 25 137 18 160 172
R. Preceding "will not endure," in a song in *Twelfth Night*. (3 wds.)	216 188 207 136 15 111 149 186 94 220 22 158
S. All but 33⅓% of something (comp.)	62 48 21 88 227 140 161 58 26
T. Creature which "clamoured the livelong night" in *Macbeth* (2 wds.)	70 206 43 148 189 19 166 192 5 9 36
U. Recovered from the present (illness, bad situation, etc.; 2 wds.)	66 146 35 95 165 218 138 129
V. Sinistrally spiral (comp.)	190 212 2 14 4 153 37 24 61 222
W. The most favorable degree.	157 120 74 42 139 90 199
X. Persons of little social importance, influence, etc.	29 133 150 45 52 1 10 53
Y. Artificial caves, recesses, or cavern-like apartments.	30 110 214 13 91 147 57 101

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. It read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 X	2 V		3 H	4 V	5 T	6 I		7 E	8 D	9 T	10 X		11 M	12 N	13 Y
	14 V	15 R	16 I		17 H	18 Q	19 T	20 K		21 S	22 R		23 A		24 V	25 Q	26 S	27 B
28 O	29 X	30 Y	31 D	32 F	33 K	34 I	35 U	36 T		37 V	38 I	39 N	40 G	41 C	42 W	43 T	44 F	
45 X	46 E	47 C		48 S	49 G	50 E	51 C	52 X		53 X	54 F	55 P		56 B	57 Y	58 S	59 G	60 M
61 V		62 S	63 M	64 J		65 P	66 U	67 N	68 F		69 L	70 T		71 L	72 J	73 B	_	74 W
75 Q	76 I	77 D	78 E		79 C	80 A	81 M		82 A	83 L	84 F	85 K		86 B	87 K	88 S		89 D
90 W	91 Y		92 K	93 Q	94 R	95 U	96 I	97 P	98 H	99 M	100 L	101 Y		102 P	103 I	104 M	105 G	106 A
107 E	108 B	109 H	110 Y	111 R		112 E	113 N	114 Q	115 P	116 F	117 G		118 C	119 D	120 W	121 K	122 L	123 A
124 G	125 J	126 P	127 I	128 H		129 U	130 G	131 M		132 J	133 X		134 K	135 E	136 R		137 Q	138 U
139 W	140 S	141 J		142 M	143 O	144 B	145 N		146 U	147 Y	148 T	149 R	150 X	151 A	152 J	153 V	154 H	155 P
	156 O	157 W		158 R	159 H	160 Q	161 S	_	162 N	163 E	164 O	165 U	166 T	167 P		168 N	169 F	170 K
171 C	172 Q		173 L	174 H	175 K		176 L	177 J		178 P	179 C		180 A	181 D	182 Q		183 F	184 G
185 M	186 R		187 F	188 R	189 T	190 V	191 E		192 T	193 L		194 Q	195 A	196 J	197 G	198 O	199 W	200 K
201 I	202 H	203 L	204 M	205 N		206 T	207 R	208 C		209 O	210 Q	211 H	212 V	213 N	214 Y	215 E	216 R	
217 I	218 U	219 P	220 R	221 E	222 V		223 O	224 K	225 D	226 B		227 S	228 O	229 P				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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